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Patrick Boylan

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DUBLIN

MONTHLY MAGAZINE;

BEING A

NEW SERIES OF THE CITIZEN,

AND INCLUDING

THE NATIVE MUSIC OF IRELAND.

JANUARY TO JUNE, 1842.

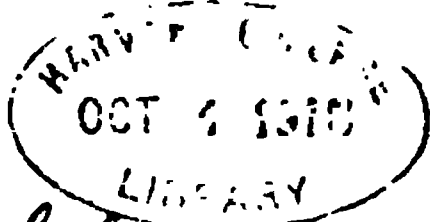
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SAMUEL J. MACHEN, D'OLIER-STREET.

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TO CORRESPONDENTS.

All communications for the EDITOR of the DUBLIN MONTHLY MAGAZINE must be addressed to the care of Mr. MACHEN, 8, D'OLIER-STREET.

Advertisements and Books for Review to be forwarded to the same.

We cannot undertake to return *short pieces*, either prose or poetry.

Contributions intended for insertion in the succeeding Number, must be forwarded on or before the *first Saturday* in the month.

The Editor of the Music returns his best thanks to Mr. James M'Neight, for his communication, and the enclosed Air by Carolan. It did not, however, arrive in time to be made available for the present month.

THE
DUBLIN MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

LIVES OF MODERN STATESMEN.

HENRY BROUGHAM.

INTRODUCTION.

THERE is but little use in contemplating the characters and actions of famous men, unless we take to our hearts the lessons which their lives teach us—unless we strive after the virtues, and flee from the vices which their biographer must chronicle. If we forget the moral significance of a great man, it is of no advantage to gaze upon him. When we rush to catch a sight of greatness, we ought to be actuated by higher feelings than those of an idle curiosity craving for excitement. The most exalted characters can powerfully teach deep and serious lessons to the obscure and ungifted beings who contemplate them. Nay, it is the peculiar attribute of true and genuine greatness to enter into communion with all, and by its moral power to exalt the lowly to its own elevation. There is no teaching like that of example; and what is character, but the example which breathes—speaks—and lives? Neither difference in social position, nor inferiority in intellectual endowment,—alters the nature of the moral teaching, which all, in every rank, can receive at the hands of the famous personages, whose names are familiar as household words—whose actions are bruited through the civilized globe—whose fate has cast them in the most conspicuous sphere of human action. How much young gentlemen of flippant manners—mistaking the ebullitions of ill nature for the scintillations of genius—have to learn from the fact, that the brightest wit of his age—the all-accomplished Sheridan—was remarkable for never lacerating the feelings of the objects of his joyous and delightful banter. The poet is literally correct in saying that Sheridan's wit

“Ne'er carried a heart-stain away on its blade.”

His melancholy fate warns us to avoid those errors which, terrible enough in men of genius, are still more ruthless in their effects upon those who have no susceptibility of temperament—no overwrought mind—to plead as excuses for the dereliction of duty. Charles Fox—bursting into tears in the House of Commons when Burke renounced his friendship—

weeping in that frigid and conventional assembly of town dandies and country gentlemen,—a statesman living in excited times—inured to party conflicts,—breathing the infected atmosphere of party spirit—spending a life of ceaseless controversy, whose exacerbating effects upon the mind are proverbial—a man who, after such a life, and in such a scene, still retained that uncorrupted nature which melted in sorrow at the loss of a friend,—powerfully rebukes those fretful spirits who turn differences of opinions into causes of animosity, and who punish non-conformity to their opinions with the out-pourings of their acrimonious nature. People neglect their social duties,—are cold to their nearest relations, and compound with their conscience by suggesting the extent of their engagements, and the absorbing nature of their pursuits. What a powerful lesson have such persons to learn, in the simple fact, that George Canning, who lived in a whirl of harassing excitement—had his own cares, besides those of his party and the state upon his shoulders—never, to the latest moment of his life, let a week pass by without writing a letter to his mother! Let not the fribble or the formalist deride this interesting trait in the character of a remarkable man. It is of vast importance that those persons who have exercised a vast influence on the government of nations, should be brought before us truly, and that we should be made to regard them as beings of feelings kindred with those which pervade their less gifted brethren in humanity. It has been too much the custom to anathematize public men as selfish egoists, devoid of the loftier impulses of human nature. Nothing can be more injurious than the prevalence of such an opinion. It makes a suspicious public, incredulous of virtue, and it produces a race of statesmen timid in achievement. Confidence in public characters may be carried too far; but a sceptical distrust of their motives and purposes will also produce serious evils, against which a generous and high-spirited public should preserve itself.

After perusing Lord Brougham's *Sketches of the Statesmen of the time of George the Fourth*, one would be led to think that they were all knaves. Indeed, his Lordship intimates that they were nothing more than selfish partizans. But nothing can be more untrue. We should be sorry to come to such a conclusion. What! will any liberal thinker assert, that in a free country, with an educated people, trained to political action—the statesmen of the age had no better morals than those of *femmes publiques*? Most monstrous calumny against the public itself! For the case stands thus: if the statesmen of the last half century were chiefly egoists and ambitious knaves, *how base or how blind* was the public which submitted to their sway! Such a conclusion would gratify, beyond measure, the defender of despotic government, and the opponent of representative institutions. For our own part, we do not hesitate to say that, in our opinion, one of the most powerful arguments in favour of free and popular government, is the superior character of the public men who obtain the chief power by

the influence of representative institutions. A wholesale slanderer of public men traduces the public as well as its servants. Some people, finding it a matter of impossibility to be optimists, think that they should become pessimists. Hence the tirades and invectives which political writers of a certain class so unceasingly pour forth. If they cannot laud, they will vilify; unable to find causes for panegyric, they write as if all except themselves deserved to be held up to public infamy. Such a mode of contemplating history, and the characters of statesmen, appears to us equally inhuman and immoral. Surely, we ought all to be interested in having justice done to human nature. And are not statesmen human beings of flesh and blood, prejudice and passions, like ourselves? Is not the mighty principle of the self government of nations—of the fitness of the many for the possession of power—at stake upon the question, whether true patriots have been recognised, and charlatans and imposters discovered by the people? If most public men have been knaves, then the public have been dupes for ages! A comfortable belief for the friend of political progression to lay hold on! Because nothing can be clearer than that if a statesman be a decided fool, and that the people regard him as a sage, his judges must be despised as much as himself. On the other hand, if a right honourable rogue be rapturously applauded, the only inference is that his cheerers must be leavened with his spirit of knavery, or be dupes of the simplest kind.

Some political thinkers would bring the whole of practical statesmanship to this one principle, that the multitude must be deceived. And they justify their theory, by striving to prove that mankind have been imposed upon always. Hence, they delight in vilifying the characters of past governors. In their handbook of political science, magistrate and tyrant, priest and knave, are synonymous terms. They regard human nature as a foolish, apish, gullible thing; an excellent article for deucedly clever fellows like themselves to traffic upon. Every new blotch in the character of a public man is to them a matter of joy; they glory when some acts of selfishness are dragged to light; they rejoice at every falling away from the “steep and thorny path.” And yet those who think in this fashion are not fiends incarnate. Not at all: they write themselves *profound thinkers*—whose philosophy fathoms the shallowness of virtue—whose science proves that human nature—aye! that MAN is a rotten heap of corruption, devoid of a great and a glorious capacity; that charity and benevolence are the follies of weakness; that honesty is to be talked of, but not to be found; that patriotism is only a road to power, and philanthropy a means of acquiring notoriety. Such are the ideas of *pessimism*, which we grieve to say have considerably tinged, though (thank God! who made man in his own image) they have not entirely corrupted the philosophy of modern times.

If we want to know the past, we must drive from our minds the odious notion that men have been nothing but dupes; that statesmanship has

been nothing more than the reign of roguery. When we stand in the presence of the Past, let us be assured that there is something far greater to do, than to scold. We are poor creatures, indeed, if we can do nothing better than rail at those who have gone before us. Our affections must be frozen, if we cannot find much—oh! very much—to sympathise with in their manful strugglings after *the better*. Shall we yell over their failures? Shall we scornfully deride their ignorance, and gibe at their disappointments? No! If we are to smile at the stammering, tottering child, let it be with feelings of affection, and not contempt. It is time for mind to rebel against that blasphemous spirit of unbelief, which can do nothing more than extrude its gibbering tongue at the yearnings of the human soul after the good and the fair. It is time for mind to make a strong effort and drive Mephistopheles from the earth. Let men be but true to themselves, and that disgust, weariness of spirit, faintness of heart, which benumb the present age, will give place to more genial feelings, under whose influence the repining soul will emerge from that self-inflicted bondage.

We are led to make these remarks, because we think that in reviewing the conduct of others, people are too apt to incline to the harsh side. We do not affirm such to be the case, when the merits of private individuals are to be discussed; but certainly it must be admitted that public men are made to pass through an ordeal far more searching than individuals in common life are subjected to. The public seem to think, that supernatural virtue is to be expected in those who have extraordinary talents; forgetting that the developement of the intellectual sense does not necessarily, although it may be auxiliary to its manifestation, quicken the moral faculty, and increase the sensibility of conscience. Some persons are ready to excuse the greatest errors of genius, simply from their admiration of greatness; others, again, commit the very opposite fault, and insist upon a higher degree of virtue in characters where great mental power is developed. Both are equally wrong. Public men must submit to be tried by the same standard of right which is deferred to in the case of private individuals, and which is adjudged to be correct in the case of ordinary men. Departure from integrity in a public man, (though far more serious in the magnitude of its consequences) is wrong for precisely the same reasons that breach of trust in a merchant is dishonest. Private and public ethics depend ultimately on the same sanctions; but still persons censure public characters, if they do not exhibit preternatural virtue.

All that we wish to affirm is, that it is unfair to try public characters by the standard of optimism or perfectibility, when no one dreams of judging private persons by the same measure. Let the canons of morality—let the ethics of action—be the same in public and private.

We have gone thus far, because we deem it of great importance to have some general principles to guide us, when we proceed to consider the character of one of the most remarkable men of modern times—

of him to whom but a few years since the lovers of human progression turned with such joyful anticipations—of him whose name was pronounced with enthusiasm wherever freedom struggled against the tyrant—of him to whom the slaves in many a land turned for help and counsel—Henry Brougham. But times are changed; the world has rolled on; the Reform Age has now become matter of history; what was done has ceased to grieve the Tories, and what was not done begins to vex the Liberals. The Alarmists are calm; the Reformers are disgusted. The oligarchy hopes that the trampled multitude is about to slumber on its wrongs; and the movement party, half exhausted by its former efforts, is dubious as to how it should proceed. It knows only one thing, that its affairs have not been managed rightly, and it vents its spleen in vituperating those who have disappointed its expectations. At such a time, it behoves us to eschew prejudices, and calmly exercise our judgment, when weighing the characters of those who have figured in other days; whose fame is not merely of our times; who have past achievements to refer to with exultation; who have performed signal exploits in favour of the cause of freedom, at a time when it found but few supporters. To have been a reformer since 1832 is saying nothing for any liberal politician; but to have done great things for the cause of progression in times, when the Liverpool Ministry,—supported by the Crown and both Houses of Parliament,—was in power; when the Tory party was led by men of dauntless courage, like Castlereagh, and splendid genius, like Canning; when Eldon, with feline instincts, was Chancellor, and Ellenborough, with his fierce antipathies, was Chief Justice; when an overwhelming preponderance of the learned professions, a great majority of the gentry, and upwards of three-fourths of the nobility, sided against the liberal party; we repeat, to have worked in those times for the popular cause, was a matter requiring capacities, and energies, and courageous resolution, which have not been so much demanded (any more than they could have been produced) in the silken reign of the Melbourne Ministry.

CHAPTER I.

Brougham in baby clothes.—His family.—Pride of lawyers.—Origin of some modern legal noteries.—Reputation of a Tory scribe.—Genealogy of the Brougham race.—English love for aristocracy.—Ambition of a *parvenu*.—Radical reflections on the admiration of titular distinctions.

HENRY BROUGHAM was born in Edinburgh, on the 19th of September, 1779. Some say that he was born at the head of the Cow-gate in the old town; but others contend that the orator gave his first symptoms of "bawling"* [in his nurse's arms] in a house at the corner of St. Andrew's-square. A petty literary controversy has raged as to the

* "Brougham bawling for the Whigs."—CORBETT.

locus in quo, where squalling Harry energetically roared for "suck." His lordship says that he was born in St. Andrew's-square; and doubtless he would rather have it that he was not born in such a place as the head of the Cow-gate; but we think that he is as much mistaken as to the spot of his nativity, as he is in the notion that he has any earthly right to join the ancient barony of Vaux (the claim to which has been successfully vindicated by the Mostyn family) to the modern creation of Brougham.

"The birth and existence of this illustrious orator," says Mr. Chambers, "depended upon a chance circumstance. The father of Mr. Brougham, it is well known, was proprietor of Brougham-hall, and a fine estate in the North of England, which still forms the patrimony of the family. He was about to be married to a lady in his own neighbourhood, to whom he was passionately attached, and every preparation was made for the nuptials, when, to Mr. Brougham's great grief, his mistress died! To beguile himself of his sorrows, he determined to travel, and came to Edinburgh, where, wandering about on the Castle-hill to view the city, he happened to enquire of a fellow-idler, where he could find a respectable and comfortable lodging. By this person he was directed, not to the New Town, or to any of the fashionable hotels, for, at that time, no such thing existed in the Scottish capital, but to Mrs. Syme, sister of Principal Robertson, widow of the Rev. Mr. Syme, minister of Alloa, who then kept the largest and most genteel boarding establishment in town, in the second flat of *Mac Lellan's Land*, head of the Cow-gate. Here Mr. Brougham forthwith proceeded to settle himself; and though he did not at first contemplate a permanent residence in the city, he soon found occasion to make that resolution; for, falling in love with Miss Eleanor Syme, who was a young lady of great merit and beauty, he abandoned his early sorrows, and espousing her, lived principally for the rest of his life in Edinburgh."

It is curious how sensitive lawyers are concerning their origin. As they grow into eminence—partly from the connexions which they form, and partly from the prejudices which they imbibe with a legal education—they become aristocratic in their inclinations, and would fain persuade people that they are of the magnates of the land. Ask a successful lawyer any question rather than "*what was your father?*" How foolish is the weakness which robs laborious merit of its true title to respect, in hiding the obscurity from which it has emerged by patient toil! The vanity of law-lords painfully proves the soundness of Burke's remarks on the tendency of the study of the law,—"*a science which does more to quicken and invigorate the understanding than all other kinds of learning put together, but which is not apt, except in persons very happily born, to open and to liberalize the mind exactly in the same proportion.*" The number of persons who have risen by the law from low fortunes, to the very highest places in the State, is extraordinary. The present Attorney-General of England (Sir F. Pollock) is the son of a saddler.

The shop (known to sporting characters) at Charing Cross, now kept by the Messrs. Cuff, belonged to Pollock *père*, who disposed of his business to its present proprietors. The father of Sir William Follett (Solicitor-General) still keeps a timber-yard near Exeter. Sir John Williams, of the Queen's Bench in England, is the son of a Yorkshire horse-dealer. The Chancellor of Ireland (Sugden) is the son of a barber. It is only fair to say that this profound lawyer glories in his origin. At the Cambridge election, when Lord Mounteagle* beat him by a majority of twenty-eight, Sir Edward was assailed, while speaking from the hustings, with a cry from a Whig snarler, of "off! off! you barber's son!" Sir Edward, not at all disconcerted, said at once, "the difference between the person who thus assails me and myself is simply this—had he been born the son of a barber, he would have remained in the same condition during all his life; I was born one, and have risen from that humble sphere." When presiding some few years since at an Operative Conservative Society in Lambeth, he voluntarily alluded to his origin.† Sir Edward was formerly clerk to Mr. Groom, the Conveyancer. His admission to the Bar was opposed, on the ground that he had been a clerk; and the opposition would have been successful, but for the strenuous exertions of that amiable and most learned person, the late Francis Hargrave, who contended for his admission on the ground of the candidate's ability as displayed in his legal writings. The father of Mr. Platt, Queen's counsel, one of the most eminent of the English Common Law Bar, was a clerk to the late Lord Ellenborough. Baron Gurney's mother kept a small shop for political pamphlets. Mr. Petersdorff's father was a furrier. Lord Kenyon, who was successively Attorney-General, (under Lord Rockingham's second administration) a Baronet, and Master of the Rolls in 1784, and in 1788 Lord Chief Justice of the Queen's Bench, (in succession to the Earl of Mansfield,) and who died worth £300,000, was clerk to an attorney. Lord Hardwicke, (who was Attorney-General in the thirty-fourth year of his age) was son of an attorney at Dover, who, according to some persons, was hanged for

* This strange title gave rise to a good deal of waggery. The Times christened him Lord Mount Crow (in reference to the speech which Mr. T. S. Duncombe made on the dramatic-performance-during-the-past-week-in-Easter question), and Mr. O'Connell re-baptized him, in allusion to his currency dabbings, as Lord Mount-kite. A very fair anagram can be made out of the word Mounteagle—as thus, *get on a mule*. The public character and political gait of the noble lord are indicated in this metamorphose of his name.

† ONE of the most telling speeches, ever made in the House of Commons, was that of Mr. Brotherton, (than whom there is no more amiable person) member for Salford, upon the Factory Question, in 1833. Never was pathos more effective than in the simple words spoken with truthfulness, "Let not the House think that the sufferings of these children have been over-drawn: they are not exaggerated—I know they are not—for *I was myself a factory child*." Genuine sentiment, unaffected feeling, always moves the House of Commons, while the whining mime addresses it in vain. Upon that occasion, the House gave way to a hearty outburst of enthusiastic sympathy.

forgery. Lord Eldon was son of a coal-fitter at Newcastle-on-Tyne, and his brother (afterwards Lord Stowell) borrowed forty pounds in order to enable him to go his first circuit. Lord Tenterden's father was a barber at Canterbury. Lord Langdale was formerly an accoucheur. Lord Campbell, and Serjeants Talfourd and Spankie, were formerly reporters on the Morning Chronicle.

Brougham, unlike many of the eminent lawyers, who under the compulsion of dire necessity, have submitted to the drudgery of the study and practice of the law, can boast a most ancient, if not a most illustrious lineage. In the clever series of papers which appeared about three years since, in Frazer's Magazine, entitled, "Little Men and Little Measures," (written for the purpose of damaging the personal characters and social consideration of the leading Whigs, and attributed to the pen of a caustic young gladiator, in the service of the Tory party,) a very bold attempt is made to deprive Brougham of his ancestral honours. It is insinuated that Brougham's family is an upstart one, with an old name, and that it contrived to get a patch of land near Brougham castle, (which is in the possession of the Earl of Lonsdale) called itself of Brougham, and made the world believe that it was descended from the ancient race which had built the castle. In corroboration of this bold assertion, the writer of "Little Men and Little Measures," proceeds to instance the fact of Brougham taking (when called to the upper house) the title of Vaux, which at that time was in abeyance, asking whether any person with genuine family pretension would stoop to append a dormant barony to his own newly made title, and charges Brougham with a little act in plucking away their proper title from the Mostyn family.* It may have been wrong in Brougham to have taken a title to which he had no claim, but an unjust and absurd act does not falsify the pedigree of the wrong doer. We have examined the genealogy of the Brougham family with care, and we never traced one in which there is less appearance of fraud, or in which there is less colouring (beyond what is in every pedigree,) of the real condition of the family at different periods of its fortunes. There are very few more ancient families in England. It has had its reverses on more than one occasion, but the energies of its members have succeeded in preserving it from falling into obscurity. It is a Saxon family, its ancestors holding for centuries the townland of Burgham, (the Brocavum of the Romans) down to the time of James the First. The pedigree of the Brougham family is traced with reasonable accuracy down to Thomas Brougham, who died in 1607, and sold his ancient estate to James Bird, (who called the present Brougham-hall after his own name, Bird's Nest). The pedigree which we have now before us, traces the family after its removal into Cumberland, (when it made a new settlement, where one of its members built Seale's-hall, and

* The barony of Vaux of Harrowden was created in 1523; its present possessor (George Brown Mostyn) is a Roman Catholic.

where two of its representatives served the honourable office of high sheriff,) down to Commissioner Brougham, who, in 1792, bought back the old estate of his ancestors from the then representative of the Bird family, and entailed it on his four nephews; the eldest of whom died unmarried, and the second of whom suffered recovery of the greater part of his property in Westmorland and Cumberland, and was succeeded by his eldest son, Henry, the father of Lord Brougham.

We have not paraded the pedigree of the family; we have only alluded to it, in order to disprove the calumny, that Brougham tricked himself out as the head of an ancient family, when he had no pretensions to ancestry. There can be no doubt that Brougham is of a most ancient and honourable family. If any corroborative proof were wanting, we need only refer to the intermarriages which the Broughams made with different branches of the Vaux stock. In Bishop Nicholson's MSS. of a cursory relation of the antiquity of the families of Cumberland, he speaks of the Broughams of Seales, and describes them as *having had* the land of Brougham (held at the time when the bishop was writing, by the Birds) *originally in their possession*. The Broughams quarter for Brougham of Brougham, for Vaux of Tryermayne, for De la More, and for Vaux of Cutterlen.*

The only fact which makes us in any degree sceptical of the truth of the Brougham family-tree is this, that Camden takes no notice of the family. We have gone through both his "Westmorland" and "Cumberland" in his *Britannia*, and he never makes any mention of the race of Brougham; although he notices Brougham castle, and comments on the neighbouring family of Lowther, now represented by the Earl of Lonsdale. Camden, however, from the extent and general nature of his work, omits to notice several things of importance. We do not deem him an authority upon the antiquity of families. We pay more attention to his notices of "persons" than "things." One of the general rules in English aristocratic life concerning family antiquity is this, that any person who can point to an ancestor mentioned (even in an humble manner—as a subaltern officer, &c.) in Clarendon, may be held to be of undoubtedly "good family." The Broughams, however, were never a distinguished race; like numerous other English families, their respectability arose from length of existence, and not from eminence of station, or notoriety in history. Those who have an accurate knowledge of rural England, are aware, that in every part of the country numerous such families are to be found located on the same spot for centuries; never having risen beyond, or sunk beneath the rank of (what we will call) *squirehood*; neither connected with the nobility, nor assimilated with the crowd; belonging to a rank which exists in England distinctly by itself; being in fact, bound up with society as developed in that country—the *gentry*.

* The present Lord Vaux, is Vaux of Harrowden.

We have dwelt upon the origin of Brougham, not in hopes of adding lustre to his name, or from the opinion that we could add a cubit to his intellectual stature, by taking thought upon his ancestors, but simply for the purpose of establishing a fact in his biography, which (as we before observed) had been grievously misrepresented by a political adversary. In aristocratic England, a sneer at a man's family never goes for nothing. When Cobbett wanted to write down Sadler, he called him a "linen-draper." Thus, too, Peel is abused as a "cotton-twister's son." Hawes, the intelligent member for Lambeth, is blackguarded as a "soap-boiler." Thus Pitt told Sheridan to confine his theatrical exhibitions to his proper stage,

"plausu sui gaudere theatri."*

And it was probably with this view (and not from a spirit of carping criticism upon his literary attempts,) that Sir Robert Peel, some years before the passing of the Emancipation Bill, told the House of Commons, that a petition from the Catholics of Ireland (drawn up by Mr. Shiel,) was written in the style of *a damned tragedy*. A "*novus homo*" has more to contend against in England, than in any country in the world. Even those most bent on "getting on" in the world, are the loudest to jabber about "good family," and "very plain folk, indeed." The middle classes (otherwise the *mediocracy* of England,) give even more currency to aristocratic slang, than the clubs, the leading inhabitants of the West end, and the nobility. A toad-eating *parvenu* is a more dogged foe to democracy, than the aristocrat who counts birth amongst the other gifts of fortune. A frowzy, fat-faced, velvet-dressed, *roturière*, elbowing her way through the patrician throng of the opera, has more of the poisonous extract of oligarchical notions in her ambitious head, than could be found amongst the lovely mob of brilliant Lady Maries and Henriettas, who choke the passage from the crush-room.

It is quite vain, therefore, for the Tories to sneer at Brougham as a "*novus homo*." The Radicals are far more justified in their sarcastic comments upon the palpable fondness with which he gossips about the vulgar-great, and his evident desire to be confounded with the social magnates of England. We have ourselves heard him talk about "my noble kinsman Lord Auckland," intimating the relationship more than once with evident unction. He has always been accustomed to "bray" of his intimacy with the great. But who has not a weakness? And such foibles are more properly treated with a smile, than with a scowl. Would that we had only to reproach Henry Brougham with a weakness from which some of the best and greatest have not been free.†

* But Sheridan's admirable retort (which is so well known as not to need quotation,) for ever silenced further sneers of the same sort.

† Mirabeau and Bonaparte were very fond of titles. *They knew their use*. Even in the style of Burke, his fondness for what he himself called "the solemn plausibilities of the world" can be detected. Grattan, whose love of high sounding pretensions is

CHAPTER II.

The Great Man under the ferula.—Description of society in Edinburgh fifty years since.—Of the past and present stimulus for Irishmen.—Hurrah for the Struggle.—The National Mind must do Justice to itself.—Considerations of what can be done in the Green Island, suggested by what others have done.—The Shamrock Faith.—Brougham at his Studies in the Laboratory.—The "Speculative Society."—Lord Stuart De Rothesay.—Brougham visits the Continent.—Called to the Scottish bar.—Aids in Establishing the Edinburgh Review.—Publishes his work on "Colonial Policy."—Decides on a Political life.—Anomalous condition of parties at this time.—Brougham wavers!—Possibly a Tory; certainly a Pittite!—Wilberforce dazzled by the young Scotchman.—Urges Pitt to nab him.—Pitt demurs and dies.—The Whigs in for the Nonce.—Brougham Envoy at Lisbon!—Called to the English bar.—His *debuts* before both Houses.—Takes his seat for Camelford.—Borough-mongering Dukes.—The lowest rung of the ladder.

Brougham was educated at the old school of Edinburgh (described in *Red Gauntlet*), at that time under the superintendence of Doctor Adam. He shewed considerable quickness when a boy, but not any astonishing proofs of ability. He read very rapidly and eagerly, but many of his young contemporaries were fully his equals in acquirements. Edinburgh was then, of all places in the world, the sort of place to stimulate a young man like Brougham to exertion. Its society was, in those days, unquestionably the first in Europe. It was the age of its literary glory. Its society was gay without dissipation; its intellectual character was distinctive and peculiar; and those who once entered the magic circle of Edinburgh life, found difficulty in withdrawing themselves from its fascinations. When Brougham was a young man, Edinburgh was at the zenith of its fame. A score of men, known throughout Europe, were to be met with in society, or to be seen in the public libraries, engaged in study and composition, or to be listened to in the professor's chair speculating on the nature of the human mind, or instructing the young anatomist in the science of his profession. You could hardly turn a corner without stumbling upon a philosopher; if you lost your way, probably a great historian would have told you to "turn to the right, and then the first on your left;" at dinner, perhaps a celebrated metaphysician would have wine with you; and when the cloth was removed, a great divine would have told a droll story in the act of imbibing the flavour of some famous Highland whiskey; and on the following morning, if you suffered sharply from indigestion, a physician renowned wherever the medical art is practised, might have exorcised the dyspeptic spirit for a fee, which any common lion-hunter would have cheerfully paid for the honour of being purged by a celebrated character! In those days, men—whose names are their best epitaphs—lived in Edinburgh. It would be a vain task, on our part, to

visible in the studied rhythm of his splendid eloquence, was attached to aristocratic forms. In the case of such men, feelings like those we have indicated ought to be regarded rather as the phases of their minds, than evidences of their principles.

enumerate them. The *savans* and *philosophes* held it in honour, as the Unholy See in which "that arch-pontiff of unbelief," David Hume, had fixed his quarters. He was, undoubtedly, the first who excited Edinburgh Society to the pursuit of letters; and though he was dead before Brougham was born, his influence upon thought continued to be active.* To shew what Edinburgh life was, in the days when Brougham was a student, we need only say that, between 1780 and 1790, the following persons were permanently resident in that city:—Adam Smith, the originator of Economical Science, whose Theory of Moral Sentiments would alone preserve his name amongst the cultivators of philosophy; Black, the Chemist; Home, the Dramatist; Henry Mackenzie; Cullen, the most celebrated medical teacher of his time in Europe; Robertson and Ferguson; Lord Kames, a shrewd, subtle, penetrating man, who, having exercised considerable influence in his days upon Scottish opinion, has left little worthy of his powers; Hutton, the Geologist; Robison,† a most admirable mathematician; and last, not least, Dugald Stewart.‡

In the succeeding age what a galaxy of names Scotland can shew in the history of mind. Burns, the peasant poet,—a true *terras filius*; Scott, the national novelist; Mackintosh, whose character, in our opinion, has not been done justice to; Hogg, Lockhart, and Galt, minds of original force; Edward Irving, a most extraordinary orator; Wilkie, one of the shrewdest moralists with the pencil; Allan and Raeburn, proficient in art; Thomas Browne, the metaphysician, and Erskine, the most successful and brilliant advocate that ever appeared at the English bar. When we recollect how small the population of Scotland is, we

* If we mistake not, it was Hume who originated the Speculative Society.

† Mr. Robison died in 1805. He was certainly one of the greatest mathematical philosophers of his age, and he was, moreover, an excellent and truly estimable man. He filled the chair of natural philosophy in the University of Edinburgh, in which he was succeeded by Playfair, who edited part of his works, of which Sir David Brewster has given us a complete edition. They were published in four large volumes at Edinburgh, in 1822, for the account of John Murray of London. The articles "Steam," and "Steam Engine," in the *Encyclopædia Britannica*, were written by him; and, in the second volume of Brewster's edition of his works, they are republished, with notes and corrections by the great James Watt, who, in his old age, was induced to become a commentator, from the respect which he bore to the memory of Robison. When Watt was attacked by a host of his enemies, Robison, (who was at that time suffering severely from the illness of which he died) in the depth of a severe winter travelled from Edinburgh to London, in order to give evidence in favour of Watt, at a public trial.

‡ Some good friends of ours are wont to lessen the merits of this admirable character. His personal friends,—his numerous pupils, still hold his memory in reverence and honour. We are glad to perceive that Carlyle, who, from the peculiar turn of his mind, and, from the mode of his contemplating life, might be supposed to undervalue the metaphysics of the best philosopher of his time, does justice to Stewart. In a note to his critique on Taylor's Survey of German Poetry, Carlyle speaks of "Dugald Stewart, a name dear and venerable to all Europe, and to none more dear and venerable than to ourselves."

certainly cannot refuse the tribute of admiration to such a prolific production of intellectual power.

We do not purpose entering into any account of the decline of science in Edinburgh, although it still holds a deservedly high place in the world of letters. Chalmers, Wilson, Abercrombie, Brewster, Forbes, Hamilton, Alison, and Combe, are names of high repute. The modern Athens may still boast that she possesses the most eloquent of living divines,*—one of the most puissant defenders of the Christian Religion,—the only true improvisator, in prose or verse, that English literature has produced,—the most ingenious and accomplished of phrenologists,—one of the first natural philosophers of the time,—besides various other scientific and literary characters, who dispute, with the crowd of competitors from other parts of the empire, the path to intellectual distinction. The renown which Edinburgh acquired as a place of education, ought, surely, to stimulate Ireland to exertion,—ought to rouse us to make the mind of our country apply itself with energy and vigour to the cultivation of science, literature, and art. If Scotchmen were able to make Edinburgh what we have described it to have been towards the close of the last century, what might not Irishmen make of Dublin, in the age upon whose threshold we are standing? Talk, forsooth, of the rights of man; we insist that the rights of *MIND* must be recognized. We demand that the intellect of our country be enfranchised, by an education and a training which will develop its energies, and teach it to feel its glorious powers, which were not given by the Most High for the purpose of rotting in apathy, or being squandered upon the ephemeral struggles of the hour. In *ARMS*, the Irishman has won laurels, whose bloom can never wither; we desire that he may know what an undying glory awaits his successful efforts in *Art*. In *Politics* he has made the prejudices of hostile senates vanish before reasoning and argument, clothed with words of fire. In *eloquence*, he has achieved triumphs which can only perish with the disuse of language. But is this enough? No! such success only proves the neces-

* We have heard Mr. Simpson,—one of the education apostles of this time,—give a most interesting account of a scene at a church in London, where Chalmers preached many years since; when such crowds thronged to hear him, that several (even ladies) clambered up through the windows. The lady who described the scene to Mr. Simpson, (if we mistake not it was Lady Davy) said, that one of the persons who got up the ladder after her, was George Canning. She little expected to see the politician in such a place. When Canning saw the strange scene before him, and especially when he got a glimpse of the rustic and half uncouth appearance of the preacher, his risible muscles were strongly affected. Soon, however, his face changed, and the statesman was transfixed. He who was familiar with all the arts of oratory, surrendered himself to the power of Chalmers, and was affected even to tears. Since we heard Mr. Simpson tell this story, we have noticed, in Wilberforce's Diary, that he alludes to that very scene, and we find in Lord Dudley's most delightful Letters, that Canning's admiration of Chalmers is noticed more than once. In economical science alone, Chalmers has done wonders, and the friend to Religion (of every creed) owes him the deepest gratitude for his glorious onslaught against unbelief.

sity for further efforts. We must win a still higher name before the world,—not for the sake of getting its hollow applause—not for the purpose of personal distinction, or the vain glory of notoriety. No! but for a much more solemn and loftier object—in order to realize what the God of nature intended that we should become. He never intended that we should be, as a nation, known but for the production of orators, and famous politicians, and valiant heroes in the field. The land which produced Swift and Goldsmith ought to do still more in letters; the countrymen of Kirwan and Berkeley ought to apply some portion of their grand energies to the study of either branches of science—whether physical or moral. Without abandoning politics—without neglecting the calls of public interests, from the bottom of our hearts we wish that our young countrymen would be more frequent attendants in the lecture room than at the public meeting. Let those amongst them who are covetous of “a large existence”—who feel vague feelings of attaining an honourable fame by honourable means, rest assured that there is something else to be done, than to consume the precious time of youth in the exhausting contests which are attendant on political life. Let politics by all means have its heroes—its apostles—aye! and its martyrs; but let not young Ireland think that the road to glory lies through politics alone. Science must be made—not merely, a popular, but a *national pursuit*. We have much to do, and the sooner we strip for the encounter, the better. Let us refute the slanderous fallacy of the Saxon physiologists, who would fain persuade the world that Celtic Irishmen cannot become *great* in the higher departments of intellectual exertion. For our part, we feel far more national vanity in the fact that Cork* produced the sculptor of “The Dead Christ,” than that Waterford gave birth to the gallant captor of Ghuznee. We feel more proud that foreign science should have inscribed the name of Kane with those of the Davys and the Daltons, and the other natural philosophers who have successively won the greatest honours which the British empire awards to discovery,—than in the fact, (as confessed in the last number of a leading Tory periodical) that Shiel is the most eloquent speaker of the liberal party; or that Croker is the cleverest writer amongst the Tories.

We must do more in those departments of thought which have not been sufficiently cultivated by Irishmen. Shall posterity talk only of the Irish school of oratory? No! we must give those who come after us reason to say better things than that. In one direction, the mind of the country has been sufficiently employed; if to have produced great orators and statesmen be sufficient, then, indeed, the countrymen of Burke, Flood, Curran, Sheridan, Plunket, Canning, Grattan, O’Connell,—may rest

* “Mr. Hogan is not, as generally supposed, a native of Cork; he was born at Tallow, in the county of Waterford, in 1800.”—*Irish Penny Journal*, page 194. Mr. Hogan, however, owes the best part of his education to Cork, where he resided from his twelfth to his twenty-fourth year.

content. But the mind of Ireland was not meant alone for pouring itself forth in passionate eloquence, or applying its energies to political affairs. A nation cannot thrive upon politics alone. To make a potent public opinion, other arts must be cultivated besides that which speaks to the passions. The influence of the orator is not the only power which produces ideas.

We pant for the time when Irish mind shall awake to a consciousness of its powers for other pursuits than those which have hitherto engaged it principally. We make all due allowance for circumstances; but still, the necessity lies upon us to apply ourselves to other science besides that of politics. Irish mind must do duty in something else besides politics and war. We must have our Irish literature—distinctive—peculiar—national—racy of the feelings of our people. Irish Art must be fostered and encouraged. Irish Science must be promoted by all the means at our command. All the energies which now slumber must be stimulated into action; all the capacities which we have received from nature must be vigorously set in exercise. We cannot say *must* to poetry. Inspiration transcends rules, and defies theories. But if we have energy, enterprize, and resolution,—and if we will determine to conquer, we are entitled to say, *must*, to the other departments of mental exertion.

Even the national genius for eloquence might be turned into new channels. Why should not our orators be heard in the pulpit as well as in the senate or at the bar? We want to hear Irish eloquence vindicating Religion from the assaults of a sceptical philosophy, and winning sinners to the ways of duty, by appeals which shall awaken that conscience which a grovelling world has lulled to sleep. The orator in the senate has his glory; but it fades before the moral splendour of him who pleads not for local principles,—whose operation is circumscribed but by the truths of eternity. Imagine a Burke in the pulpit! How grand would be a Canning,—touched with Gospel fire,—flashing into the doubting mind,—cheering with heavenly consolation the despairing soul,—melting the obdurate heart with a holy zeal,—kindling into flame those sparks of virtue which smoulder beneath vanity, selfishness, the wallowing spirit of the world, and the idolatrous adoration of the flesh. If the beautiful is to find pourtrayers in our Maclises and Burtons; if the facts of nature are to have expositors in our Hamiltons and Kanes, surely the mysterious, the invisible, the eternal, and the infinite—RELIGION—must find a genius which will do homage to her awful magnificence. Is Ireland to send forth no “world-famous” rivals to the illustrious ornaments of the French pulpit? The church which gave a kindred spirit to Fenelon in the revered Doyle, ought surely produce the compeers of Bossuet, Massillon and Bourdaloue. Is the church of Kirwan (whose powers have been so strongly attested by Grattan and Burke) to give no equals to Taylor, to Butler, and to Barrow? Oh, Yes! Irish mind must do justice to itself and to its capacities. Our efforts at first, in new paths, may be attended with difficulty; the voice

of encouragement may not cheer us, but we must proceed on the work of developing the mind of Ireland. Difficulties must neither dishearten nor deter us. The shamrock faith, of which the chief tenet is, trust in Irish faith, will yet spread, and find many an honourable witness to testify to the truth thereof. Irish mind can no more be merged in Anglicism or Continentalism, than the Emerald Isle itself can be sunk beneath the waves which break upon its shores. The Irish are still a people, despite of the massacres, persecutions, and sanguinary thralldom of which their history tells. The shamrock still grows; the foemen trod it *down*; but in vain they trod it *out*. It was God who planted it and who will dare to say it shall not grow? The vocation of our time must be to bring it forth to the light of day,—the tri-une emblem of those virtues which nationalism must respire. *Faith* in the country, its sons, and their capacity for the grandest moral enterprize. *Hope* in its destiny and final triumph. *Charity* to all the children of the soil.

The consideration of what Edinburgh was, in the days when Brougham was a school-boy, has led us into this digression. It was no wonder that hardy intellects should be reared in a soil, which was so cultured after the fashion we have feebly endeavoured to describe. Every advantage which a young man could desire was to be had in Edinburgh. And it is only common justice to the subject of this memoir, to say that he availed himself of them. He pursued the study of physical science with no ordinary ardour, and he cultivated letters with considerable success. He was fond of experimentalizing in the laboratory. At seventeen years of age he wrote an essay upon Optics; but we have known many younger sirs to “get up” very tolerable disquisitions on Matter—the Soul—on Governments—the Drama, and other subjects of *that light sort*. The merit of writing an essay (even in the case of a schoolboy,) depends wholly upon the contents, and not upon the abstruseness or sublimity of the subject. As we have heard, after dinner, some doting father’s son shew the company what Cicero and Lord Chatham must have been; or witnessed some fair creature in a pinafore, still reeking of the nursery, *do* Miss O’Neill in Venice Preserved; or Mrs. Siddons, as Queen Katherine; so when a schoolboy writes upon problems, which a Newton could only solve, we are not to conclude that the young gentleman is a genius in virtue of his subject.

In the proper place, when surveying the general character of Brougham, we shall fairly estimate the contributions (such as they are,) which he has given to physical and moral science. We shall now only notice that young Brougham’s account of his Optical experiments was honoured with a place in the published transactions of the Royal Society, for the year 1796; also in the year 1798, the Society published another paper, by Brougham, on some problems in Geometry.*

But the most important act of his youth was his joining the Speculative

* He was also a contributor afterwards to Nicholson’s Journal.

Society, which still exists in Edinburgh, and which has been the great nursery of young Scotch genius. It was the principal debating society of Edinburgh, and has generally been filled by a number of young men of accomplished ability. Brougham was the contemporary in it of Jeffrey, Horner, Browne the metaphysician, Walter Scott, and a host of other young men, amongst whom a love of discussion formed a common bond of union. Indeed, one of the advantages of societies of the kind is, that association and intercourse result from them. How far debating societies are useful in the education of adults, we will not here discuss. Their advantages and evils have been frequently treated of. One thing, however, they must certainly promote—the mingling together of those who are to be rivals and competitors in the after scenes of life.*

It was in the Speculative Society that Brougham first made the acquaintance of Lord Henry Petty, now Marquis of Lansdowne. The noble lord was educated under the roof of Mr. Stewart. He was afterwards transferred to Trinity College, Cambridge. While at Edinburgh, he was diligent in his studies, and gave proofs of a superior disposition. Brougham made several other acquaintances in the society, which was just of that nature to allow him to exhibit his powers in the most advantageous light. In the questions for debate, a wide field was opened for discussion. For example, the society did not merely confine itself to discussing such questions as “ought the Slave Trade be immediately abolished?” or “was the execution of King Charles the First justifiable?” but they debated “should the doctrine of what is called the Balance of Power in Europe, be recognized?” and even questions of a nature seldom debated in mixed companies were examined. The French Revolution stimulated the young members to take up the

* In Mr. Osborne Davis’s address to the Historical Society (1840)—distinguished for breadth of view, and depth of thought—what a student can learn in societies for discussion, has been indicated with great accuracy in the following passage:—

“But, gentlemen, a manhood of mere pleasure preludes an old age of care, a death of contempt. In that dangerous time, therefore, ere professional business, like a Mentor, comes to our aid, how useful such societies as this must be, in leading the mind from frivolous thoughts to graver studies, and preparing the spirit for stirring scenes; even then, as an occupation of so much time otherwise likely to be fooled away, a membership of our society is useful. But it does much more; and first, it is a noble, indeed the only effective institute of the social sciences. It is perhaps more valuable in this way than as a school of oratory; whether it shall be a school for eloquence or loquacity, depends more on the management of it; but whether well or ill used, it *teaches things which a citizen should know*. If a member prepare himself for your debates, and listen to, or engage in them, how many valuable subjects must he learn. In politics, the various questions relating to local and central governments, the host of disputes on doctrines of representation, its proper extent and restrictions, and the plans for its improvement. How far, if at all, monarchy and aristocracy should be imposed on democracy, the undoubted basis of free government; and whether a social equality should or indeed could be added to the political; and when, in addition to these, you discuss such details as the influence of a free press, of the jury system, and penal code, you lay a broad and deep foundation for political knowledge.”

most difficult subjects in moral and political science. "Ought there to be an established religion?" was discussed; and "has the belief in a future state been of advantage to mankind; or is it ever likely to be so?"*

The more immediate predecessors of Brougham's contemporaries in the Speculative Society were men of eminent abilities. Amongst them were Sir James Mackintosh, Benjamin Constant, Thomas Addis Emmett, Charles Hope (afterwards Lord Justice Clerk). Wild and Grant, two young men of splendid promise, both became deranged. When Mackintosh visited Edinburgh, in 1801, after an absence of twelve years, he found amongst his old companions, that Mr. Emmett was a prisoner in Fort St. George, under the custody of Hope, who was then Lord Advocate, while Constant was a tribune in Paris.

Amongst other acquaintances of young Brougham, was Mr. (afterwards Sir Charles) Stuart, and now Lord Stuart de Rothesay.† In him Brougham found a most useful friend. Mr. Stuart was sent on a mission to one of the northern courts, and Brougham accompanied him, obtained from him letters of introduction, and made an extensive tour throughout Europe. He acquired information then, which was of the greatest possible service to him in a very few years afterwards. He improved his knowledge of foreign languages considerably, and laid the foundation for an extensive (and in very many cases most accurate) acquaintance with the political state of parties in the different nations of Central Europe.

Upon his return to Edinburgh he was called to the Scottish Bar, and not long afterwards took an active part in the establishment of the

* Perhaps some of our readers may be incredulous as to this question having been seriously debated; but Sir Walter Scott's Diary is our authority for the statement.

† Lord Stuart de Rothesay is, perhaps, the ablest member of the *corps diplomatique*. He was the Mr. Stuart who was the English Commissioner in Spain, during the Peninsular War, and was in constant political service with the Duke of Wellington. We believe that the secret of the rapid and decisive manner in which the Wellington ministry acknowledged the French Revolution of July, 1830, is that the representations made by Lord Stuart De Rothesay (at that time Ambassador to the Tuileries) were so strong that it had no other option. The Ambassador read opinion rightly in Paris, and we know that he took the very best means to learn it, going out amongst the people, and mixing with them in the *cafés* at night. Many expected that he would have been sent by Sir Robert Peel to Paris, instead of Lord Cowley; he now represents the Court of St. James's, at St. Petersburg. He is grandson of that Earl Bute, notorious in political history as the preceptor of George the Third in Toryism, being the son of the late Lieutenant General Stuart. Viscount Canning (now Under Secretary for Foreign Affairs) is married to his daughter. *Apropos* of Lord Canning. It was a singular instance of foresight in the friends of the late Mr. Canning, when in 1828 they applied to parliament for a pension for the family, that they begged to have the name of the present Viscount nominated as the second life instead of his elder brother, who was in the naval service. They alleged as a reason for this request—the uncertainty of an officer's life. Captain Canning was drowned not very long afterwards, and the late Viscountess, who was created a peeress in her own right, died about five years since, consequently the present bearer of the Canning title has, during his life, three thousand a year, which he would not be entitled to but for the provident foresight of the old friends of his father.

Edinburgh Review,* to which he has been so frequent a contributor during his life.

The information which Brougham acquired during his travels, he turned to excellent account in his work on "The Colonial Policy of the European Powers," which he published in the beginning of the year 1803, and which is a remarkable proof of powers previously developed. We do not mean to say that it is the work of a Montesquieu, or an Adam Smith, or a De Tocqueville, but it is impossible to deny that it is a most creditable work for a young man to have written. The information which he collected for it is the most valuable part of the book. Nowadays a student in politics can glean but little from it, but it was a valuable work at the time when it appeared. It procured Brougham the acquaintance of several valuable friends.

About this time his mind took a decided bent towards active life. He determined to make *action* and not *investigation* the leading idea of his life. He turned towards politics. He had not read deeply for his profession. Indeed, had he then joined even a tolerable knowledge of law to his other acquirements, he would have been a phenomenon without parallel. At four and twenty years of age, Brougham was certainly a prodigy of energy, acquirements, enterprize, and talents. There was nothing of which he did not know something, and there were many subjects of which he knew much. He might have been anything but—a poet! It is extraordinary that, even for the sake of experiment, he never invoked the muses. He was fitted, according to the developed tendencies of his mind, for physical science, or moral philosophy—for mathematics, or for politics—for the laboratory, or for literature—for the senate, or the bar—for diplomacy, or the popular arena; he could have preached charity sermons, or badgered judges and "bamboozled" juries—vituperated cabinet ministers, or cheated ambassadors—puzzled colleges, or deluded mobs—dealt with theories in science, or refuted conjectures by experiments. His irritable nervous temperament, which abhorred quiescence, drove him to a life of action. He resolved to dash down to London, and "go ahead." Other Scotchmen had succeeded so well amongst the Saxons, why should not he?

Now at this time politics were in a curious state;—parties were in an anomalous condition. Political men, instead of filing off as Tories and Whigs, filed into ranks as Pittites, who were for war and church government—Grenvillites, who were inclined to war and for liberal government, but who sympathised with the Pittites in opposition to reform—and Foxites, who were against war, inclined to reform, and united with the Grenvillites on the subject of religious toleration. The main question, however, was one of war. The English people might then have been divided into peace-breakers and peace-makers, the former having an immense majority.

* We reserve for our notice of the writings of T. B. Macaulay, some observations on the character and influence of this periodical.

It has often been said that Brougham was a Tory in his youth. We have ourselves heard it asserted often in political circles. It is thirteen or fourteen years since we heard an eminent person say that Brougham actually offered himself to Pitt; but that the latter said to the applicant, "Oh no! I have really too many of these clever young men about me already." His political enemies, whether Tory or ultra-Radical, had often charged him with the fact of having been a suppliant for the patronage of Pitt; but we never paid the least attention to the insinuations which came from his foes. When we heard from one admirably informed upon the unreported history of the last fifty years, the anecdote above quoted, we were not a little surprised; we heard, indeed, some of his contemporaries in debating societies, profess to sketch the opinions which he had uttered in the Speculative Society and elsewhere, but we treated much of their old stories as apocryphal. The common place circulators of *ana*, who hold you by the button, and teaze you with their "capital stories about the famous folk they knew in their young days," are as tiresome a gang of old twaddlers as we would not like to sit at table with. Indeed, we own that we have often felt a malicious satisfaction in precipitating a pile of their musty stories, by tossing dates at them; quoting an authentic letter in contradiction to one of their mysterious insinuations against the character of some public man; or perplexing them in their allegations of what they had seen themselves, by shewing that, with a regard to time and place, their anecdotes were historical impossibilities.

However, there can be no doubt whatever that Brougham was in his young days a supporter of Pitt. In his speech upon Reform (House of Lords, Oct. 7th, 1831), he argued that had reform in parliament taken place, the American war could never have lasted so long; adding, however, that the French Revolutionary war might not have been affected by it. "The alarmist party, to which I leant in my youth, might have lasted for some years." (*Mirror of Parliament*, vol. 15, 2858.) This passing allusion was little indicative of what Brougham was when young.

But the publication of Wilberforce's correspondence, has set the matter at rest for ever. In this most interesting correspondence, various valuable letters are given to the world, which throw light on subjects which have hitherto been not properly understood. We have taken for granted, that the Rev. Messrs. Wilberforce would never have printed the letters concerning Brougham, without obtaining his positive leave to do so. They never would have done so, after the most generous manner in which he behaved to them (when he was Lord Chancellor), at a time when they stood in need of assistance. There cannot be the slightest doubt that he sanctioned the publication of the letters which refer to his early history. Indeed, some of them could not have been furnished without his assistance.

Now it seems that at the University of Edinburgh, amongst other

acquaintances Brougham made, was young Perceval, son of Doctor Perceval of Manchester, who was an excellent man—virtuous, accomplished, and no indifferent philosopher. His character was his chief excellence. Those who cultivate science are familiar with his name, by reason of his “*Essays Medical and Experimental*,”—his “*Medical Ethics*,” but the public know him chiefly as the author of “*A Father’s Instructions to his children*.” He was a very religious man, but in his conceptions of devotion there was neither superstition nor fanaticism. He had a very general acquaintance. Brougham was introduced to him by the son, and the doctor made the young Scotchman known to Wilberforce, in the following letter,* which speaks sufficiently for itself.

Dr. Perceval to Mr. Wilberforce.

Manchester, June 24th, 1803.

MY DEAR SIR,

By the particular desire of Mr. Brougham, a young advocate now at the Scottish bar, and a very intimate friend of my son’s, I write to request the honour of your acceptance of an “*Enquiry into the Colonial Policy of the European Powers*,” in two vols. 8vo. He has directed his booksellers, Messrs. Longman and Rees, to send you a copy of the work, and it is my pleasing office to introduce it to your notice. Mr. B. is a man of extraordinary talents and acquirements. He is descended from an ancient family in Cumberland, but his father having married a niece of the late Dr. Robertson, the Historian, was induced to settle at Edinburgh, and to educate his son at the University there. Your Royal Society have lately elected him a member, on account of several communications, which display a profound knowledge of mathematics and physics. His peculiar taste, however, is for polite science. And I trust, you will find in the volumes, what I have announced to you, great accuracy and extent of research, as well as acuteness of moralization. You will be gratified in observing that he adopts your ideas concerning the Negro slave-trade system; and perhaps, will be astonished,—at least I was so,—at the detections of many gross misrepresentations in the writings of the late Mr. Edwards.

Your affectionate and obliged

Friend and Servant,

THOMAS PERCEVAL.

Now it should be observed that Wilberforce was a most important person in the political world. He was not merely the sincerest, but also the oldest and most intimate friend of the prime minister. He was a man standing high in political life, and had considerable weight with the public. Besides, he knew (and was respected by) the best men at both sides of the house. We need say nothing of his ardour upon the slave trade; and young Henry Brougham was just the sort of person for a man like Wilberforce. His zeal and energies admirably fitted him for the advocate of some mighty cause. Accordingly we find Brougham plunging into action on the Negro question at once, and rivetting the attention of the most earnest champion of the blacks. Amongst the

* Wilberforce’s Life, vol. 1, p. 267.

papers of Mr. Pitt (found after his decease) was a letter from Wilberforce to the present Lord Harrowby, who was secretary for foreign affairs in 1804, in which the writer, after describing what Brougham had already done, concludes by saying of him—"He is manifestly a man of great energy, who has his wits about him, and good wits too."

Thus we find that Brougham was indirectly brought under the notice of Pitt. But this is not all. Brougham continued to push his way, making acquaintances and displaying his powers, his various acquirements, and beyond all, his extraordinary energy. So completely did he dazzle Wilberforce, that the following letter* was written to Pitt in favour of the young Scotchman :—

Mr. Wilberforce to Mr. Pitt.

Bloomfield, October 25th, 1805.

MY DEAR PITT,

I was taking up my pen to say to you something which I thought of, just after we parted on Wednesday, when another idea occurred to me, which I will mention first; lest you should think me like some others I have heard you mention, who pop out at last,—or in a postscript,—the real object of the visit or letter. It is, that if, in the course of any of your calls for proper men to be employed in any diplomatic business, you should be at a loss for one, you perhaps could not, in the whole kingdom, find any one in all respects so well qualified as the Mr. Brougham whom I formerly mentioned to you. He speaks French as well as English, and several other languages. But the great thing is, that he is a man of uncommon talents and address; and for his age, twenty-six, knowledge also, and I told you of his being so long the advocate for your government in Edinburgh.

My mentioning him to you is entirely of my own head; of course he knows nothing of it; indeed he is in Edinburgh, and I only do it (most solemnly I assure you) on public grounds, and because I know that you must often want men for foreign services. He has, besides the qualities I have mentioned, great resolution, strength of constitution, &c. The idea of mentioning him to you, arose in my mind when I was going to inform you, that in the course of his tour on the continent last year, particularly at Vienna, Naples, &c., he found that all the foreign ministers, to whom (especially at Vienna) he had good introductions, spoke of Lord Harrowby in the highest terms. In short, it was when I was speaking of Harrowby, he declared that it was surprising how little justice appeared to be done to him at home, or even by some of our own diplomatic and other English people abroad, compared with the estimation in which he was held amongst all foreigners of rank and consequence. He said much more of the same kind. I thought you would like to hear this. It made me the more rejoice at his undertaking the mission in which he is now embarking.

I am ever, my dear Pitt,

Your's most truly,

W. WILBERFORCE.

P. S.—I need not say this requires no answer.

This letter is a very remarkable one. It testifies sufficiently to the surpassing abilities of the young candidate for fame and fortune. We find in it that Wilberforce had previously spoken to Pitt concerning

* Wilberforce's Life, vol. ii. p. 51.

Brougham—that the latter had been a Pittite in Edinburgh; and it seems that the wishes of Brougham were for diplomatic service.

Pitt, however, died in about three months after his receipt of the above letter. Brougham was meanwhile right in the midst of the Whigs. His old friend Lord Henry Petty was Chancellor of the Exchequer in the new ministry, and the following letter* gives us a glimpse of Brougham at Holland House:—

Mr. Brougham to Mr. Wilberforce.

Temple, Wednesday Evening.

MY DEAR SIR,

I received your letter this morning, and afterwards dined in the house alluded to in my last.

I had written to Lord H. Petty very fully upon the subject of the Spanish slave trade, and I am happy to find by a conversation with him this afternoon, that he is perfectly master of the subject which I attempted to press upon his attention. He and I talked over a good part of it in presence of Mr. Fox, which I thought the best way of letting him take a share in the discussion or not, just as he might choose. For I consider that this subject is more delicate, and involves a variety of nicer relations than our general question of abolition. Whether Mr. Fox listened much to us or not, I cannot say; but he did not join. On the slave trade in general we talked a great deal, and you may believe all agreed. Lord H. Petty mentioned that you had a wish to begin the campaign, by trying how far a compromise could be effected with the Lords. Mr. Fox was greatly interested by this topic, but neither Petty nor myself could point out any specific mode of making the attempt. * * * *

I should add that the company present were, Mr. Fox, Lord Holland, Lord H. Petty, and myself. As this was the first time of my being in Mr. Fox's house, I could not take the liberty of starting matters in conversation, and a great many of the topics of the day naturally interfering, the slave trade was dropt. I, however, continued to say all that I could think of to Lord H. Petty, and explained the views respecting the probable influence of a vigorous support of our great cause, in favour of the Ministry at an election.

By the Fox-Grenville ministry he was despatched as envoy to Lisbon, which was the theatre of various plots and intrigues. In one of the newspapers of that time this fact is noticed:—"Henry Brougham, Esq. is appointed Envoy to the Court of Lisbon. He is esteemed a young man of considerable abilities, and author of a work entitled "An Enquiry into the Colonial Policy of European Powers."

On his return from Lisbon, in the commencement of 1807, he was called to the English Bar by the Society of Lincoln's Inn. Nor was he long without employment. He had previously made his forensic *debut* before the House of Lords on a Scotch appeal—that of the Roxburgh case—in which he was counsel for Lady Essex Ker. After his call to the English Bar, the merchants of London, Liverpool, and Manchester, selected him as their advocate against the celebrated orders in council, of which we will speak in our next chapter. On the 16th of March, 1808, he appeared at the bar of the House of Commons, and opened the case of the petitioners against the orders, in an able statement, after which he

* Id. vol. ii. p. 77.

proceeded to call a host of witnesses, whose examination did not terminate until the 1st of April, when he again addressed the house, from the bar, in a speech which lasted for upwards of four hours.

The public display of his abilities as an advocate, induced the Whig party to lose no time in bringing him into the senate. It has been repeatedly asserted that he was brought into parliament by the late Earl of Carlisle, by others again it has been said that the present Duke of Cleveland was his political friend. Mr. Alison—generally very well informed—has asserted, in the last published volume of his “*French Revolution*,” that Lord Carlisle was Brougham’s political patron. But the fact we believe is, that it was the late Duke of Bedford who brought him into parliament. The mistakes in this case have arisen from the fact, that the rotten borough of Camelford changed ownership very often in the course of a few years, and was a long time previous to 1832 in the hands of the Duke of Cleveland.

When Brougham was returned for Camelford (in Cornwall) in 1808, there were only nine voters in it. The Duke of Bedford returned the members from 1726 to 1812; the representation had previously been in the hands of Mr. Carpenter of Tavy House. An expensive election petition had given the right to the Bedford family, but in 1812 the Duke of Bedford parted with his right to Mr. Carpenter, who paid his Grace the sum of £32,000. The present Duke of Cleveland had a great fancy for rotten boroughs. He spent little short of £250,000 upon those articles. He bought Camelford (paying an enormous premium) from Mr. Carpenter. We will never forget the Duke’s speech, in April, 1832, when he told the House of Lords, that from the time he entered parliament in 1792, he had applied himself to the command of borough influence; but his reason was, that such property was so often used for improper purposes; there was no mode of counteracting it but by opposing the use of it to the abuse.

We have now traced Henry Brougham to the time when he got his foot on the lowest rung of the ladder: his ascent will be described in the following chapters.

(To be continued.)

MACKLIN; OR THE SON'S SACRIFICE.

CHAP. I.—THE BALL-ROOM.—THE PARTING.

It was a festival night in honour of the birth-day of the good and the beautiful, and one of the noblest mansions of our then gay and crowded metropolis, was, in the terms of polite announcement, "thrown open for the reception of company." All who were Pleasure's votaries were gathered together for her worship; and proudly and worthily did they comport themselves at the celebration of the gorgeous rites. There were the young, and the gay, and the gifted; the light of heart, the merry, and the free. There was manhood in its pride and prime, with command in the smile and decision in the glance, yet, for that hour, a very trifler at the feet of beauty; and there was youth in the fulness of its luxuriant promise, fluttering between the gambolling vivacity of the boy, and the exciting emotions of the man, an ardent, yet half timid worshipper of the loveliness its soul panted to gaze on. There was womanhood in its glorious perfection and maturity, with eye, and lip, and step, full of the dominion of beauty, receiving with haughty condescension the homage of glittering compliment, and silvered flattery, and courteous phrase so lavishly tendered; and then there was girlhood,—gentle, graceful girlhood, in all the purity, the freshness, and the fancy of its spring time, with a pulse of life and hope beating at its warm bounding heart, on which doubt, distrust, or satiety has not yet laid a freezing finger. And there was age too, bronzed and frosty age, which came to share its own peculiar joy—the holy, the inexpressible delight of parental exultation, as it contemplates the sunshine of the sinless bosom, in whose light and warmth it has its best and surest comfort, and in whose young delight it lives over again the days and the pleasures that have passed away for ever.

The brilliant rooms were, indeed, a very blaze of beauty, and pomp, and fashion; and those who trod them, looked in their splendour a fine reality of unmixed enjoyment. There was a wooing merriment in the hum of the mingled voices, which came quickly and freshly on the delighted ear, and appealed to more than fancy, if this was not happiness. Wherever the footstep went, the air was full of a delicious harmony. The rich swell of the music, as it wafted its inviting measures through the hall, became occasionally lost and incorporated in the tones of the genuine welcome,—the affectionate greeting,—the kind enquiry,—and the whispered honeyed words of praise and gratulations which all could utter and all could feel; and these in their union and musical succession, had a subtle, soul-searching influence, no heart of gentle or loving mould could boast of resisting. And then, to look into each illumined face, that, meteor-like, flashed brilliantly by, in the gaze

of a moment, as if sent on some mission of light; whether it shone forth with the splendour of intellect, the expression of feeling, or the diamond sparkles of a soul of wit; that must have been a gloomy spirit indeed, which could not have caught a gleam of their mirth and merriment on its dusky wing.

I have said all looked happy; I am sure all were beautiful. Nor is it any disparagement to the lovely women and gallant men who graced that scene, to say that in a throng so "rich and rare," one gentle couple met with particular admiration. And there were two, who, in whatever part of the illumined hall they strolled, attracted peculiar notice. Every eye looked its silent tribute as they passed, and many a lip murmured the hope, perchance the prayer, that the blight and the curse of the world and sorrow might never come upon them. One of them was a tall, noble looking young man, of about five and twenty years of age, tall in stature, and comely in feature. It was impossible to mistake the expression of intellect and honour that lived in his brilliant dark eye, or played across his high and expanding forehead; while every courtesy and gentleness in life seemed for ever domesticated in the smile that had become the perpetual tenant of his lip. Such, and I have described him briefly, was Charles Macklin, the hero of this eventful narrative. Upon his arm hung a lovely graceful girl, apparently in her eighteenth year; she was his betrothed bride, the beautiful, the high-born Helen Butler. This was her father's mansion; she was the sole undoubted heiress of his rank and wealth; it was her birth-day these plumed and jewelled crowds had met to celebrate. This meagre outline must suffice for a description of one, whom years ago I could write whole chapters about. And yet, perhaps this simple and unadorned truth,—that she was very good and very beautiful, and won the love and admiration of all who knew her,—is the best, for I feel that a lengthened and a laboured delineation would go more to weary the patience of the reader than to supply an accurate representation of the original.

"By my troth, Harcourt," said one to his companion, as they passed, "Macklin is a lucky fellow. Beauty, and rank, and fortune all his own for the asking, and not one in the field of rivalry to put his title to a moment's jeopardy."

"Aye, aye, boy," replied the other, "you may well call him lucky. Whatever be the secret of his success, he has wooed the jade Fortune to some purpose, for she is a very prodigal both in the nature and the profusion of the gifts which she showers upon her cherished darling. When once installed the master of these costly premises, and the wide domains that are yet to call him master, we bachelors, and fortune-hunters into the bargain,—there is no disgrace, Dick, in the title—ought to petition him for an elucidation of the mystery by which he, a *parvenu*, a very man of yesterday—I speak it not to his discredit—was not only enabled, in an incredibly short time, to secure to himself every honour and distinction which lay in his path, but to win his way

blithely and readily to the golden prize he now so securely clutches, the sole heiress and hope of as high and haughty a family as ever laid claim to Milesian ancestry."

"A *parvenu*, Harcourt?"

"So the story goes; and he himself is at once too rational and sensible a fellow to deny it, or put forward pretensions to which he has no claim. Besides, he is, doubtless, too well satisfied of his own personal merits to care much for the borrowed lustre of family distinction. He is free to confess an humble birth, and if he boasts of anything, it is of the fact, that he has been the architect of his own fortune,—the materials as well as the skill of their erection lying within himself. All that we know of him is, that he entered old T. C. D. a sizar,—that he gained blushing honours and a scholarship in due time from the fellows, and the esteem and friendship of his compeers, of every grade and class,—that he is now a barrister of some repute, and that there is every prospect of his attaining the highest honours of his profession, if, indeed, he will condescend to follow it after his marriage with Miss Butler."

"And, being this man of yesterday, is there no tale appended to the fact of his ready acceptance by this proud lady and her family?"

"Why, there is some story of a delicate and peculiar service rendered to the old gentleman; some timely interference on the part of Macklin, by which the former was saved from outrage, and the latter led into a duel, in which he was wounded, and from thence introduced into the family. The rest is soon told; he found a clear stage in the lady's affection, and plenty of favour in the father's predilection; and he has played his part so well with both, that the seal of the one has been set to the fiat of the other. But the best of all is, few envy him his good fortune, and the great majority of those who know him rejoice sincerely in the advent of his happiness."

"Well, well, my trusty friend, he deserves to wear nobly who wins fairly, and so, though I have taken rather a fancy to this bright mansion and all its pleasant et ceteras, I will even wish him joy of them, and——go join the dancers," and so the gay questioner and his informant parted.

As Macklin's position in Mr. Butler's family was no secret, it was to be expected that his merits and pretensions would be widely and variously canvassed. Some of the discussions, like the foregoing, were of a favourable kind, but others had in them a spice of that jealous bitterness, with which some natures hear of the good fortune of their fellow-creatures, especially if there be anything in their history to admit of envious depreciation.

"Can my sweet friend, Miss Meredith, make room for me beside her?" said Lady Pelican Pike, with what was meant to be a very gracious bending of her haughty aristocratic carriage, and then, as she slowly sunk into her seat, continued, "for I want to avail myself of her general

information to assure me of the truth or falsehood of a report I have just heard."

"Oh! Lady Pelican," replied the spinster, for she was of that certain age in which the collection and communication of what is called scandal or gossip imparts a peculiar pleasure, "if there be any topic on which my humble knowledge can assist your Ladyship, I shall be only too happy to afford it."

"Well, then, as you are so kind," rejoined her Ladyship, "I will ask you, is there any truth in the rumour, that Miss Butler is about to be married to that tall good-looking young man, upon whose arm she was leaning just now?"

"O, yes! your Ladyship, it is quite true; everything is arranged; the papers all but signed, sealed, and delivered; and a very few days will witness the completion of a match, which has, I assure you, excited considerable speculation in the fashionable world."

"And, I suppose," rejoined her Ladyship, "all is equally true which I hear concerning the inferior birth, family, and connections of the young man; and also, the fact, which is said to be so much to his credit, of his being the author of his own success in life?"

"Your Ladyship's information is perfectly correct."

"Dear me!" cried the aristocratic Lady. "How these things *will* occur in the best regulated families. I begin to fear me, Miss Meredith, that high birth and blood are beginning to lose somewhat of their nature and importance in those degenerate days, for I find, even among my own once exclusive class, that merit and personal qualifications are very generally estimated without reference to ancestral dignity and pride. Now, in my days it was quite different. *We* were accustomed to admire nothing beyond our own circle; it was, in fact, losing caste to let our affections or our sympathies be excited by anything not purely aristocratic; and, if our feelings were at all enlisted by a vulgar partiality, it was expected we should pay a deferential sacrifice to rank, even to the martyrdom of our best and dearest wishes. I know I did, at all events."

"And was your Ladyship the happier?"

"My dear friend, happiness had nothing to do with a case of rigid duty. I'll give you an example. I had a thoughtless and giddy sister, who loved and married, to the horror of us all, a young professional man, who had nothing to recommend him but his talents and personal appearance. Well, she was happy to the full contentment of her trusty heart, and, although they were comparatively poor for a time, and were *blessed*, as the poor soul called it, with a number of children; she has over and over again said, she would not exchange her humble home, and the loves and smiles that graced it, for all the pomp and splendour of her father's dwelling. And I believed her, for when I went to visit her, she was even a picture of enjoyment to me, and actually, at last grew quite fat, and rosy, and vulgar with her happiness. But then, she would

not have been so, had she done her duty,—if she had obeyed us, she would have been consistently miserable. Now, I acted differently. My affections were as deeply engaged as her's, and the object of them full as worthy, but I did not give way to them; I obeyed the stern dictates of a haughty pride, circle, and——no matter, I thought I was doing right, and have paid the penalty.”

“Your Ladyship is growing sentimental on the subject; but will get little sympathy from me for such cold and cruel performances; I love them not. Give me rather the love which, selecting worth for its object, is not trammelled in its choice by selfish and worldly considerations, and is proud to avow the preference it feels. For my part, beautiful as I have ever thought Helen Butler, I prize her more for the firmness and decision she has evinced in giving her hand to the man of her choice; and I honour the father who has preferred the happiness of his child to the suggestions of his pride. And, as to the happy individual himself, I believe him so general a favourite, as to have very few quarrelling with his success on the score of hereditary insufficiency. Will your Ladyship join the whist table?”

But the unconscious objects of these enquiries and speculations, where were they? Through the crowded hall and glittering splendour of the banquetting room they had passed, almost unobservant of the light and gladness around them. In truth, they might as well have been in a wilderness, for any accurate perception they had of the countless bright and beautiful things that were dancing on their vision. And it was thus, that for a brief space, they stole away from the bounding and joyous throngs, in whose mazy pleasures their emotions were too peculiar to share, and sought the more congenial quietude of a small music room which had been deserted for the more active enjoyment of the sprightly dance. Here, where they had so often held a commune, long and deep, an outpouring of soul, and thought, and feeling, which was wont to brighten and spread out before them into interchanging visions of future felicity, upon which they gazed with a credulity and trustingness as if the world never held aught like misery and disappointment,—here they met, for the first time, with anything like a shadow resting upon that horizon to which they so confidently looked. It was but a small dim speck, and was almost lost in the world of blue and brightness by which it was encompassed; but they little knew the tempest of which it was the ill-omened herald. There were but a few short days to intervene between the present and their nuptials; but, during these, they were to be somewhat ominously separated. Macklin was about to visit his early home, and the friends of his boyhood, and, as he spoke of doing so, there was a gloom and heaviness upon his spirit, which he in vain endeavoured to conceal. He ever spoke hurriedly and briefly of that home and those friends. Whenever questioned of their locality, he talked of a wild and rugged country, and of a rude and impoverished people. But this was all, and now there seemed but little joy or comfort in the prospect of a return to

those scenes, which are, with the highest and the lowest of us, the dearest and most sacred to our memories.

All this was strange and mystical. Macklin, as I have shewn, had never concealed the fact, that he was of comparatively humble parents. It was freely known of him, that he had passed out upon the world a volunteer of fortune. With no staff to bear upon but his own integrity, and no propelling power but the resiliency of his own abilities, he had vaulted over the impediments of obscurity and unpatronized industry, and had attained the elevation of a high and honourable profession, which flung wide before him every toll-gate on the road to opulence and fame. He had won beauty and virtue, and all the rich and varied advantages of fortune, lineage, and connections; and their lovely possessor never stooped from her proud elevation to calculate the distance between them. This was all that the world he mingled in—all, even she his loved and cherished one, knew of him or his. There was a veil and a mystery hanging upon the rest, and the advent had not yet come for the withdrawal of the one or the elucidation of the other.

“And so, Charles,” said Miss Butler, “it must be as you say. This journey, to which, I confess, I look forward with no pleasurable sensation, must be taken.”

“Even so, dear girl,” replied Macklin.

“I know not why it is,” continued the fair speaker, “but I wish it could be avoided. When I think of it, a hundred vague and unintelligible forebodings of something like disaster arise in my mind, and an apprehension, I cannot explain to myself, startles me into momentary uneasiness.”

“It is strange,” said Macklin, rather abstractedly, “but I have my own misgivings concerning it, resulting from no earthly cause I can assign. An undefinable something presses upon my spirit, whenever the idea of this separation manifests itself, and the same strong wish is ever prominent in my thoughts, that, for a season, at least, my departure could be deferred. But such may not be the case, and, without sundering violently some of life’s best and holiest ties, I dare not defer my visit to the country another day. However,” he added, with an effort at gaiety and unconcern, observing the visible depression of his companion, “let us for the present cast aside these gloomy and sad-coloured reflections. It is treason to this merry scene, and the bright occasion of it, to encourage them. After all, they are, perhaps, but the idle suggestions of a wayward fancy, which frets itself into uneasiness and irritation, like a spoiled pet, because any interruption is likely to take place in its sports and pleasures; come, Helen, we will put the busy fiend to flight, or at least charm him into better humour, for you will sing to me that little song of F——’s, and we will be votaries of its simple philosophy, to-night, at least.”

How happy we are to sing for these we love! What a peculiar and delicate embarrassment ruffles the feelings, alternately soothing and

exciting them ! There is a half-timid anxiety to deserve the praises of the lips whose homage is dearest to us in the world, mingling with that fine and generous encouragement which mutual confidence supplies, while the conviction of partiality assures us of a favourable judgment, let the ability of the effort be what it may. Helen Butler, doubtless, felt all this, as she sung for ears which dreamed of no earthly melody superior to hers, the following light and simple—

SONG.

Ye may say, if ye will, that this life hath its sorrow,
That its joys, like its flowers, are too fleeting to stay ;
And that shadows and tears may come over to-morrow,
The sun-shine of heart we have shared in to-day.
It may be too true, but what lip is laughing,
Would hush its enjoyment one instant for this ?
Or turn from the cup of delight it was quaffing.
Because 'twould not ever be brimming with bliss ?
Will it keep us from playing in Summer's bright hours,
To say that dull Winter comes on when they're passed ?
Or stay the young hand that is wreathing their flowers,
To whisper, their fragrance and hue cannot last ?
Then why should it sadden one moment of gladness,
To know that the next may bring pain on its wing ?
If the present be cheery and bright, 'twould be madness
To care for, or ask what the future may bring.

When this little song was concluded, and Macklin had thanked the songstress only as one who felt like him *could* thank ; both stole back again to the crowded hall to mingle in the maze and music of the festive dance. And the banquet went on, and those who shared in it, parted not until the morning light beckoned them away, to lay their pleasure-wearied heads upon their welcome pillows, to dream of the joys that were past—for the best and the brightest of them—never to return.

CHAPTER II.—THE MOUNTAIN INN, AND THE HAG'S PROPHECY.

It was towards the close of the following evening, when Macklin entered a wretched mountain hamlet, situated on the wild and rugged tract of country that in part separates the counties of Wicklow and Wexford. It was the last stage he could reach by means of a public conveyance, and the remainder of his journey was to be performed either on foot, or on one of those shaggy mountain ponies familiar with the rough and somewhat perilous tracts of the hills. The entire day had been wet and gloomy, and now, at its close, the lowering aspect of the sky, and the strong fitful blasts, accompanied by heavy rain, betokened a coming storm.

I have never met with an individual who would honestly say that he was utterly independent of air and sky, as regarded the lightness or the gravity of his mental reflections, or who could aver, that his thoughts particularly if they were of a sombre colouring, did not take a deeper

shade as the eye rested upon the mysterious pencilling of the horizon that announced the approach of the tempest. It was so, at all events, with Macklin. What I have briefly described, in reference to the dark and dreary aspect of the evening, was familiar and common-place, and yet he felt strangely oppressed at heart. The shadow of something like impending evil was stealing over, and, at the same time, chilling his spirit. In vain did he endeavour to shake off these gloomy and undefined apprehensions, by conjuring up some of those visions and day-dreams that were so often wont to disport themselves on the surface of his fancy. But the effort was unavailing. If they did come to light, and smiled a moment in the mind's eye, there was a cold and creeping phantom of doubt and distrust, which stole after the infant offspring, and strangled them with a bitter mockery.

Macklin entered the strange and rude-looking dwelling, which constituted the only house of entertainment, or rather refuge for the traveller, for many miles of a bleak and barren district. Guided by the sound of voices, which issued from the rere of the premises, he advanced along a slippery earthen passage, until he reached an apartment uniting the properties of kitchen with those of a general reception room. As he entered the door, he could not avoid starting slightly at the spectacle which met his gaze. Opposite to him, on the low, broad hearth usual in the cabins of the peasantry, there was a large turf fire, blazing high and cheerfully, and casting around the room a warm and generous glow. At one side, on a rude wooden chair, sat a dragoon soldier. His long scarlet horseman's cloak hung carelessly on the back of his chair, while his plumed helmet rested on his knee, and his left hand grasped the hilt of his sword. On the other side, sat a thin-faced, sallow-complexioned woman, whose tawdry dress, composed of the remnants of faded finery, betrayed an ill-disguised connection between visible poverty and an affectation of display. Between both, on a low straw seat, in front of the fire, crouched, rather than sat an old, wretched, and crooked-backed woman. She seemed abstractedly occupied in rocking herself backwards and forwards, as if accompanying the modulations of a harsh murmuring voice. By the side of the dragoon, on a table, stood a capacious brown jug, containing some potent beverage, to which all three were applying themselves, at his dispensation, with an assiduity which was, in some measure, apparent upon all.

The entrance of Macklin startled the party. The dragoon at once rose quickly to his feet, and turned to survey the intruder with a cool deliberate effrontery, that seemed to Macklin to be almost insolent, and he therefore met his regards with a stern and reproving glance. The soldier was, in truth, a most remarkable looking man. He was considerably beyond the middle age, and there were traces upon his countenance of the working of stormy passions, or the effects of severe and continuous hardship. But, then, his erect and firm carriage, and the fullness and roundness of his tall muscular frame, seemed to contradict the record upon his brow, or, at least, were a commentary upon it which told, that although

time might have stamped her ineffaceable impress upon his brow, she had impaired neither the passions nor the power which his earlier manhood possessed. He had a strangely forbidding, though somewhat handsome, cast of features. Were each of them separately examined, they would be in detail found well and boldly formed, but, in their united expression, there was a nameless something which created a feeling of dislike, even to a recoil of disgust, in the mind of the observer. But it was his eye—a large, full, prominent black eye—which rivetted the gaze of Macklin. He had never before looked upon an organ of sight which bore any resemblance to the one which was now bent so keenly upon him. There was a wild brightness, a searching intensity, and a flash of reckless hardihood about it, which fascinated, while it revolted, his attention. He felt, therefore, no inconsiderable relief when the soldier, after having, with unabashed deliberation, surveyed his whole appearance, turned carelessly from him, and resumed his seat.

The hostess (for such the female opposite to the dragoon appeared to be), at length came forward, and, with a twinkling of her red and swimming eyes, and a heated flush upon her sunken cheek, demanded,

“What his honour wanted?”

“Why, my good woman,” replied Macklin, (who saw the necessity of conquering his disgust at the scene before him, since circumstances rendered him dependant on the parties present), “I shall not give you much trouble. A slight refreshment, composed of anything, however homely, which may be most convenient, and your assistance to procure me a horse to carry me a few miles into the country, is all I shall at present require from you.”

The female appeared to hesitate a moment, then looked enquiringly at the soldier, and, receiving from him a slight nod of consent, she motioned to Macklin to approach, and take the seat which she had left by the fire, while she proceeded to busy herself in preparations for his meal.

“What a wet day we have had,” said Macklin, as a prelude to further conversation, addressing the soldier, as he seated himself; for curiosity impelled him, he scarce knew why, to try and know more, if possible, of the man. But in this effort he was disappointed. A gruff, hoarse sound of assent, accompanied by a stare and a familiar kind of nod, was the only reply. But though the soldier remained silent, the old woman before mentioned, raising her palsied head from the sunken and haggard couch of her breast, where it was embedded, and fixing on Macklin a small beady greyeye, that age had left undimmed amid the wreck around, said, in a piercing unnatural tone of voice, while a gasping asthmatic cough interrupted almost every syllable:—

“Ugh, ugh, an’ ye care about the weather, do ye? Ye love the sunshine, an’ the warm breeze, an’ the green meadows, may be; an’ hate the snow an’ the frost; an’ when the bitther blast is cowl’d an’ biting about ye, ye begin to think of the summer, do ye. But the time will come—the time will come when ’twill be all the same—all cowl’d an’

comfortless ; for when the heart is dreary and frozen, it little matters how it blows without. Ugh, but ye are smiling at me ! I know it well, though I should forget it ; young blood is always stirring. There was a time when I felt it in these ould, dhry, withered veins. Ugh, ugh, racing and running through them, up to the smooth, round cheek, an' the white an' shining brow, an' making the eye dance merry and wanton, and the heart to throb and pant for its own undoing. Ugh, ugh, curse ye for a murderin cough, why won't ye lave me the little breath I have ? But come, Graw Bawn, give me your hand, an' I'll tell you your fortin'. Och, cross mine first with silver, ugh."

"Agreed," said Macklin, struck with the strange language and manner of the wretched being before him, and resolved to prosecute an adventure to him of so novel a character. "And now, mother sybil," placing a piece of silver in the crooked claw, rather than human hand, which she extended towards him, "a good fortune, if any."

But the hag heeded him not. The moment the money touched her palm, her fingers closed convulsively, and as if with a sudden spasm upon the coin. She then grasped the hand which held it, with the other, and, locking them both together, hugged them to her breast with a low chuckling sound. Then, as if totally unconscious that any other persons were present, she half unclutched her fingers, so as partially to disclose the silver, and peering at it with a hideous expression of delight, thus addressed it, while Macklin and the soldier appeared to listen with wonder.

"Ugh, but ye are bright, an' shining, an' round, an' smooth, as when I loved ye first. Ogh ! iss, an' sowld myself to ye body and sowl, body an' sowl. Ugh, 'tis I should curse ye while I had breath to word one, an' dip ye in my heart's gall ; for ye found me young, an' happy, an' thoughtless as the skipping fawn, an' ye bound me to ye, heart an' sowl, an' took me away with ye from the father's pride an' the mother's blessin, an' made 'em kneel down on the old worn stone before the door, och ! iss, an' send the cowld witherin curse after me on the wind, to follow and track me through a world of sin, an' shame, an' sorrow. But, after all, I love ye still. Ugh, ugh, why should I hate ye ? sure I gave up every thing for ye, an' ye are all that is left me now to think over. Come, come, I'll put ye to sleep on the heart ye ruined, for 'tis the fittest resting place for ye," For a few moments she was silent, then suddenly resuming said, "Ugh, but I'm an owld fool to be talking in this way. Stretch me your palm, ma bouchal ! Och ! but 'tis fair, an' soft, an' fresh, an' has not worked on the ditch, or the road, or the mountain for its food. There's no welt on it, hard an' rough, but there is that may be worse. Ugh, ugh, will I tell ye all ?" and she looked up to Macklin with a strange expression of enquiry.

"Aye, all," said Macklin, somewhat partaking of the excitement of the hag. "Of whatsoever kind it be, let me have the value of my money."

"Ugh, that ye shall," almost screamed the hag, with a strong effort,

and a ghastly smile gathered the loose flabby skin around her jaws into a purse of wrinkles, as she bent down her palsied head, and with the quivering fore-finger of her right hand traced the lines upon the palm of Macklin's. For a few moments both head and hand remained vibrating and trembling in the prosecution of their singular task. At length she raised up her eyes, and fixed them with a fierce glance upon the face of Macklin, and in a low hissing tone, unlike her former accents, said,

"Och, blisters on the tongue that says it, an' the ear that hears it, there's death, an' shame, an' a gallows tree, as plain an' as true as a gospel word. Ugh, ugh, there it is, with its tall bare trunk and its long thin arm, stretched out as if it pointed to another world. Ugh, ugh, young man," and as she spoke she laid a tremulous grasp upon his arm, "there's misfortin before you; an' 'twill bring your neck to the hangman's gripe, 'twill——"

"Stop, silence, Cauthleen!" said the hostess, interrupting her, "silence, I say, woman! Why should you speak that way to the gentleman? Never heed her, sir," turning to Macklin, "she's light in the head, crazy a bit, God help her. Every one here about knows Cauthleen Rhu. She's always telling those dark things of death and misfortune and the likes. And some heed her, and some do not, though they say many a fearful thing she has told them has come to pass. But come, sir, try if you like what I have set before you."

I will not say that Macklin was superstitious; but there was certainly a strong tendency to romance in his nature. He ever loved the strange and the improbable; and having indulged in early life a taste for the wild and fanciful legends of the peasantry, his mind always remained disposed to be caught and excited by every character and incident akin to the supernatural or terrible. It was thus that the revolting, and, under his circumstances, monstrous prophecy he had just heard, created a deep interest in his feelings. He listened to the ravings—could they be aught else?—of the wretched woman with the most fixed attention; and it was only by the voice of the hostess he was recalled to a perception of the place and scene around him. On looking suddenly up, he could not but regard with displeasure the face of the dragoon, and the peculiar expression which shadowed it. There was a glance of mingled scorn, ridicule, and insolence in his broad, hardy stare, that brought the flush of anger to the brow of Macklin, and would have stimulated him to more active resentment, but for the prudent forethought which suggested the degradation of a brawl in such a place. He therefore affected to treat the whole matter with a laugh of incredulity, and turned without further notice to the refreshment placed before him. As for the wretched fortune-teller, she seemed to return to her former apathy, more through exhaustion than silenced by the rebuke of the landlady. Her chin fell once more into the hollow berth it appeared to have made for itself in the sunken chest; and thus doubled up before the fire, she remained as hushed and as still,

as if the miserable pulse of life that lingered in her decrepid frame had passed away with the utterance of her horrid prophecy.

When his homely meal—for such it was—was concluded, Macklin inquired for a horse to carry him to his final destination ; but after considerable delay, he was assured of the impossibility of finding one to suit his purposes ; so that being unwilling to remain where he was during the night, he set out on foot for the prosecution of the remainder of his journey.

CHAPTER III.—THE MEETING OF THE MOTHER AND THE SON.

THE first four miles of Macklin's journey lay over a mountain road, which in the pale light of the moon, that had now risen on the growing tempest, stretched out its shadowy, spectral length in dreary distinctness before him. On either side, immense tracts of elevated barren land swept bleakly into the dim distance, and along them the glimmering meteor of the bog and marsh might be seen flitting at intervals. The rain, save now and then that a heavy drop splashed against his face, had ceased, but the wind still, with long pauses between the blasts, howled wildly and fitfully over the stunted heath. Dark drifting clouds raced swiftly along the sky, as if they sought, like startled birds, some resting and sheltering nook from the menacing aspect of the hour. Everything his eye looked upon was inexpressibly drear and cheerless, and there was something so dull and lonely in the approach of the fast thickening night, and the shadows piled themselves up around him with such a scowling and sluggish movement, while the darkening earth seemed stripped of all that had a pulse of life, save what throbbed in his own bosom ; that he would have felt strange joy in the roar of the storm, the clap of the thunder, or the quick and brilliant corruscations of the lightning, so that they might have given a grand and animating contrast to the quiescent horrors of the scene.

After about an hour's rapid walking, he arrived at an angle of the road where it became necessary for him to abandon it, and direct his course by a narrow and scarcely distinguishable foot path, across the broad, bleak summit of the mountain, a wide unsheltered tract of alternate bog and common. Many a long year had past since he trod it last, and yet he knew every winding and variation of the intricate track as accurately as the goatherd who left his foot-print upon it yesterday.

O ! ye haunts of our early days, how we never can forget ye ! How true and well ye keep your "graven image" on the heart, so that no collision with the world's roughness can efface or smooth away the impression ! We may, it is true, fill up the lines with the dirt and the dross of the world, as we walk amidst its thoroughfares and broadways, but the very first fresh breath of recollection that plays upon the surface, will make every trace of the record as clear and as deep as when it was

first chiselled upon memory. It was thus with Macklin. So vivid was his remembrance of everything around him, it seemed only a few short days since he last bounded along the rugged and tortuous path; and thus he went fearlessly and readily over obstacles, which to any but those well acquainted with their nature and situation, would have been perilous if not impassable.

I hurry with the same rapidity and eagerness which stimulated Macklin, over the remainder of his journey, until I find him approaching the place of his destination, and the house of his step-father, Daniel Tracy. It was a large, rambling kind of building, and stood in the centre of a wild and dreary field, which had originally been dignified with the name of lawn. Not a tree or shrub grew, or was suffered to grow, kindly near the lonely dwelling, either to decorate or to shelter it, and the tract of ground around it had not the slightest indication of rural taste, or even passing comfort in its arrangement. All was rude and neglected, and presented the appearance of long generating neglect, produced either by slovenly profligacy, or embarrassed circumstances. The latter, Macklin knew could not be the case, as both house and land were the property of a man of wealth and years, whom his mother, yet in the prime of life and considerable personal attractions, had married solely for his money.

As he reached the door, his ear was caught by the sound of voices in loud and angry altercation, and among them he could plainly distinguish that of his mother. Oh! how those tones, even in the shrill extremity of passion, awoke an echo of thrilling emotion in his bosom, and brought the unbidden tear to his eye, the quick throb to his heart, and called up a world of affection, unwearied care, and clinging tenderness bestowed upon him by that parent, he was now to meet after a long and eventful separation.

The bond of love between Macklin and his mother had always been of surpassing power and perfection. There was a principle of mutual sacrifice between them, which never thought of self in the proud emulating devotion which each was ever ready to offer, to insure the minutest happiness, or obviate the slightest pain of the other. It was this which made Macklin deprive himself of many a comfort and enjoyment during his earlier struggles, to add to those of his mother; and caused him to endure many a sting and privation to save her from the sting, or the pressure of any; and it was the same noble and generous impulse which prompted the parent to make a cold and heartless bargain, and fling herself into the arms of an old lascivious dotard, to secure to her son the reversion of his property. We may imagine then the rush of conflicting thoughts and emotions which met and struggled for supremacy in his breast, as Macklin listened to the angry sounds within.

For several minutes he knocked long and loudly at the door, without getting answer or admittance. At length, curiosity or impatience,

urged him to look through the small circular aperture (usual in country houses) in the window shutters of the apartment from whence the voice proceeded. But the scene which met his first glance was one that caused him to recoil some paces backward in amazement and horror; and he might have fled from the spectacle, were it not that the fascination peculiar to the latter feeling, led him irresistibly back to the window. At the extreme end of the room into which he looked, was situated a wretched bed, upon which an old and very decrepit man was half lying, half sitting. Some fierce and terrible passion had aroused him, for he was shaking in the palsy of the paroxysm of anger that was the madness of the moment. The wrinkled skin of his face was swelled out to an unnatural size; his sunken eyes seemed to be almost starting from their sockets, and his lower jaw hung down gaping in exhaustion, disclosing his toothless gums, while his tongue lolled from his mouth like that of a heated dog. In one hand he grasped a short thick stick, with which he struck blindly in the air, as if at some phantom object, and the other was hooked around the bed-post, to support the weakness of his over-wrought and debilitated frame. This was Tracy, his step-father. At a short distance from him, Macklin recognized his mother, and his soul sickened as he looked upon her. She was leaning helplessly against the wall, and holding to her head a handkerchief quite empurpled with the blood which was streaming from her wounded temples. Her garments were torn from her bosom and shoulders, and one arm was still raised in the attitude of defence, although she was now completely out of the reach of the blows of her almost maniac assailant.

"Mother! mother!" shouted Macklin, stung to phrenzy by the horrid scene. "Open the door; let me in. 'Tis I, Charles, your son. Oh! hasten to admit me, until I save you from this brutal violence."

With one loud cry of joy, she rushed from the apartment, and was locked in the arms of her darling son, while she strained him in return, long and close and wildly to her heart. Oh! the joy of that embrace, when those who love are linked together,—when heart is pressed against heart, and lip against lip, and the forms seem to grow into each other, and there is a suffocating of too much joy overflowing the brain, until the warm tears come gushing forth,—a blessed relief,—to meet and mingle on the cheeks of both. Is not such a moment worth whole years of that dull, unreal semblance of affection, one meets with in the details of every day life? Does it not in its sufficiency atone for years of absence, misery, and trial, and does not separation become almost a blessing when it leads to the rapture of such a reunion? Again and again, Macklin's mother wrapped him in her arms, and unclosed them only to fold him over again within their hallowed circle.

"God's blessing on thee!" she cried, at last, in the deep invocation of a mother's prayer; "what a joy and pride and comfort it is to have

you near me in this hour of insult and outrage, to shield and save me.'

"Dear, *dear* mother," replied Macklin, "this is, indeed, a fearful moment to meet you. Gracious heaven! but you are terribly wounded. Ten thousand curses on the coward hand that struck you!"

"Hush, hush, my son," rejoined the mother, quickly, as she saw the flash in his eye, and the angry gathering on his brow. "It is a mere nothing,—a scratch which a minute will suffice to staunch,—but, whatever may be your feelings, recollect that it was *my* husband's act, and that you, *you*, of all the living world, cannot, dare not retaliate on *him*. But come, you need refreshment, and he time to cool his wrath. In the mean time, I will remove the stains of this accursed broil."

"Stay, mother," said Macklin, "one moment. Are scenes like these of frequent recurrence?"

"Alas! Charles," replied his mother, "I dare not answer that question. I have endured much, but I trust the day of trial is over. Let us for the present endeavour to forget a subject that must be so painful to us all."

When Macklin, after the lapse of some time, was once more seated by his mother, he was painfully affected to behold the great and ruinous change which had passed over her. A few years only had elapsed since she had reached the prime of life, and yet, her descent towards its decline had been fearfully rapid. She looked worn and wasted, and had all the dark and palpable evidences of age about her. Her form was thin and attenuated,—her cheeks hollow and haggard, and her dress and mien, in earlier and happier days scrupulously neat and becoming, were now indicative of the carelessness and indolence of unhappiness. It was apparent that she suffered much from domestic tyranny and persecution, and that the melancholy spectacle which so much agonized the feelings of Macklin, was by no means a rare or unusual occurrence. But all recollections arising from such sources were forgotten in the delicious reunion of beings so attached. They went over together the whole story of their existence. Every sorrow and difficulty of the past was dwelt on minutely, in order to contrast them with the anticipated joys of the future. Macklin told her of his love,—of the beauty, the accomplishments, and all the varied amiable qualities of the young and gentle girl who was to be the blessing of his life. And then, they both drew pictures of hereafter felicity and comfort. In fact, the world was to be to them a world of flowers, which grew to their very hands to cull. Thus, hours passed on unheeded and unreckoned. Every angry impulse or irritated feeling was lulled to sleep on the lap of joyous expectation, and when at last they parted for the night, each felt in the depths of the soul an enthusiasm of hope of which they were never again to partake.

CHAPTER IV.—THE MIDNIGHT MURDER, AND THE BURIAL.

It was midnight. All was hushed into repose, and not a stir disturbed the solemn stillness of the hour. It was part of the penurious system adopted by old Tracy not to permit a servant to remain in his house after nightfall. The few persons necessary for the discharge of the household duties belonged to the scattered cabins of the peasantry around, and it was their habit to return home early every evening, when the mansion was jealously barred and bolted until the following morning. This was a singular system for a man who had the reputation of immense wealth, and who was besides hated for his avarice and extortion. But the practice evidently had its origin in a feeling of distrust towards the persons in his employment, and from a conviction that he was safer in his guarded loneliness, than under the protection of those whose fidelity he doubted. Thus, on the night of Macklin's arrival, at the hour of retiring to rest, the only tenants of the mansion were his step-father Tracy, his mother, and himself.

Macklin had sunk to sleep, but it could not be called rest. Although slumber came upon his wearied frame, it would seem as if the busy machinery of the brain whirled on as fearfully active as ever, but without the guiding power to controul its motions. The horrid fancies of a nightmare bestrode his dreams. He thought he was swimming in a sea of blood—thick human blood—and the hideous stream kissed his revolting lip every moment, and he was obliged to crunch his teeth fiercely together, and lock his lips closely, to keep the crimson wave from leaping down his throat. Then shoals of putrid carcasses appeared to come drifting down the current. It was a desperate struggle to avoid them. Every time he stretched his hands abroad to keep himself afloat, they came in contact with the cold, clammy, and shaking flesh, and brought away some of the loathsome slime upon them. At last his arms grew faint, and splashed heavily in the red tide, and he was sinking down in it. Then it rose above his mouth, and his nostrils became full of it, and he could not breathe. He unclosed his lips to gasp for air, and down it rushed his throat. His heart seemed bursting, and he was just lost, when he made one last plunge—one gathering of all his might, and, with his very final breath, uttered a cry—a wild, long, piercing cry for help, and—awoke, every limb quivering with agony, and the dew of horror thick upon his brow, but with the happy consciousness that it was all a dream.

Again he was soliciting sleep, when—was it fancy? Again that cry rang in his ear. He leaned up upon his arm, and held his breath painfully to listen. By Heaven, it rose again from beneath him, and filled the apparent solitude of the house. No, no, no, it was not fancy. It was too plain, too distinct, too fearfully real. Loud, shrill, and racking, it burst upon his ear in the hitherto unbroken hush of the solemn midnight, and, as he started up aghast, he could plainly distinguish the horrible

articulation of "murder! murder!" There was a pause—a cessation for a moment—then again it broke forth in one short, quick shriek, and all was still.

A wildering, maddening thought dashed across the brain of Macklin. He sprang from his bed, and, with rapid bounds rather than steps, rushed down the stairs, which creaked and quivered with his hurried progress, and soon stood within the apartment from which the sounds had issued.

Oh! the appalling aspect of the scene which met his inquiring glance was enough to blast him, if he lived a century,—to wither up the sap and core of existence, if all the sunlight of the world's prosperity were to shine upon it,—and leave not one branch upon which love, glory, ambition, wealth could hang one wreath, if they all drew near to decorate it. It scalded his very brain. He felt a rush of lava round his head and in his breast, searing and burning up his brain and lungs. His sight spread into dizzy confusion, until the dark and unholy spectacle became multiplied into a thousand fold, and there seemed to be a legion of fiends grinning around him.

At length the calmness of despair came over him, and he was able to survey the scene before him. It was this:—Half hanging from the bed upon which he had seen him in the earlier part of the night, his head cloven by one hideous wound, his grey hairs, face, and breast a mass of blood, with one arm lying across his body dreadfully shattered, as if it had been beaten down in the act of defending his head, and the other grasping in its stiffened fingers some torn fragments of clothing, which, in the death struggle, they had clutched upon, and borne away—in this fearful condition lay the mangled corpse of his step-father Tracy. On the ground beneath him, which was also stained with blood, lay a small rudely-formed hatchet with which the foul deed was doubtless accomplished. In the centre of the room, pale, trembling, and her garment saturated with human gore, stood—**HIS MOTHER!**

For a moment, his tongue clove to the roof of his mouth, and his limbs shook with the palsy of terror, refusing to do their office, but the next he was resolutely advancing towards the living occupant of the room. When he stood beside her, he raised his hand slowly, pointed to the mutilated body, and, in a low hoarse tone, said—

"Mother, who did *that*?"

A smothered scream burst from the unhappy woman, as the voice in her ear startled her, and, in her terror, she would have fallen, had not the quick grasp of his arm upheld her. Awhile she gazed vacantly into his face, with the unmeaning stare of an idiot, as if she knew him not; but slowly recollecting him, she leaned forward, and putting her lips to his ear, said in a hissing whisper—

"'Twas I."

"Hush, mother," almost yelled out Macklin, "breathe not a syllable of that fearful sentence again. I know, I feel it could not be. 'Tis

madness, misery, but not guilt that makes you say so. Oh ! oh ! fate could not curse me so."

"Charles," said his mother, with a fearful collectedness of look and tone, "it is too true."

"Then," replied Macklin, through his clenched teeth, and as he spoke, he seized her firmly by the arm, "then there is but one course left for us. Here, mother, kneel with me this instant ! Quick, woman, and swear, aye, swear deeply, by the high and great God that is looking down upon us now—by the blood that has been spilt to-night—and by the soul of yon wretched clay that has been so hurriedly sent to its last account, never to breathe one word, or to utter one hint however slight, that it was *your* right hand ; you know the rest, mother."

With a shivering, convulsive shudder, she knelt down beside him, and passively repeated the oath he proposed. At its termination, Macklin sprang up wildly, and assisting her to rise, said, while he almost tore her outward garment from her person, "Come, give me this ! There is a red spy upon it, but I'll hush its babbling tongue for ever. Faugh, how revolting blood is—it swells up into my nostrils. But see, mother," he continued, as he thrust the garment upon the fire which still blazed upon the hearth, and stamped his foot fiercely upon it, until it caught the flame and burned up quickly, "see there, there it burns and blazes,—joy, joy, 'tis ashes. Ho ! I've silenced one witness against you," and a ghastly smile broke over his features. "But away, mother, away—this is no place for you. Hie to your chamber, woman, what have you to do with the murdered !"

Macklin spoke these strange and incoherent words with a terrible energy. The tones of his voice were loud and rapid, and his gestures those of maddening excitement. His guilty parent listened with a sullen apathy, but as she was about to obey the order conveyed in his concluding words, she looked enquiringly into his face, and pointed to the body. He seemed to understand the mute interrogatory, for in the same loud voice he continued ?

"Fear not for him. I'll look to his tending. The moon shall light his wake, and then for his burial—I will myself be priest, sexton, and grave-digger. And I'll smooth the turf above his head, and not an eye shall look upon me, for the wind shall be my only witness, as it howls the funeral dirge for the departed. So away, mother, and I'll to my task : away ! away !" And as he spoke these words with a maniac tone and gesture, the wretched and guilty woman fled howling from the room.

For some moments after her departure, Macklin remained gazing in wild stupefaction on the deed of blood. The excitement which lately wrought so powerfully upon brain and frame had suddenly subsided. The power of thought seemed dead within him, so motionless and vacantly did he continue staring at the appalling scene before him. But such a state was not of long duration. The violence of his feel-

ings was only dormant for the time, for it soon regained its terrible ascendancy in his brain. He thought of the future, and the curse that was upon it for him. He saw a gulf—a burning, fixed gulf yawning between him and all he loved and blessed in life. He felt that sorrow, and shame, and sin were heaped upon him, until he was almost smothered beneath their pressure. Wildly he dashed a desperate hand towards heaven, and shouted out an insolent anathema against its providence. Quick, and deep, and hollow came the imprecations from his lips. At last he sprang towards the bed, and hurriedly wrapping the body in the coverings, raised it aloft, and threw it across his shoulder; then lifting the bloody weapon from the floor, strode out of the apartment. When he gained the hall of the building, it might have struck him with surprise to find the hall door thrown wide open; yet, he heeded not the unusual circumstance, but proceeded rapidly with his burthen out into the night air.

It was a miserable spectacle to behold him, as he strode out from beneath the shadow of the house into the cold clear moonlight. His tall dark form was half covered with the clothes in which he had enwrapped the body, and the night-wind came rushing fiercely around him, and tossed them about with angry violence, as if it were endowed with a spirit of prying curiosity, and were determined to discover what was the foul and fearful thing which thus profaned its midnight solitude. Macklin was a man of considerable muscular power, yet it was with great difficulty that he could master the resistance which the blast gave him, and he was frequently borne back several paces by its violence. At length, after a long and laborious struggle, he gained the side of a mountain torrent, situated some distance from the house, at a point where it was crossed by a bridge of a single arch: here he was so utterly exhausted, as to be obliged to lay down his burden on the rocky verge. At the place where he stood, the current which swept downwards from the hills with a headlong dash, met with a sudden and abrupt check; for the bed of the river, which was before somewhat broad and straggling, now at once became contracted into a deep and narrow rocky channel, which turned off almost at a right angle beneath the span of the rude arch which crossed it. The impetuosity of the mountain torrent being thus peremptorily retarded in its onward course, and confined within a crooked and difficult space, its waters chafed and leaped up as if in anger at their imprisonment, and, in their efforts at enfranchisement, boiled and bubbled like a steaming cauldron. Intently did Macklin gaze into the confused battling beneath him, and watch the dark and muddy-hued torrent as it dashed and buffeted against the rocky barrier that partly breasted it, till the foam upon its surface seemed to him like the sweat upon a strong man's brow after a desperate conflict.

“Ha!” shouted Macklin, at length, “I have found a grave for him,—a deep and a sure one. The passer-by of the morning will not be able to tell there is a fresh corpse beneath his feet. Oh! I will bury

thee snugly, thou poor old mangled thing. I will lay thee where no prying eye shall look upon thy helplessness, or rudely mock at thine old grey and cloven head."

And then he raised the body from the bank, and lifting it on high, came forward to the very brink of the torrent. For a moment he continued to hold his burden suspended over the waters, and muttered something as if in prayer; then he flung it down fiercely, and it parted the current, and put its troubled waves aside to make a passage for itself, and down it went, and the stream closed over it with a sullen gurgle.

A shrill hysterical cry broke from the lips of Macklin, which rung sharply on the echoes of the night, and then he laughed loud and idiot-like. When he had thus given vent to the hurricane of passionate excitement and horror which had gathered within him, he crossed his arms upon his breast, and straining them tightly, as if he hugged the blissful security to his heart, said with a confident chuckling voice—

"Now, both are safe."

"Fool and murderer, not yet," whispered a voice in his ear, while a powerful grasp was laid upon his shoulder.

The very soul of Macklin, constitutionally brave though he was, shook within him, and he would have fallen but for the strong hold which sustained him. For a brief time the sudden shock completely overmastered him, and left him helpless, but the effort soon passed away, and then as he turned slowly round he beheld in his captor the dragoon of the inn. There he stood in his helmet and long horseman's cloak, with a look of triumphant malignity flashing in his wild dark eye, as he peered insolently into the face of Macklin.

"Who are you, and what do you want with me?" demanded Macklin.

"Who I am matters little," said the soldier; "what I want with you is easily explained. Come, friend, you are my prisoner, and to jail with you for a murderer."

"Lead on," said Macklin, with a sudden energy, "I will follow."

"Excuse me, good sir," said the soldier, mockingly; do *you* proceed and *I* will follow. And hark ye, too, we must hasten, as we have some miles to travel before day-break."

They crossed the bridge and up the mountain road, the sound of their footsteps long marking their progress. And thus they journeyed on until the grey of the morning witnessed the closing of his dungeon on Charles Macklin, as the suspected murderer of his step-father Daniel Tracy.

(*To be continued.*)

CHANGES IN THE MAGISTRACY.

WHEN the annals of our servitude shall be hereafter written, and our children, looking back on the evils we have endured, shall ask, what chief curse fell upon their fathers,—which wrong stung them to the inmost quick,—what evil spirit did most taunt and buffet them,—history will answer with unhesitating voice—the mal-administration of justice. They took away the symbols of our ancient severalty, and trod under foot the royalties of our nationhood. They reft from the hand of our native nobles the princely inheritances which *they* held, not in selfish exclusiveness, but in common with the tillers of the soil, and for the use and benefit of the people, as well as for their own. They parcelled out our green hills among their alien bands of fierce adventurers and court traders. They watched every spring time of our industry, to crush and blight each presumptuous bud of competition. They clutched the keys of knowledge in the land, and stood in the gate of all intellectual improvement, neither leading the way themselves, nor suffering those that would to enter in. They rifled us of our riches, and sealed up all the natural means of reproducing wealth; and then reproached us with our poverty, and writ disfranchisement upon our beggar-brow. They uprooted our last shelter—a native parliament,—so soon as they began to see from its freshening foliage, and fast ripening fruit, that it had begun to take hold of the soil. They sent us their government apprentices to learn at our expense the trick of rule; and they quartered on us the refuse of their offices, that those who were no longer fit for English duty might stagger out their days, if not repair their damaged fortunes at our charge. They harnessed our trained valour and our metalled youth to their car of sordid empire, till our too docile energy had dragged it at their bidding over every plain of cheated Europe and of decimated Asia; and for our reward, they tell us now that it is insufferable that even our mendicants should be caged with theirs. All this we have borne, and thanks to our unfortunate good temper, would be like enough to bear too patiently, were there not one ingredient in the brimming cup of wrong bitterer than all. That last curse of our self-helplessness,—that sin against the Spirit of truth never to be forgiven,—that darkest deep of degradation, and taunting mockery of all right and honour—is the mal-administration of justice.

War is the scourging of a nation, provincialism its denial, but the blasphemy against all nature, right, and mercy, is not reached till the solemn mockery of state is gone through, and the unjust judge affects to wash his hands of the wrong which he inflicts. Injustice is a nation's crown of thorns, and purple robe of woe, and rotten reed of help; the consummation of iniquity. More than mortal must the patience and long-suffering be, that will endure such wanton contumely without murmuring, or such resistance as the circumstances of the case allow.

Such resistance, by every means within the limits of the constitution, it

behoves Ireland to offer promptly and perseveringly, to the attempt which the existing government have begun, to strip the country of its few chances of ordinary justice, and to fling it bound once more to the pharisaic mob, whose only cry against the poor man and the patriot has ever been, and is, "away with such a fellow from the earth; it is not fit that he should live,—we will have no other king but Cæsar."

The English Viceroy and his advisers have declared, that they will suffer no more responsible magistrates to exist in the land; that they will shut out any hope in the poor man's heart of being judged impartially, or by any less partial and embittered enemy than his own hereditary oppressor; that the occasional shelter which stipendiary magistrates afforded the unhappy peasantry against the whirlwind of local despotism shall be thrown down; that the tenantry of their kingdom shall be judged by their landlords!

Judged by their landlords!—how full of heart-withering despair is that fearful phrase; what scenes of anarchy and fury and revenge does that dark sentence prelude, in the minds of all who know the people and the oligarchy of Ireland! What wreck of every growing bond of social peace and order does not that baneful sentence threaten. If Lord de Grey had racked his limited wits in search of provocation to slumbering popular distrust,—had he called to the Council Board a spirit of discord sevenfold more pestilent than himself,—had he entered into a covenant with his employers to tear off every healing skin, that late years have allowed to grow over the country's wounds,—he could not have devised any plan so effectual, so speedy, and so universally applicable, as the abolition of responsible magistrates, and the threat of re-investing the anti-national, anti-liberal, suspicious and suspected, profligate, ignorant and partial squirearchy, with their old weapons of legal injustice.

Does Lord de Grey know nothing of the history of the people, with whose peace and welfare he is thus stupidly trifling? Does he not know, that of all the mingled sources of inveterate hate between the rich and poor in Ireland in former days, this of the unpaid magistracy was the most fruitful? Does he not know, that in an agricultural community, almost everywhere divided between idle wealth and toiling poverty,—between rent-makers and rent-eaters,—between an alien-hearted aristocracy and a liberty-loving people,—without an intervening middle class to hold the balances of opinion,—without commercial or manufacturing influence to appeal to for sympathy or arbitration,—the deadliest blunder of a government must be, to confer gigantic discretionary powers over the naturally suspicious many, to the justly suspected few? Or, if Lord de Grey be too indolent a man, or too fine a gentleman to enquire, at his time of life, into a new and difficult subject, like the social history of the province whereof he has taken the custody,—surely he can scarce have lived sixty years in the world, without acquiring such stray scraps of the knowledge of human nature, as to be able to perceive, at least when pointed out to him, that the most intolerable burlesque upon the idea of popular justice,

is where one class of society, who are in every interest and feeling most opposed to another, shall find themselves in all relations of life, in all right of freedom,—at all times, and under all circumstances,—left to the caprice and mercy of that other?

Suppose, for a moment, the distrust of the many to be groundless;—suppose it not groundless merely but unnatural; suppose the petty oligarchs of Ireland to be all of them enlightened and patriotic men, (Heaven forgive us for the laughless lie!)—that they were as a class irreproachable with social tyranny or political oppression,—as men unprejudiced against the people; still were it not like fatuity, wantonly to try the temper of the multitude, by taking from them the only men whom they looked upon as responsible and unpartizan magistrates, for the purpose of replacing the distrusted, and irresponsible, and partizan aristocracy, in their room? What motive of necessity can be assigned as an excuse for this? What motive of policy—even of English or imperializing policy—can our misguided rulers plead?

Is it politic to embroil society anew on grounds like these? Is the wretched pretence of economy set up as a defence? Alas! there can be no economy in injustice, for injustice is the mother of confusion, and confusion is a wasteful brawling harlot, the shame and the ruin of her own household. They cannot—thank God they cannot—make money of injustice. 'Tis a cheat in thought, and word, and act; and there never yet was thrift in cheating.

But the proof of this? 'Tis easy and at hand. For centuries the mass of the population were bred up in the belief, that the administration of the law was a mere machinery of oppression. They saw it administered by the aristocracy and their tools; they felt that in their hands it was a fearful weapon, or rather armoury of weapons, mercilessly employed against them. They believed, and to a great extent we too believe, that the laws were shaped and moulded by an oligarchic legislature, with a view to their own selfish and grasping class interests; and it is but too notorious that bad and unequal as the laws were, they became much worse in the oligarchic hand that administered them. What was the result? Incessant crime, universal violence, club-law, secret confederation, midnight assemblages, fatal revenge. Then, as the fitting counterpart to all this, military quarterings, extravagant police forces, regiments of spies, and troops of informers. Has Lord de Grey filled up the blanks which recently have begun to be left in the Irish estimates for these accessories of his economy?

Questions of landlord and tenant, in the strict and technical sense, do not, it is true, arise before the magistrates sitting alone and undirected at Petty Sessions; but at Quarter Sessions they do. A very considerable portion of the disputes between the people and their masters, respecting land, are now decided in the Assistant Barrister's court. It is called his court, because he presides there; but in a multitude of instances, the gratuitous luminaries who are associated with him, obscure his light:

and sometimes, indeed, that is not over strong. Kindled at the shrine of Whig patronage and jobbing, it has frequently shone with but a dim lustre ; such as is emitted, with due sputtering accompaniment, from a fresh candle made with a damp wick. Still there was, even from such, an occasional glimmer of guiding light, which, under the Terrorist administration, will be gradually suffered to die out. And then the local courts of the country will be restored to their primal gloom ; for if the only light that is in them be again made darkness, how deep will be that darkness !

The same process of tardy and ineffectual, but still progressive, illumination was of late years taking place in the Petty Sessions courts. There the wise men of the Orange lodge and Extermination society, were occasionally shamed into the pretence of justice, by the presence of stipendiary magistrates. If the difference between the old system of total irresponsibility, and that which in some sort amounted to a drag put upon oppression's wheel, was often less than it might have been, we are to thank the miserable Whigs, who, by throwing away so many opportunities of experimentally winning men to their mode of governing, and proving its superiority over that of their hereditary rivals, have lost more than they will easily regain. But ill-chosen though the stipendiary magistrates generally were, their interposition between the peasantry and prejudiced and tyrannic landlords had a salutary effect ; and the remembrance that the semen were responsible for their act, had a civilising, and, in the true sense of the phrase, a conservative tendency.

Henceforth all is to be changed. Hostile interests, prejudices, and passions, are to be committed against each other, in the place where, of all other, society's peace and safety calls for their disarming. The battle of political and social existence has been adjourned by Lord De Grey to the sessions courts. The poor man's property and character and freedom,—all that makes his sorrow-stricken life endurable,—is henceforth to be entrusted to the custody of those men in the community, whom, of all others, he would not freely choose to arbitrate his differences with his neighbours and equals, to say nothing of his quarrels with the magisterial class—nay, with the very magistrates themselves who sit upon the *gentlemen's* bench. If Lord De Grey is ignorant, his mis-advisers are not, that before the partial breaking up of the unpaid system in Ireland, it was a common practice for landlords to divide the business between them, each man taking his own tenantry and neighbourhood, with which in a *spirited* country it was a personal matter for any of the rest to interfere. Of course Lord De Grey and our supercilious English chancellor never heard of such things ; but unhappily the people have not only heard of them, but felt them ; and with the fresh and vivid memory of such lawless law, they naturally behold with apprehension and dismay its fatal restoration.

But what avails our testimony or expostulation ? We are not to be believed upon our solemn oaths : his Grace of Wellington has said so,

and he is president of the council; we are addicted to scandalous perjury, for Lord Stanley has declared it in his place in parliament, and he is one of Her Majesty's chief secretaries of state. What signify then our facts, though million-tongued corroboration should affirm them; they are but Irish facts,—their utterers but Irish men,—aliens in blood, language and religion: *sin duda*,—for the keeper of the Queen's conscience has spoken it, and all chancellors are *ex officio* moral men. Perhaps his Vice-Majesty then would condescend to hear the testimony of British witnesses. The Sassenach never told a lie,—not in *our* favour at all events. John Bull, come and appear to give evidence therefore in this suit, wherein the People of this land are plaintiffs, and certain squireens, lords, agents, and others, are the defendants, &c. &c.

Arthur Young was here in 1776, and he has left his memorable testimony on record as to the state of Ireland then.

“It must be very apparent to every traveller through the country, that the labouring poor are treated with harshness, and are in all respects so little considered, that their want of importance seems a perfect contrast to their situation in England, of which country, comparatively speaking, they reign as sovereigns. The abominable distinctions of religion, united with the oppressive conduct of *the little country gentlemen, or rather vermin* of the kingdom, still bear heavy on the poor people, and subject them to situations more mortifying than is ever beheld in England.

“The landlord of an Irish estate is a sort of despot who yields obedience in whatever concerns the poor, to no law but that of his will. To discover what the liberty of a people is, we must live among them, and not look for it in the statutes of the realm: the language of written law may be that of liberty, but the situation of the poor may speak no language but that of slavery. There is too much of this in Ireland; a long series of oppressions, aided by very many ill-judged laws, have brought landlords into a habit of exerting a very lofty superiority, and their vassals into that of an almost unlimited submission. The execution of the laws lies very much in the hands of the justices of the peace, many of whom are drawn from the most illiberal class in the kingdom. If a poor man lodges his complaint against a gentleman, or any animal that chooses to call itself a gentleman, and the justice issues out a summons for his appearance, it is a fixed affront. Where manners are in conspiracy against the law, to whom are the oppressed people to have recourse? The poor have no means of defence, but by means of protection from one gentleman against another, who probably protects his vassal as he would the sheep he intends to eat.”

Such were the good old times of Toryism; such the plight to which irresponsible tribunals reduced the mass of the people. The work of later years has been to rescue them from the gripe of this local tyranny; and now that it is half accomplished, Messrs. Brewster and Blackburne advise government to retrace every step of improvement that

has been made, and to set openly about undoing all the good that has been done. And Mr. Lucas, of whom we do confess we had hoped worthier and shrewder counsels, and who ought to know better his duty to his sovereign, his country, and himself, than to countenance such proceedings, stands mutely or acquiescently by, and participates in measures, to whose every principle the opinions of his unofficial days were manfully and zealously opposed. How numbing and blinding—how warping and withering must the atmosphere be—that can so soon pervert the judgment, prudence, and good feeling of able and accomplished men.

But it is a good while since Arthur Young was here; perhaps all these evils have long ago vanished. Let us hear then, what another of the superior and dominant race says of the matter at a period considerably subsequent. Mr. Edward Wakefield, a true specimen of English superciliousness, was sent *to do* Ireland in 1812, and he *did* it accordingly, in two remarkable volumes quarto, which, independant of their spiritual attributes, possess the solid merit of weighing about eleven pounds each. As a witness on behalf of his official employers, we should be sorry to take his evidence for much; but in his admissions against the system, it cannot be denied that he is *king's evidence*. With a sort of apologetic air for being honest against his grain and his instructions, he says,—

“The administration of the laws is a subject, which so nearly concerns the interest of society and the welfare of the public, that I cannot pass it over in silence. I have so frequently witnessed instances of partiality, corruption, venality, barbarous ignorance, conceit, tyranny, and negligence in the Irish magistracy, that I cannot speak of such conduct in terms of sufficient reprobation. I am not preferring a complaint which is not made by almost every man who has applied to them for redress, or who has had an opportunity of observing their behaviour.”

Let it be remembered, that the pen that wrote this charming avowal of the characteristics of an irresponsible magistracy, was pecuniarily held by Castlereagh. The tender mercies of the wicked are said to be cruel; and we are not likely to exaggerate the virtues direct or by implication of that bad man. But all things are comparative; woe be to the fame of those that force men to compare. Castlereagh was an unprincipled statesman; but he was wise in his generation. He had the heart of a despot, but he had the head of a ruler. He saw no advantage, but very great evil in denying the injustice which he saw arose from oligarchic domination. He never found leisure, it is true, to attempt its effectual mitigation; but he was at least too circumspect to plot wantonly how it might be made worse, and saw no use in identifying the name of government with the worst excrescences of misrule. Had his wishes been otherwise, Wakefield had never ventured to *print*, even though his travelling candour might have *penned*, this fearful likeness of what he saw in Ireland.

But Sir Robert Peel is an inferior being to the gifted though perverted Castlereagh. He calls it “sedition” to complain, in terms far less undis-

criminating and revolutionary than English Wakefield's, of the injuries and wrongs inflicted by his irresponsible partizans on the long-suffering people. He sends his affidavit-minions to hunt down a private gentleman, who, in his own neighbourhood, dares to arraign the misconduct of the unbridled class, in the exercise of their powers as landlords. We are told in scripture that 'tis wrong to speak ill of rulers; but we do not remember that any thing is said against our saying hard words of *mis-rulers*. Mr. Conner may not have minced or measured all his earnest and heart-born invectives; but any one who knows the misery the people of this land endure, and the mockery of protection which the laws become in the hands of too many of the class that claim the magistracy of hereditary right, will be more disposed to marvel how men keep their senses at all, girt round daily by the cries of that injustice "which setteth even the wise man mad."

But the Terrorists (we move the appellation as an amendment on the original soubriquet of Tories) not content with the existing evils of selecting in each county, a number of unpaid magistrates from the resident squireens and absentee landlords' agents, are resolved to set aside the only check that the existing laws provided; and, as if coterminously, to show to what uses they intend to put such an unmixed tribunal when restored to all its pristine efficiency; they revive the ancient hue-and-cry against popular complaint and expostulation, and seek to drown its voice in the hoarse mutter of "sedition!"

Sedition!—what do they mean by that luckless word? Is not the whole history of Toryism one envenomed, but eventually always unavailing iteration of this cry? To resist taxes, levied without popular consent, was sedition in 1629,—and men were sent by the score to prison for it, till the Petition of Right was forced upon an humbled sovereign. Liberty of worship was sedition in 1670, and the Covenanters of Scotland were hunted down by dragoons, and the Catholics of Ireland followed their martyr primate to the block, till the Stuarts were hurled from their hereditary throne. Catholic equality was still denied, and its earnest assertion was sedition, when Kirwan and Sheridan stood, in our own recollection, at the King's Bench bar, and were denounced there as disturbers of the public peace and violators of the law, by the then advisers of the crown; yet have we seen that thing, for which they stood arraigned, within fifteen years afterwards proclaimed the law of the land. Parliamentary Reform was sedition,—and Muir and Palmer were transported for publishing the same, like common felons, beyond the sea; yet the Right Hon. Francis Blackburne did not scruple to play the part of confidential councillor to the administration, who came into power for the sole and open purpose of carrying said sedition through both Houses in the statute form. The abolition of Tithe was a thousand times ten thousand times railed at by the owls and oracles of Toryism, as rank sedition; nevertheless, we have seen the name, style, and dignity of that precious impost set at nought, and twenty-five *per centum* devoured with-

out ceremony by the owls themselves. Ireland's claim of a Domestic Legislature was declared, by king and parliament in 1833, to be sedition ; but we have lived to see Repealers by the score raised to all offices in the state, and we suppose there are not many men of experience or judgment in either kingdom now, who do not agree in believing that the attempt to crush its discussion, by force of proclamations or prosecutions, would be the shortest and securest way to drive the wavering classes into its ranks.

And now the great and vital question of the Tenure of Land,—that, to which all party questions must ere long give way,—that, from which a national power and force, undreamed of and unparalleled, will one day rise,—is declared to be dangerous to the tranquillity of the country, and worthy of being prosecuted as sedition. The landlords are to be reinstated in all the power they so notoriously abused ; and the discussion of their power, with any view to its mitigation or abridgment, is denounced as minor treason. But what, in the name of common sense, we would ask, do the present governors-in-chief of Ireland conceive will be the end of this ? Do they seriously imagine that they will be suffered to gag our nation after this Russian fashion ? Do they really believe that popular feeling is to be frozen into the sleep of death, by their mock tragic power ? Do they expect to stare us out of countenance by dint of mere unconstitutional effrontery ? Or are they trying to effect,—what O'Connell's eloquence and the influence of the Whigs failed of accomplishing,—to raise a thorough and vigorous sympathy for Irish wrongs in England ? Brother Bull is occupied in general with his own affairs in chief,—so much so, that he has little inclination to attend to ours ; but if he sees the first bulwarks of liberty assailed here, he will begin to think of the matter in a wholly novel point of view ; he will ask himself—“ Who will these men be at next ?—I believe it is high time to make common cause even with those odd Irish fellows, at least until we hurl the common foe from power.”

For ourselves we deprecate such a union much, and its necessity still more. We are of the fixed conviction, that the aims and objects of the Irish and the English popular parties are identical in the negative, and, therefore, the defensive *only*. All our affirmative and positive aims of progress, whether political or social, are widely different from theirs. It is only in resistance to some common enemy that we can combine ; and all the time and energy spent in work of that sort is, however needful and unavoidable, but so much waste and gone. We frankly own to our Terror-forging rulers, therefore, that we had a great deal rather they would let themselves and us alone,—that *they* would permit *us* to permit *them* to remain for a decent period, in the pleasant places they now occupy. They have the places, and they seem to like them ; let them be assured, if they will only behave themselves decently, and with ordinary prudence and discretion, nobody will put himself to the trouble of putting

them out, for the mere sake of bringing back the Whigs : *their* memory is quite too recent in our souls.

But nations, like individuals, may be put out of temper, and when out of temper they seldom look philosophically at their interests merely. Indignation, pain, irritation, rage,—at wanton, useless, unprovoked offence, are not readily appeased. If the government of Sir Robert Peel is wise, it will not, for its own sake, rouse these emotions. Toryism has felt their power before.

THE FATE OF THE FORTIES.

An humble peasant's fate I sing ; let wealth and power disdain
To praise a poor man's faithfulness, or of his wrongs complain—
But withered be my heart and tongue, when I refuse a strain
To men the victims of the faith that broke a nation's chain.

Hurrah for the valiant Forties—the men of the olden time.

We all remember, where the stream so gently turns aside
To spare yon hawthorn, grateful for its crown of summer pride,
How snug the sheltered cabin stood, and rain and storm defied,
Shielding a man whose humble trust adored the hand that tried.

A poor, but pious man he was—that man of the olden time.

With ruddy cheeks around his hearth six laughing children stood,
And kindly turned that old man's eye on his own flesh and blood.
His daily labour won for them a home, and clothes, and food—
And, as they broke their daily bread, he taught them Heaven was good,
And bade them eat in thankfulness—good man of the olden time !

But when election time was come, who then too rich or grand
To crowd that humble peasant's floor, to seize his rugged hand,
To ask his vote and interest, and swear like him to stand,
And peril life and liberty for faith and fatherland ?

For he was “a real staunch Forty”—the pride of the olden time.

But times were changed ; the fight was fought ; the struggle overpast,
And lost the power the Forties used so bravely to the last ;
Like broken swords these dauntless men aside were falsely cast ;
That hearth was quenched, that cabin's wall in ruin strewed the blast :
And where is he,—the Forty—the heart of the olden time ?—

Now sickness grows on want, the hedge a shelter rude affords,
Poor broken man ! his madness raves in Freedom's thrilling words—
“‘Who would be free'—Awake!—Arise!—‘We'll cast away their cords :’
“We're poor, but not in spirit,—we have hearts as big as lords ;
“For are we not the Forties ?”—ah ! he thinks 'tis the olden time.

They wept not when the mortal cloud came down upon that eye ;
They wept not when cold death had hushed his children's hungry cry ;
But looked upon the damp bare earth, and to the naked sky,
And muttered—“To the poor it is a blessed thing to die ;”
For they, too, had been Forties—the pride of the olden time.

THE CLANDESTINE MARRIAGE.

CHAPTER I.

ON the 15th of March, 18—, as has often happened before and since, a certain little town on one of the northern circuits, was thrown into commotion by the arrival of the judges, who were to open the assize for the county on the following day. At an hour of the night when the streets were usually quiet, numbers of persons were strolling about; and in almost every shop there were groups assembled, discussing various matters of law and policy, or deciding cases in an off-handed way, which would give some of them trouble enough before the end of the assizes, when called on, as good men and true, to pronounce their verdict. A young barrister, who was going his first circuit, was sitting in his inn—very comfortable he seemed to be, though his negus was cooling beside him, as he sat with his head resting on his hand, looking into the fire, and ruminating on the world of chances that was now open before him. There was nothing to disturb him in his pleasant meditations, except the occasional entrance of the waiter, who, as he snuffed the candles, or stirred up the fire, seemed, from his looks, to understand perfectly well all that was passing in the mind of the young advocate. John was evidently anxious to get into conversation, but the thoughtful mood of the other gave him no encouragement. At last, however, he raised his head—

“Waiter,” said he, “this is a very disturbed country of yours, I believe.”

“Desperate! sir,” said the waiter; “its a desperate counthry entirely.”

“But not so bad as it used to be?” replied the lawyer.

“Not as bad!—no, but ten times worse than ever it was. I never knowed so many riots, and robberies, and all sorts o’ murther, as there was in it this last winther!”

The barrister looked up, but his stare of astonishment relaxed into a scarcely perceptible smile, for he saw that John, as he would have said himself, was flattering him up with false music.

“Are there many prisoners in the jail, do you understand?”

“A power, sir,” said John; “I’m tould there’s fifty prisoners to be thried, forby them that’s out on bail.”

“Fifty prisoners!” exclaimed the other.

“Faith, that’s what I’m tould, your honour. Of coorse there’s some o’ them in for small offinces, such as batin’ a dhriver, or the like; but then you know, sir, that’s case aigual for the lawyers!”

“That will be heavy work,” said the lawyer, musing.

“Won’t it, sir?” said John—“By dad, counsellor, I don’t know how yiz’ll get through it all in the time.”

“Oh, they’ll manage to get through it,” said the poor counsellor, sadly; and he could hardly help sighing, when he thought of the portly briefs that

were at that moment crowding the tables of the ancient advocates, while one brief, ever so small, would have made him as happy as a prince.

"You'll not be idle yourself, counsellor," continued John. "Do you mind, sir," he added, in a confidential kind of tone, "how the poor creatures, when they have a bad case of it, will never give a brief to an ould man at all if they can help it?"

"I was not aware of that," replied the lawyer, who saw that John was determined to put him in good humour with himself, and, of course, with every one else.

"Then, it's the truth, sir," said the latter; "there's one *raison sartinly*; they haven't the manes of payin' great heavy fees; but any way, I'm tould them ould stagers isn't fit to hould a candle to the young gintlemin that's comin' forrid now."

"Are they not?" said the lawyer, laughing, but pleased in spite of himself at this compliment to his class.

"Oh, not at all, your honour; it's you and none else that'll get a poor fellow fair play in spite of judge and jury—and faith the prisoners know that—they know them that can do their business; it isn't that I say it; but sure it's allowed on all hands that the junior bar is the glory of Ireland."

"There are some clever men at the senior bar, too," said the other.

"Why, then, I believe there are, sir; in troth I'm tould there's some very knowledgeable men among them—considherin'; but then you know, counsellor, it stands to *raison* that an ould man that's expectin' to be a judge himself some o' these days——Comin'!—divil choke you!" he muttered, in reply to the fourth or fifth summons from below stairs, "I'll be back in a minute, your honour." And off he went very reluctantly, for he seemed wonderfully taken with the counsellor's society. He did come back in a few minutes, and with a peculiar expression of delight in his countenance—

"Counsellor," said he, "there's one below wants to speak to you."

"Is it a client?" said the counsellor.

"It is, sir," said John, with a grin, which the earnest look of the other fully justified. "It's a friend of my own," he added in a low voice, "or at least I'm acquainted with some of his people, and when he axed if any of the counsellors was stoppin' here, I tould him, of coorse, your honour was the man he wanted."

"That's an honest fellow, John; tell him to come up."

"He's here, sir," said John; "come in, Tim," said he, turning to the lobby, and Tim came in.

A lout of a fellow he seemed, with a wild head and an old loose coat that reached almost to the ground. His shirt was open at the neck, discovering a fine bronzed chest, and he had a short stick in his hand, which it was evident he knew how to use.

"Your sarvent, sir," he said, making his bow.

"Good evening," said the lawyer, coming forward, "do you wish to

speak to me?"—and John had on his impertinent sneer at the flurried manner in which the young barrister received a common country clown. He was so eager, that he did not perceive that the man was accompanied by a female, who was still standing on the lobby.

"Come forrid, Mary," said the waiter, in a low voice, and the lawyer, on perceiving her, politely invited her in. When she came forward into the light, and put the hood of her scarlet mantle a little back on her head, the barrister forgot for a moment what had interested him so much only a moment before. Her face was pale and wasted, as if by illness or severe mental suffering; but it was very beautiful. Her hair, escaping from under her hood, fell in disorder about it. There was a singular degree of sweetness in the expression of her countenance, though this was blended with a higher feeling, and rendered even more attractive by the spirit that shone in her "bright eyes, brown and clear."

The young advocate, quite unconsciously, gazed on her with more interest than he should have done, and with too evident a feeling of admiration; and it was only when she raised her eyes, and a slight tinge of colour came to her cheek, that he was sensible of this impropriety. "Sit down," he said, a little embarrassed—"you seem very ill."

"Oh, in troth and she is ill, your honour," said her companion, "and no wondher for her, the creature;" but then he cast an uneasy look towards the waiter, who was still loitering in the room; but seeing the man hesitate to enter on his business, he had discretion enough to withdraw. When they were alone, the lawyer asked the man how he could serve him.

"Plaise your honour," said the other, whose name it appeared was Tim Hanratty, "we kem to see if you could do any thing for a poor boy. that's over in the jail beyant."

"What is he in for?" asked the barrister.

"For an a-abduction, your honour," replied the man, in a whisper. The advocate's eye turned quickly on the girl, and Tim shook his head, as much as to say, 'you're right enough.' "But wouldn't it be a murther, your honour," he said, "to hang the poor fellow for taking off his own *colleen dhas*, in spite o' the world?"

"But did he take her against her will?" said the lawyer.

"Well, I believe he did, sir," said Tim; but what says that?—sure she's his lawful wife now, anyway."

"Is she, indeed?" said the lawyer, whose interest for his fair client was not lessened by the trying position in which it appeared she was placed." —"Well, what were the circumstances of the case?"

"Why, then, I'll tell you that, sir," and Tim accordingly told his story. It appeared that there had been an old attachment between this girl, whose father was one of the wealthiest farmers in the country, and a young man of the name of Owen Coonan. Mrs. M'Clernan, the girl's mother, from the time she first observed their attachment, never seriously discountenanced it, for she believed in her heart that Mary

could not have made a better choice ; and whatever opposition was to be apprehended from the old man himself, the lovers were quite sure that he would in the course of time be induced to consent to their marriage. So he probably might have been, for Owen was a favourite of his, and his people had a good name in the country ; but unfortunately a rival appeared in the person of one Terence Cassidy, a steady responsible man, who, by the death of his first wife, was left alone in one of the richest and best stocked farms in Tullyconnel. Owen was only a poor widow's son, and whatever chance there was for him before, there was none now, that is as far as old M'Clernan was concerned, who quarrelled with the youth, and threatened to take his life if ever he would darken his door again. However, Mary was constant. She and her lover met as heretofore, only not so frequently, and no misunderstanding ever occurred between them till Owen was obliged to fly in consequence of a faction fight, in which he happened to be engaged, and in which a young man, the son of a respectable farmer, was nearly killed. It was while he was "on the run," that he came back secretly to carry off his bride. This was certainly an unfavourable time ; but he had reason to know that he could never return in safety, until Mary's fate would be decided either one way or other. He sent her word to be ready to go off with him on a certain night ; but when he came to her father's house, he not only found her unprepared for such a step, but, instead of the delight with which he expected to be received, there was nothing manifested on her part but astonishment and indignation. It was night, and she and her mother were alone in the house, and Owen, who in the excitement of the moment could only account for her extraordinary manner towards him, by supposing it assumed, for the purpose of concealing from her mother her part in the transaction, carried her out in his arms. Before they reached the road, where a car was waiting for them, the girl fainted. However, he brought her off to the mountains, to the house of an old couple beggar ; and as he succeeded in removing whatever bad impressions with regard to himself had been made on her mind in his absence, she was married with her own free consent. That same night, however, they were overtaken by her father, who had raised his faction and followed them. They were brought back, and Coonan was lodged in jail. Only four days had since elapsed, and the next day he was to be tried for his life. This was Tim Hanratty's statement of the case. Some of the circumstances which he mentioned, Mary now learned for the first time. She had never received any message from her lover, communicating his intention of carrying her off, and of course his appearance that night was altogether unexpected. She had had no communication with him since they had been parted ; she had been ill, and confined to her bed ever since ; but her father being in town this evening, she had taken advantage of his absence, ill as she was, to come in and see her husband before his trial. She met Tim Hanratty coming from the jail, but when they went

back it was closed for the night, and she had come with him then to look for a lawyer.

"And was it really against your will the young man carried you off?" asked the advocate.

"It was, sir," said the girl.

"Would you have gone with him if you had received his message?"

"No, sir, I would not; I'd sooner that night he had taken my life."

Tim looked at her in amazement, and then at the counsellor, and shook his head.

"Well, Mary," he said, "you wouldn't be willin' they'd take his life anyway, acushla. God help yees both this night!"

"Did you ever give him any reason to expect you would go with him?" continued the advocate.

"I did, sir," replied the girl. "The last time I seen him, afore this, he wanted me to promise."

"And did you promise?" said the other, eagerly.

"No, sir; but I done all as one."

"And that was the last time you saw him?" said the lawyer; "you seem to have changed your mind rather suddenly."

"I never changed my mind, sir," said the girl,— "it wasn't me that changed," she added in a lower tone, while her eyes filled up.

"You see, sir," said Tim, "the way it was; they were thryin' to put bad notions into her head again' the boy, and make her b'lieve it was for the money he wanted her; now, wasn't that the way, Mary?—tell the truth, acushla."

"They did say that, and worse again' him," replied the girl, "I'll not deny it; but I never gave in to it till——"

"Till what?" said Tim, "spake out, achora—sure it's with friends you are—'till what, didn't you give in?"

"Oh, no matter," said the girl; she held down her head, and when she raised it her cheeks were wet with tears. "Do you think, sir, you can do any thing to save his life?" she said.

"I hope his life is in no danger," said the lawyer, encouragingly; "but I wish you would be a little more explicit; the more I know of the circumstances, the better I will be able to serve him."

Mary was greatly embarrassed, but acknowledged at last that she had reason to believe that Coonan was attached to another; and that he was actuated by interested motives in his addresses to her.

"And why did you marry him?" asked the lawyer.

"Because," said the girl, "I was so bewildered at the time, I believed every thing he tould me."

"And do you not believe so now?" asked the other.

Mary held down her head, but made no reply. Though she did not say it, it was evident to the lawyer and even to Tim, who was a shrewd sensible fellow, that she had much stronger grounds than mere rumour

for the conviction which had taken possession of her mind. Tim knew she was not one to be influenced by every evil word she might happen to hear, and his own faith in his friend's integrity was for a moment shaken.

"Do you think, sir," he said, turning to the lawyer, "would he be such an—an undeniable villian?"

"Oh, I can't say," said the other, who could not help feeling deeply for the fate of this poor girl, who, for all he knew, might be the victim of a mercenary profligate.

"By my sowl, if I thought it," said Tim, "I'd let him swing. If it's thrue, what you think of him, Mary, ould a friend as he is, I wouldn't walk across that flure to save his life."

"I don't believe it," said Mary, now greatly alarmed for her lover's safety; and she declared with earnestness, though with evident confusion, that she was quite convinced of his truth.

"In troth you are, acushla," said Tim, "and he is as thrue as steel, you may depend; I wouldn't believe the face o' clay, that Owen Coonan would be false to his *colleen dhas*."

"Well," said the lawyer, "do you know have they got any one to prove the marriage?"

"Oh! faix they have, sir," said Tim, "that ould thief of a couple-beggar, that'll swear through a deal boord, if he's only well paid for it. But Mary will have to appear again' him too, they say."

Mary looked at the lawyer with an expression of anxious enquiry in her countenance. "I'm tould it's his only chance, sir?"

"Yes," said the other, "it's better you should; you will be able to prove, at all events, that he had some sort of claim to you."

"Why, sir," said Tim, "only it's a thing I darn't mintion, she could clear him afther all, in spite of fate."

The lawyer looked dark, for he saw at once what Tim was driving at. "Is that your opinion, Mr. Hanratty," he said. "You had better keep your suggestions to yourself, sir," he added, in a low and stern tone.

"Oh! I know what he manes, sir," said Mary, while the colour left even her lips. "It isn't the first time that dark thought came across me; and I wish," she added, turning to the other, "that you wouldn't be forcin' me to think of it now." It was certainly a trying situation the poor girl was placed in, for if she could have sworn that she had gone off with her own free consent, and that her apparent opposition was a thing agreed on, there would have been no felony in the case, though her subsequent consent to the marriage, after a forcible abduction, did not alter the character of the offence. But, though Mary was not possessed of the extraordinary firmness of character of Jennie Deans, she was no less incapable than that celebrated individual, of the enormous crime which such a course would have involved.

"Well," said the lawyer, "you must not let that disturby our mind. I hope we can save your husband's life, without having recourse to any

such guilty means. Who was the person, Hanratty, that he sent to arrange with her about going off?"

"I don't know, sir," said Tim. "He never tould me that; at laste, if he did, I disremember."

"Why," said the girl, hastily, "did he send any one but yourself?"

"Sure he did," said Tim. "He only sent me to tell you that he wouldn't be there 'till the next night, when he heard the ould man would be gone to Carrick."

"And did you tell her that?" said the lawyer.

"Why!" said Tim, "I couldn't get spakin' more than the one word to her; and you looked so bewildhered, Mary, I don't think you knowed what I meant."

Mary said she did not.

"Well," said the lawyer, "you must find out who this person was; his evidence and yours will be of the utmost importance. But can you appear?" he added, looking hard at Tim. "Had the prisoner no accomplice?"

"Faix, he had, your honour," said Tim, with a knowing look; "a friend of his own."

"And have they no informations against this friend," said the lawyer, smiling.

"Oh! they never dhrame who was in it; and any way, myself thinks they could prove nothing agin' him. You couldn't swear who dhriv the cart, Mary?"

"No; I could not," said Mary, with a smile at Tim's audacity.

"It would be hard for you, acushla," said the latter; for the fact was, that Tim, who was the identical friend in question, when he saw that there was a misunderstanding between the parties, thought it might be better, both for himself and his friend, that he should not be implicated in the consequences of their adventure; and he had no difficulty in keeping himself concealed from Mary's observation during their journey to the mountains. "I happened to be in the ould couple-beggar's when they came in," he said; "but sure I might have business there myself, as well as another."

"To be sure, you might," said the lawyer. "Well, do you know any attorney in town?"

"I do, sir. Oh! no, your honour,—I don't know ere an attorney,—not one."

"You do and you don't. Well, you must go to an attorney, and get him to draw out a brief and send it to me."

Tim remonstrated strongly against having any thing to do with the attornies; they'd sell the pass, he said; but the lawyer at last persuaded him to do as he directed.

"Well, sir," said Tim, "might I make bould to ax your honour's name?"

"Hardy is my name," said the other.

"Long life to you, sir," said Tim, "it's the name of a worthy gentleman."

The young lawyer shook hands with Mary, kindly, and told her to keep up her heart; and the poor girl, whose mind had been relieved in more ways than one by this visit, left him with as strong a feeling of gratitude, as if he had already saved Owen's life. Tim, before going to look for an attorney, accompanied Mary a little way out of the town; she was silent and thoughtful, but just before they parted, she asked Tim had he no notion at all, who the person was that Owen had sent to her with the message.

"Not the laste in life, achora," said Tim. "Why do you ax me, Mary?"

"Because," said Mary, "I'm beginnin' to fear that I wronged Owen and more than him; but when you see him in the mornin', Tim, will you ax him, like a decent boy, what he was sayin' to Lucy Connor in Reilly's boreen that evenin'."

"I will ax him, alanna; of course I will; but you may depind, Mary, it was nothin' bad—sure," he added, suddenly, "it isn't jealous of poor little Lucy you'd be?"

"Oh! no, Tim, I'm not jealous of her," replied the girl, in a somewhat irritable tone, "but will you just do what I tell you, and I'll be obleeged to you?"

"Sartainly, I will," said the other; "but keep up your heart, acushla, as the good counsellor tould you. You may depind, Mary, you'll have a light heart this time to-morrow, wid the help o' God."

"God grant!" sighed the girl, and Tim, bidding her good night, returned to the town.

CHAPTER II.

MARY pursued her way home with a hurried step; but though her feelings were in great disorder, she was less perfectly unhappy than she had been for several days before. Notwithstanding that she was of a most unsuspecting nature, and had always imagined her lover the model of every thing good and honourable; she had, latterly, abundant reasons for believing, not only that he had acted falsely by her, but that he had sacrificed, to his mercenary views, the person whom, next to himself, she had, probably, loved best in the world. She was still quite certain that he had been for years devotedly attached to herself, and that during the greater part of their courtship, he had been actuated by feelings as pure and disinterested as her own; but from the time that old Terence Cassidy had become a candidate for her hand, the lovers had fewer opportunities of meeting; and of course, their constancy, as well as their confidence in each other, was put to a stronger test. This Cassidy was a clever, crafty kind of man; and he was naturally jealous of the affection which he knew Mary entertained for his young rival. Not satisfied with the countenance her father gave his suit, he managed to fill his mind with

all sorts of prejudices against Owen Coonan, and very artfully endeavoured to excite doubt and suspicion in the mind of the girl herself. Owen was poor, as we have said; but the little farm, which he and his mother lived on, was only a very small portion of the lands which had formerly belonged to his family. He had high notions, and was prouder, probably, than he would have been if his people had never been reduced; and though he cared nothing about the inconveniences and actual evils of poverty, Mary knew that he cherished, day and night, the hope of regaining the station, which had been lost by the extravagance or misfortunes of those who went before him. She paid no regard, however, to the insinuations of Cassidy, who, apparently without any design, would have persuaded her that this would be Owen's first object in taking a wife. She heard with the same carelessness, and utter incredulity, the hints that were frequently thrown out, of his being attached to another. This other, it appeared, was Lucy Connor, a very young girl, and, except Mary herself, the prettiest girl in the barony.

Cassidy, who seemed to think that everything was over between Mary and her lover, mentioned these matters as if they were of no more interest than any other country gossip; but old M'Clernan, who was convinced of the truth of it all himself, and who, moreover, suspected, or rather knew very well, that his daughter was still in the habit of meeting her lover, vowed all sorts of vengeance against them both, unless she would discard him for ever. It was less her disobedience than her want of spirit that incensed the old man; and even the mother, viewing the matter in this light, entered fully into the feelings of her husband. It was much harder for Mary to withstand these humiliating taunts than the opposition she had formerly encountered; but if any thing like doubt or jealousy was taking possession of her mind, the only circumstance which made her at all conscious of it was, an unwillingness she felt to speak to her lover on the subject, even in jest. It might have been well if she had been of a more jealous disposition, for then she might have spoken to him in earnest, and every thing would have been set right; but they met so seldom now, and for such a short time, and Owen's tenderness seemed so sincere and unaltered, that she felt a degree of self reproach when any thought of this kind obtruded itself on her mind. Indeed there was one circumstance which was in itself sufficient to convince her of the disinterestedness of his attachment, for though, by marrying against her father's consent, she would forfeit everything in the way of worldly wealth, the young man had been for some time urging her most earnestly to adopt this course. She would not hear of it at first, but at length, when her father seemed determined that she should marry this old Cassidy without delay, and when her mother, who had been her only hope, ceased to offer any opposition to her husband's wishes, Mary felt that she had no alternative but to take Owen, for better or worse, or to give herself up to her fate and become wretched for life. Once, when her lover was insisting with the utmost earnestness on

the danger and evils that might attend any further delay, Mary listened to him for a long time in silence. At last she looked up, and asked him;—"Well now, Owen, suppose I was to consent to marry you at once, how are we to live?"

This, if not a consent, was the very next thing to it; and Owen, as she stood before him, with her bright smile and loving eyes, thought that if he had to wander the world, possessed of such a treasure as this, he would never know a dark hour again. It threw a light over all his prospects; and whatever good fortune was doubtful or improbable, seemed now quite certain. However, his plan was, that they were to live with his mother on the little farm, which, with his labour, would be enough to support them in comfort, though not in the same abundance to which Mary was accustomed; but there was no doubt, he said, though her father would be displeased at first, he would soon give in, and that she would possess the fortune she was entitled to. He urged this so earnestly, and it seemed so like a matter that he had settled in his own mind, though there had never been any allusion to it before, that all at once Mary's doubts returned with greater force than ever. One of the strongest reasons that she had for believing his love unmingled with any other motive, was now removed. The expression of her countenance changed at once, and the colour left her cheek.

"Mary!" said her lover, "what are you thinkin' about? Will I spake to the priest to-night?"

"Oh! no," said the girl, somewhat coldly, "it's time enough; and I must go now," she added. "I'm afeard they'll miss me."

"Well, when will I see you again?" said he.

"Oh! I don't know," said the girl. Owen looked at her in amazement. "Well, whenever you like," she said; "when you come home from Carrick." She gave him her hand, and parted from him with more kindness than she had evinced a moment before.

It was the next day that Owen went to Carrick fair, where the battle took place, in which a young man named Ryan, the son of a neighbouring farmer, was nearly killed. There was no doubt that Coonan had struck the blow; though even the foremost of the opposite faction were convinced, both from his general character, and the circumstances of the case, that he could have had no intention of inflicting the serious injury that followed; at all events, it was in fair fight; but he was persuaded by his friends not to appear in the country, at least till the young man would be pronounced out of danger. He did not return from the fair, and Mary, of course, did not see him any more; she bitterly reproached herself with having evinced any coldness at their last meeting; and hoped most sincerely that her lover had not observed it. She thought now that nothing could be more natural, than that he should feel great anxiety to remove what seemed the only obstacle to their immediate union, and this, no doubt, was his object in wishing to satisfy her of the certainty of her father's forgiveness. It was very uncertain now, when,

or under what circumstances, she might see him again. There was a rumour afloat that old Ryan was determined on prosecuting him to the utmost, no matter when he might return; but after a while the young man began to recover, and Mary understood then that her father had used his influence with his neighbour, in Owen's favour. Every one knew that old M'Clernan could do what he liked with this person, who was indebted to him in various ways; but no one, not even Mary herself, could have calculated on the hard old man interesting himself for one whom he had latterly regarded with feelings of unqualified hostility. Indeed, it was only conjecture on her part; for if he had interested himself in the matter, he did not seem to wish her to be aware of it; but it was very evident that the danger in which the young man was involved had revived, in some degree, the regard he had formerly felt for him. He seldom spoke of him, but when he did, it was not with the rancorous feeling he had latterly been accustomed to display, but with the mixture of sorrow and reproach with which a father might speak of an unfortunate son. This kindness, on the part of the old man, might not have been very favourable to Owen's hopes, for Mary felt such an excess of gratitude towards her father, that it was a happiness to her to think that she had never yet done anything in opposition to his will. Had she known something more of the artful ways of the world, she might have regarded such a sudden change in his sentiments with some distrust.

(*To be continued.*)

CLOUDS.

Ye clouds! how like to human thoughts ye spring
 From Earth, all earthly, tho' toward Heaven ye wing!
 For human thoughts will gloom and darkle, too,
 Or brighten into gloriousness like you.
 How oft they crowd so thickly, that they blind
 The rays creating—rays of human mind—
 And throw the black, the melancholy pall
 That's but illum'd by lightnings—or may fall
 In wild tear-torrents, which dissolve, and then
 The mind attempts to shed its light again!
 How oft they float in gayest guise above
 The "heaven of blue"—of friendship, and of love!
 We have our Spring—we have our Summer clouds.
 Too oft our Autumn and our Winter shrouds
 That blessed "heaven,"—yet we live the while.
 If 'tis denied to smile, we *try* to smile.
 And as the Sun, when setting, leaves a boon
 Of light to bless ye from the "silver moon,"
 So, like that sun, at each returning night
 The mind doth leave us still enough of light
 Our dreamings to illumine—for, asleep,
 We have as 'twere a moon which fain will keep
 Our thoughts imprinted with its mellow'd sheer,
 Re-modelling the sun-dreams we have seen.

MEMOIRS OF NATIVE ARTISTS.

HUGH HAMILTON.

WHENEVER an opinion has acquired a popular ascendancy, and has become hoary with age, he is said to be a bold man, if not presumptuous also, who dares to question its truth; the dogma having acquired a prescriptive legality, submission becomes almost inferential; in short it is taken as one of those matter-of-fact propositions, which render the exercise of the judgment a perfect sinecure; for having been adopted without enquiry, it is circulated without scruple, and continues to hold its ground upon the mere plea of possession. Yet all this time it is, perhaps, a most flimsy error, which, when subjected to the ordeal of a searching enquiry, is found to be wholly untenable, and is therefore thrown aside; having suffered by the investigation, fully as much as did the noted shield of the redoubtable Scriblerus, the claims of which to the high rank of antiquarian importance, with which the sanguine speculations of its owner had invested it, having all disappeared by the simple operation of scouring! after which it stood in its nakedness—a mere modern sconce! Such, generally speaking, is the ultimate fate of all fashionable error, however dexterously constructed, or pertinaciously sustained. Time is a sure, though sometimes a tardy detector of falsehood.

The erroneous and injurious opinion, which we combat, and to which we would direct public attention, is the assertion so often and so confidently urged, viz.—that portrait painting is not only a very inferior walk of art, but that its practice incapacitates for the lofty pursuits of Taste!

This we deny; on the contrary, we shall prove that there is no walk of art in which higher powers are required, in order to obtain distinction, or in the practice of which, the diversified attainments of a genuine painter are more continuously exercised.

But ere we proceed further, let us most earnestly disavow any intention of including within the boundaries of genuine portrait painting, that low, servile inventory of the features, ycleped likeness painting, in which there is neither mind nor sentiment; nothing, in short, but a vulgar, vile exaggeration of the palpable peculiarities of the individual, and which, after all, is not so much a likeness, as a staring tracery of a face!

What we mean by portrait painting is that transcribing of the living man, in which, whilst the personal identity is most faithfully preserved; there is also the mind, the character, the feeling of life,—in short it is that into which the vitality of thought has been breathed, and in which are to be found those attractions of high art, which raise it to the rank of a universal interest, counting as its admirers every

genuine votary of taste ! This, we take it, cannot be achieved by men of an ordinary class of mind.

Now there are two ways of demonstrating this truth ; the first is to show what those requisites are, that enable a painter to produce a fine portrait ; the second is to exhibit the facts, that the greatest portrait painters, ancient or modern, were themselves great historical painters. This, we should hope, will at once set the question at rest.

The essentials of a fine portrait being identity, both personal and mental, it necessarily follows, that the likeness must not only be veritable, but characteristic also ; and in conducting such a picture, it is quite clear that the consistency of its character, as a whole, can only be sustained by the introduction of such accessories, as, whilst they harmonise in a pictorial sense, are in strict unison with the expression of the principal object. For instance, the thoughtful, the studious, the profound philosopher cannot, with propriety, be surrounded with those objects which would fitly assimilate with the light, the airy, or the gay. Thus it is evident, that a fine portrait is something more than a mere likeness. It is, in truth, graphic biography, and in many instances both historical and instructive.

We do not say that there is no higher walk of art ; but we do affirm, that the powers which sustain a great portrait painter are competent, should accident or choice determine him into the higher walk, fully to sustain him there likewise.

It is a most illogical mode of reasoning to infer incapacity from inability. When a portrait painter for the first time attempts history, he is less successful than when in his own walk ; and it is precisely so with the historical painter when he essays portraits. But neither of these results establish incapacity. Nelson, we apprehend, might not have managed matters quite so successfully at Waterloo as the hero who conquered there ; and it is very possible that even the great Duke himself might have failed at the Nile ! Yet would it not be a very bold assertion indeed to affirm, that these great men possessed not in common with each other, the highest qualities of mind ; or that if their respective pursuits had been reversed, they would not have been equally renowned. But we shall quit all mere speculations, and come at once to facts.

The greatest portrait painters amongst the ancient masters, were Raphael, Titian, Guido, Parmegiano, Rembrandt, Rubens, Vandyke, Murillo, and Velasquez. Now those very men were renowned as great historical painters : and in our own days Reynolds, Gainsborough, Romney, and Lawrence have each proved his just claim to the rank of historic painter. Gainsborough was also one of the greatest landscape painters that has appeared ; and as to his cottage groups, their unique excellence has long since become proverbial. Yet with these demonstrated facts full in view, your modern Mecænas, when encouraging art, excludes from the pale of his patronage—a portrait !

How fortunate for Rubens and Vandyke that they live not in

these days ! Had fate so cast their nativity, neither the "Chapeau de Paille," nor the "Gevartius" could be selected for honours or reward, both being portraits ! Even that exquisite picture by Rubens, the portrait of his mother, now in the Dulwich gallery, in which the widowed parent, smiling benevolently, even in decay, looks as one thankful for having been spared to witness the success of her honoured son ; her aged and nervous hand laid gently at rest, that so often in its beauty had been affectionately stretched forth to aid the infant totterer ! No, nor yet that noble work by Vandyke,—Charles the First on his white charger, passing through the gate at Temple-bar,—the very impersonation of calm, melancholy, unefforted dignity. These precious works ! pregnant with mind, must, conformably with the restrictive regulations on modern taste, be put aside ! in order to pour, with a concentrated effulgence, the rays of patronage on some low, vulgar, smutched manipulator of tin or brass, or, mayhap, one of your vendors of screeching discords—the Orpheus of the village pothouse. Yet all this time we are sagely assured, that this is the only way to raise and to sustain the fine arts of our country ! Oh ! what a premium is thus offered to the mental declension, which, insensible to the attractions of beauty and grandeur, finds its highest ambition in driving a profitable trade with the grovelling and the low.

We presume it must have been the imposition of some such restrictions on the aspirations of taste, which drew from the caustic Rochefoucauld that withering prayer, "*Delivre nous, grand Dieu, de ces amateurs sans amour, et de ces connoisseurs sans connoissance !*"

Believing, as we do, that the refutation of an error so offensive, and often so injurious to the eminent portrait painter, could not have been more fitly attempted than when commencing, as we now are, the memoirs of a painter eminently endowed with the conjoined powers of historic and portrait art, we have therefore essayed the full exposure of its fallacy ; but we have not done so, merely because that opinion might have grated upon the ear, or might have occasionally wounded the feelings of the portrait painter. We had other and equally just motives, impelling us to assist in the correction and removal of so popular an error.

Next to a just appreciation of the artist's powers, as evidenced in his works, is a knowledge of the powers of the art itself, and the true classification of its various walks. Without this necessary information, we never can hope to judge truly, or with effect ; for, if through the bias of any of those conventionalisms with which the region of criticism so abounds, we shall have previously degraded that path of art in which the painter moves, we are by no means likely to feel, or to value his attainments or his works. We should, therefore, recollect that class does not make the man, nor the painter neither,—and Sir Joshua Reynolds was so convinced of that truth, that as confirmatory of it, he has given it as his opinion, that "distinction even in the humbler walks of art, is only

to be achieved by those who have brought down with them to that walk, the attainments acquired in the higher." This is most true, particularly as regards the eminent portrait painter.

It is, therefore, essential that the principles of criticism should be closely investigated, and thoroughly understood, by those who desire to be the advocates or encouragers of art, in order that their proceedings may be guided by that enlarged sense of justice and of taste, which recognises the art—not the artist.

The mere love of an art confers no knowledge of that art, although it may perhaps in time lead to its acquisition; but until that knowledge shall have been acquired, the highest and purest motives may but terminate in error; for uninstructed integrity is often as injurious in its decisions as the most reckless partiality, although originating in motives so wholly dissimilar. The truth is, well-directed zeal must ever be guided by knowledge.

MR. HAMILTON commenced the practice of his profession as a crayon painter, very early in life, to which walk he confined himself for many years. He was very successful in his likenesses, drew with great truth, and with as much facility as is consistent with truth; but he never indulged in that slovenly ill-digested attempt at form, so attractive to the half-taught, so destructive to true genius. His were faithful intelligent expressions of the object before him, which proved his thorough intimacy with its character and form.

His portraits in crayons, generally speaking, were rather crayon drawings than crayon pictures. They were full of ability, very faithful as likenesses, but they wanted that breadth of effect, and that depth of tone, which the material in such hands could have so abundantly yielded. They appeared to have been very slightly executed, laid in with a very few colours, the prevailing tone of which was grey, and then finished with red and black chalk. They were marked with great skill and truth; the features, particularly the eyes, were expressed with great feeling; but as pictures, they were not sustained by those depths either of colour or of shadow, which alone confer pictorial effect. They had all the appearance of having been hurried rather than neglected; in short it was quite evident that they were the productions of a clever man, but of one whose professional engagements scarcely left him time to mature his own thoughts.

Such was really the fact, particularly when he first practised in London. On his arrival there, he took lodgings in the house of an eminent court milliner, in Pall-mall, and having placed the likeness of the lady of the establishment in the room in which she attended her customers, it was so much admired, that in the course of a week he found himself overwhelmed with business. He came at once into notice, having as his sitters the highest of the nobility. The size of his drawings was six inches by four, and the form oval; his terms nine guineas. He could scarcely execute all the orders that came in upon him, and the writer

has heard him declare, that in the evening of each day, a part of his occupation was picking and gathering up the guineas from amongst the bran and broken crayons, in the several crayon boxes into which, in the hurry of the day, he had thrown them! This was about the year 1780.

He remained in those lodgings for two years, and then took a house in Saint Martin's-lane, at the reere of which he built a most expensive and commodious painting room. He resided there for six or seven years in the fullest practice, and subsequently went to Italy to study the works of the great masters. He settled in Rome, and during his residence there painted many of the English, and almost all the Irish nobility and gentry then on the Continent. The friendships which he then contracted followed him through life. He was fully sensible of the honour and value of such attachments; but among those which he seemed most to prize, and which he most uninterruptedly enjoyed, was that of the La Touche family, a name rendered venerable by the practice of every virtue, and the promotion of every good—the friends of genius, the encouragers of industry, the protectors of the poor; the tried, the steady friends of their country.

When in Rome he became acquainted with the late Mr. Flaxman, the great British sculptor, then prosecuting his studies in that emporium of art. Of Mr. Hamilton's talents as a draftsman and composer, Mr. Flaxman conceived the highest opinion, and with that universal and generous warmth, which high minds only are impelled by, he stated to his friend the estimate he had formed of his powers, urging him most earnestly to take up the palette and brushes, and thus give to his large capabilities a more ample and suitable field for their exercise. The impetus thus given by praise from such a man as Flaxman, to a mind such as Hamilton's, at once determined the adoption of a change, on the propriety of which his own thoughts had been long vibrating. He immediately took to oil painting, from the practice of which he never after departed.

Mr. Hamilton was accompanied to Rome by his only daughter, whose amiable and accomplished manners gave additional charms to her attainments in classical literature; and those were of no ordinary extent. Amongst the many who sought and enjoyed her society, none were more impressed with her conversational powers than Mr. Flaxman, who a very few years before his death, while sitting in his own studio in Buckingham-street, honouring the writer of this memoir with a most interesting account of his studies in Rome, assured him that he had never met a young woman whose attainments and whose manners so thoroughly commanded his respect and esteem, as those of Miss Hamilton. Her conversation and society must therefore have been most cheering and delightful to her father, whose highly imaginative mind so constantly sought refreshment from the invigorating sources of literature and science.

On his return from Italy, he came and settled in Dublin as a portrait painter, and very soon established his high reputation. All his former sitters and friends flocked round him, to be again painted by one whose talents they so highly valued, and for whom they entertained so warm a regard. His residence was in Clare-street, the large house at the corner of Merrion-square. His rooms were crowded with pictures, most of which were large whole lengths and half lengths. We have never seen in any of the London portrait painters' rooms so many works in actual progress. To be sure we must not forget, that at that period, from 1790 to 1800, the nobility and gentry of Ireland resided in Ireland. That great legislative measure, on the benefits or injuries of which, such conflicting opinions are so sagely propounded; and that too, with such pertinacity and vehemence, had not as yet withdrawn from the country either the rank or the wealth it possessed. Non-residence was then deemed a desertion, and absenteeism a positive evil; but the light of political economy had not then reached the public mind upon the subject, and the result was, that the imperfect glimmerings which twinkled along the paths of duty, led each man to believe that his love of country was best evidenced at home!

We hope that in indulging in this very harmless reminiscence of what Dublin once was, we shall not be deemed as offering any disobedient resistance to that executive restriction, which authoritatively denounced even an allusion to the subject; and which, under the sanction of some new order of physics, not yet publicly taught, confidently guards against explosion, by keeping the safety valve of complaint constantly shut down!

As yet we have been regarding Mr. Hamilton as an eminent artist in the practice of crayon painting. We shall now direct our attention to his works in oil, as an historical, historic-portrait and portrait painter; but as he made the latter his professional walk, we shall commence with that.

The difficulties which oil painting presents are numerous, and are not easily overcome. It is one of the languages of art, and by far the most copious. Its capabilities, as a means of expressing the effects of nature, are as various as those effects themselves; but that very illimitedness in the means demands a corresponding range of knowledge and of power in him who is to use it; nor is it the least of the difficulties which beset even the experienced oil painter, that in the management of the material there is often a diversion of those powers, and of that original intention, which should be undividedly given to the object to be represented. These obstacles, however, appear to have given but little interruption to Mr. Hamilton's practise, whose first pictures in oil had all that depth and clearness, which in ordinary cases would have presupposed previous and long practice; but this facile appropriation of the agency of a new materiel may, to a certain extent, be accounted for, by his long study of the best works of the ancient masters; his powers as a draftsman, and

above all, his great intimacy with nature ; which removed many of the impediments so very formidable to the tyro. Be it as it might, he soon triumphed over all difficulties.

His works were characterised by great strength of effect, particularly the head,—perfect truth of outline,—and an intelligent facility of pencil. The expression of the features most agreeable, and although making no idle display of his knowledge, he was anatomically correct in every part of the face. The hands, too, were admirably drawn,—and the drapery, both as regarded the general form, and characteristic foldings, given with a just feeling of the forms beneath. Yet as a whole, many of his pictures wanted that breadth of effect, which so delights us in the works of Reynolds and Rembrandt.

His male portraits were painted with great vigour, particularly when the sitter was advanced in years, and when, as in the case of judges, or high official personages, he had the judicial or legislative robes, which so pictorially compose, and yield such ample fold for the pencil. We have a perfect recollection of his fine portraits of Lord Kilwarden—Judge Downes, afterwards Lord Downes—Sir Michael Smith, Master of the Rolls—Judge Finucane—Judge Chamberlain—Chief Baron Yelverton—Earl of Moira, afterwards Marquis of Hastings—The Right Hon. David La Touche—Professor Higgins, &c. These were amongst the number of his best works, and with the exception of the last picture, which was a three quarter, the rest were mostly large whole lengths.

In female portraits he was eminently successful ; there was a graceful, lady-like air about them, which at once caught and rivetted attention—there was no mistaking the thorough gentlewoman coming from the pencil of Hamilton ; and when, as in the evening of life, benevolence and quiet are ascendant in the character, he portrayed it with a felicitous skill, which shewed him to be a close and an amiable observer of the purest qualities of mind. This is very delightfully expressed in the whole length portrait of Mrs. La Touche, the lady of the Right Hon. David La Touche, now in the collection of Lucan house.

His portraits of children were very beautiful, and exceedingly simple ; he expressed with great truth, that chubby tottering motion which indicates the immaturity of infantine strength, rather than any positive weakness ; and then in the more advanced periods of youth, he gave that playful archness and grace so captivating in the child. He seemed to have loved that practise of his art.

But it was in that class of portraits denominated historic, that the high qualities of his mind were evidenced. You saw clearly in these, that the bent of his genius was for historical painting ; for although few painters gave with more fidelity the minuter details of the face, when painting the individual ; yet, when expressing, through the general agency of the human countenance, the deep and powerful workings of passion and of soul, he rose with his subject—and like the long chained

eagle when freed, shewed that the wing had not lost its impulse for flight, nor its power of sustentation.

Amongst the number of pictures of this class which he painted, there are three to which we particularly desire to draw attention. The first is—Lady Frances Beresford, as the widowed mourner at the shrine of her husband; the second, Colonel St. George, at the tomb of his wife; and the third, Arthur O'Connor, at that time a prominent declaimer on popular rights, in the act of addressing his countrymen.

The two first pictures pourtray the workings of the heart, when weighed down by its own afflictions; the last exhibits its aspirations after liberty, when it believes itself deprived of those rights, to a constitutional participation of which it would assert its claims. The first sues for our softer sympathies; the last appeals to our sterner sense of justice. The one is a domestic pulsation; the other a national one. By the first we are always made better; by the later, we are sometimes made worse. In the one, we trace that hand which chasteneth by its corrections; in the other, we hear but that voice which too often drowns all admonitions of truth, in the thunders of complaint.

The picture of Lady Frances, as an abstract expression of grief, was conducted with consummate skill. There was a solemn, but not gloomy, air pervading it, which at once linked the feelings of the spectator with those of the mourning sufferer. Her ladyship was seated close to the sarcophagus, containing the remains of him whom she so tenderly loved; she leaned over her lost treasure, and seemed in direct mental communication with another world. The countenance was one of calm, religious resignation; yet the tremor of the lip, and the slight elevation of the pointed brow, gave notice of a passing struggle within, and shewed that “busy meddling memory, in barbarous succession, had mustered up the soft endearments of each happier hour.” It was a work of deep and of wholesome feeling, enlisting all our finer sympathies, and demonstrating most instructively the eloquence of genuine art.

Colonel St. George stood in front of his wife's tomb. His dress that of cavalry officer; his helmet lay on the ground. He appeared fatigued, as though he had come a long distance to make this visit of the heart. He leaned his arm on the cornice of the tomb, with head upraised, and eye steadily looking upwards—the very picture of sadness; of that grief, which although it rejects not comfort, yet cannot be consoled. He looks like the last man, the grief-worn survivor, the solitary sojourner through the desert of life. The tone of the picture, cold almost to chilliness; the monument, simple and unadorned; the accompaniments, a few cypress trees. The place has a lonely air; and, when we think of the worth that lies there interred, we cannot estimate the picture otherwise than as a most impressive, admonitory lesson, upon the instability of all earthly enjoyments. No mind but that of the highest order could produce such a work. It stamps Hamilton the painter of the heart.

The last picture is that of O'Connor addressing a public assembly. He

stands firmly erect, with arm raised and stretched forth, as though he had just uttered a sentence of stimulating excitement. His countenance seems the seat of sanguine anticipations. His robe is the Roman toga, and the whole air of the man is that of Brutus. Hamilton judiciously attempts no present action for the orator, but has expressed that momentary pause which presupposes a bygone one. It is historical, in the best acceptance of the term, and, although said to have been a most faithful likeness of the individual, yet it possessed all those generalised forms which represent a class; it was a most able production.

It might easily be supposed that a painter, whose every hour was profitably occupied with his sitters, could find little time, or, perhaps, feel less disposition, to turn to the more laborious, and certainly the less requited, walk of historic painting; but the truth is, where the talent or the power is, it will exercise itself at all risk; genius is neither mercenary nor sluggish.

With Hamilton this was strikingly so, for even at a very advanced period of life, when ease and rest might fairly have been sought, every moment that he could snatch from his daily occupations were given to studies in the higher path of his art, or to his other favourite pursuit, chemistry. But it is the characteristic feature of cultivated original powers, like the soul which they inhabit, to triumph over the clay that surrounds them; shining out at no period with a purer or a steadier lustre than in the calm evening of life. This triumph of mind over matter, beautifully denotes its origin and its destination.

The last historic works of his which we recollect, were two pictures of the loves of Cupid and Psyche, and a colossal head of Medusa; but as of the first two pictures one only was finished, we shall confine ourselves to that one, and to the Medusa.

Our classical readers need not be reminded that, although there was but one Psyche, there were supposed to have been pluralities of Cupids. Psyche, as the Greek name denotes, was emblematic of the soul. Anteros was the name given to Cupid, the child of Mars and Venus; his darts were leaden, and his excitements sensual. Eros was Cupid, the son of Jupiter and Venus; his darts were golden, and his inspirations were affection and pure love; from which it will appear that, in their mythology, the heathens arrived at as pure and as high a morality as man, unassisted by Divine revelation, could reach. In the history of this omnipotent little deity, it is strongly marked; for the various and conflicting characters impressed upon him by the poets, have each a direct reference to his imputed parentage; which, when properly understood, means the different orders and classes of feelings in which our desires originate. It is, therefore, quite clear that the moral aim of mythology should be kept steadily in view by the painter who would truly illustrate its pages; and that something more is, therefore, required at his hands, when he would paint Cupid, than a mere chubby hero with wings. Hamilton felt this strongly, and expressed it with a chastened simplicity.

The picture was a very large half-length ; the height of the figures about four feet. Cupid stood leaning against a bank, profusely overspread with flowers. He held Psyche in his hand, and was timidly drawing her over to himself, whilst, with head depressed, and cheek innocently suffused, she gently advances. Her wings were those of the butterfly, and seemed as if floating amidst the zephyrs. The grace and beauty of her figure fully justified the entranced admiration with which her young lover regarded her ! It was unsullied purity, when first it saw the object of its heart. It was love, pure and undefiled ! Angels need not have turned away from beholding it ! This is art, worthy of all honour, and the nation which cherisheth it not, can, at best, be rated but as semi-barbarous.

The Boy Cupid was represented as about twelve years old ; his figure had all that grace and beauty, which the as yet imperfect developement of form could possess. Psyche, too, was the perfection of young female beauty. They were both of that beau ideal with which human feeling can sincerely sympathise, yet feel the almost immeasurable distance at which it views the object, Intimacy, but not familiarity, can ever be the result : it is the very deference of true admiration !

The "Head of Medusa" was very fine. It had that air of Grecian beauty, which is conventionally the centre around which admiration generally revolves. The model was a young and beautiful girl, who just then appeared in Dublin. She is still to be seen in the streets, but so sad, so changed, so unhappy, as scarcely to be recognized as the same being ! appearing as if the tenour of her life had drawn down upon her displeasure more heavy, and disgrace more annihilating, than that which Minerva visited upon the Medusa of old, and differing too in this respect, that she is herself the cold, the petrified creature of sorrow, and of shame !

In the management of colossal forms, there are difficulties which don't at first appear to the common observer. It is supposed that you have only to enlarge the object, by enlarging the parts, and that thereby you obtain the true colossal proportions, with all their imposing effects. It is very true that such is the mode of proceeding ; but it is equally true that that very enlargement is often destructive of the end to be obtained, as for instance, in the case of female beauty, which by common consent does not occupy very extended space. Such enlargement, therefore, puts beauty to flight ; for we can have no idea of a woman being, in the ordinary acceptation of the term, handsome, or beautiful, who is ten feet high. She exceeds the limits of all our admiration.

It is very true that some of the finest impressions of form and of beauty have come down to us from the great masters, through the agency of colossal works. But it must not be forgotten that those very works were placed in domes and high places, and reached us but as the ordinary size of life ; their increased dimensions were therefore only given, in order that they should make the intended impression at a given distance.

But when, as in the present case, the picture is to be viewed closely, perhaps in a small apartment, then the difficulties of which we speak are great indeed, particularly when beauty is to be at all expressed.

If sublimity or grandeur were to be impressed, and terror, or even fear, were to be excited, then colossal size would have its proper effect. This may be familiarly understood by the child, or very often by the adult also, who in most instances on first looking into a magnifying mirror, instantly recoils from the enlarged image, as if terror-struck by its giant-like dimensions.

Hamilton conquered this difficulty most skilfully, by a just understanding of his subject. He did not make beauty the ascendant quality of his picture, although he judiciously retained enough of its attractions to interest the beholder. The expression which he so ably imparted to it was that of surprise, or wonderment, as if she could not account for the cold looks with which she then, for the first time, saw herself regarded; seeming wholly unconscious of the transformation of those ringlets, which until then had led admiration captive. It was as yet an immatured discovery, which although not quite painful, was tremulously astounding. It was expressed with a discriminating judgment, worthy of any school or age, and proved our honoured and lamented countryman to be, in the enlarged comprehensive sense, a painter.

Any person at all acquainted with the practice of art, will at once feel the almost insurmountable obstacles that oppose themselves to the portrait painter, when he turns to the high, epic walk of mythology. In the paths of historical painting, regarding the term as exclusively applied to ancient and modern history, he has fewer difficulties to conquer, because the personages through whose agencies he tells his story are human beings, acted upon by human passions, and differing from the people who surround him only in those national traits of character, or that influence of climate, or of costume, which travel, or the study of books, will have enabled him thoroughly to comprehend; add to this, that his professional practice, and long intimacy with the human countenance, may almost be said to have fitted him for the attempt. But when he would ascend the heaven of invention, and pourtray the deities that inhabit it, he quits the *terra firma* of all his previous experience, and must then move amongst those elements, and breathe that ethereal air, too fine for ordinary humanity. All that is earthly in thought, and in conception, must be refined; the imagination must be regenerated, and, in the professional sense, he must put on the new man. This is no easy task, and can never be effectually accomplished if there exist not vast talent, purity of mind, and of invention, which the chill of ordinary pursuit is so likely to benumb.

But Hamilton was a man of great inventive faculty, elevated in all his views of art, and strictly original in all his compositions. He scorned to appropriate the thoughts of others, an act which, morally, no man can justify, and which, professionally, no man should commit. He dealt

fairly by both the public and the profession, and the result was, that he honourably secured to himself their deference and respect.

In the retirement of private life, he was most estimable,—ardent, and steady in all his attachments. His manners were those of the perfect gentleman; full of information, entertaining an affectionate regard for the talented members of his profession, and always willing to make the most unreserved communication of his knowledge and practice to all who sought it. He lived to an advanced period of life, nearly eighty years. He died at his house in Lower Mount-street, about the year 1809, honoured for his talents, and beloved for his personal worth. He was survived by his daughter, who, a few years after her father's death, married Captain Way, and, if now living, resides in Bath.

M.

TRANSACTIONS OF THE ARCHÆOLOGICAL SOCIETY.

WE believe we are not mistaken in saying that the plan for an Archæological Society for Ireland was matured in Dublin, not much more than twelve months ago, nor in asserting that the Rev. Dr. James H. Todd, a junior fellow of Trinity College, Dublin, was one of the most efficient instruments in its organization. This prospectus bears the date of "MDCCCXLI," and must have issued very early in the year. The following extract will exhibit clearly the motive and spirit of the undertaking:

"It is now popularly known that the most abundant and curious materials of Irish History, although inaccessible to the ordinary student or the historian, are preserved in our public and private libraries: the Libraries of Trinity College, and of the Royal Irish Academy, Dublin; the Bodleian Library, Oxford; the British Museum; and the private collection of His Grace the Duke of Buckingham, are particularly rich in the remains of ancient Irish Literature. Doubts were formerly entertained as to the real value of Irish Manuscripts; but the *Rerum Hibernicarum Scriptores* of Dr. O'Connor, printed by the munificence of the late Duke of Buckingham; the Ordnance Memoir of Londonderry, published under the superintendence of Colonel Colby and Captain Larcom, in 1837, in which such important use is made of our ancient Irish literature; and Mr. Petrie's papers in the Transactions of the Royal Irish Academy, have tended greatly to undermine AN IGNORANT PREJUDICE (for it deserves no softer name) that has long deprived the learned world of the means of research in a mine of history, more curious, perhaps, than any that has ever yet been worked.

The present time, therefore, seems peculiarly favourable for an attempt which has for its object to rescue from oblivion these interesting records of ancient Irish History; and, accordingly, the IRISH ARCHÆOLOGICAL SOCIETY has been founded for the purpose of collecting and printing, for the use of its Members, rare or unpublished Works or Documents illustrative of the History, Literature, and Antiquities of Ireland. Especial attention will be directed to Works still extant in the Irish Language, and the best scholars will be employed to edit them with translations, and such illustrative notes as may tend to render them more intelligible and useful. But it is not intended to confine the publications of the Society to Works of this description; English and Latin Documents will be equally admissible.

The mechanism of the Society may be thus described. The sum of four pounds is the entrance fee and first annual subscription, which, for the past year, became due on the 1st of January, 1841; the subscription for each subsequent year, is one pound in advance. Life members pay thirteen pounds. The affairs are under the management of a president and council of twelve members, to be elected annually by the Society. Up to a given date all subscribers were members, without ballot. Afterwards the admission is by the council.

Every subscriber is entitled to receive one copy of each publication of the Society issued subsequently to his admission; and the books printed by the Society are not to be sold to the public. The members are invited to suggest to the council, for publication, such rare books or manuscripts as they may be acquainted with, which come within the objects of the Society; and any member who gratuitously edits any book approved of by the council, is entitled, for his own use, to twenty copies of that book, when published.

The Society started with four life members, and one hundred and sixty-one annual subscribers. It was at first proposed to limit the number of members to three hundred; but it very soon became necessary to extend the limit to five hundred. Dr. Todd was appointed secretary of the Society, and local secretaries were appointed in Cork, Belfast, Edinburgh, and Glasgow.

The first annual meeting was held on the 3d of May, 1841, when the secretary read a report from the provisional council. Notwithstanding the very encouraging support that the Society had received, the council had to lament that efforts were still to be recommended to induce a large proportion of "the gentry of Ireland" to join the Society.

The following interesting extract from the report, shows the exertions with which the operations of the Society commenced:—

"The first step taken by the Provisional Council, with a view to the future operations of the Society, was to put into the hands of Mr. O'Donovan and Mr. Curry, two scholars pre-eminently qualified for the task, the celebrated Glossary of Cormac Mac Cuillionan, King of Munster and Bishop of Cashel, who flourished at the end of the ninth century, and was killed in battle, A. D., 908. This curious repertory of ancient Irish is of incalculable value to all students of the obsolete part of the language, and will be indispensable hereafter to ourselves, if our Society should so far prosper as to be able to undertake the publication of our Brehon laws, and other difficult remains of the ancient literature of Ireland.

"Through the kindness of Mr. George Smith, a very ancient manuscript of Cormac's Glossary was placed at the disposal of the Council, and another very valuable MS. for the use of which the Society is indebted to Mr. Petrie, has been adopted as the basis upon which the text of the work has been formed, by a careful collation with the MSS. deposited in the Libraries of the University, and of the Royal Irish Academy. This collation has been already completed by Mr. O'Donovan, assisted by Mr. Curry, and from the text thus formed Mr. O'Donovan is at present engaged in preparing a translation and illustrative notes. Mr. Curry has also undertaken to examine other ancient glossaries, preserved in the University Library, by whose aid he has been enabled to throw much light on the obscurities of the original; and the Council have

every reason to hope that the continuance of his labours will be crowned with still greater success. They would, therefore, strongly recommend it to their successors not to be in too great haste to publish this work, but to keep it by them in Mr. O'Donovan's hands, until it receives such accessions, from a full examination of all the other sources of information on the subject, which are or may be placed within his reach, as will render it as nearly complete as the nature of the case will admit.

"In the mean time, the Council have made provision to satisfy the literary cravings of the Society, and it is hoped that a volume of miscellaneous tracts will be ready for distribution among the Members, in about six weeks from the present time. This volume will contain three very curious and interesting tracts, the first of which, to be edited by Mr. O'Donovan, is an Irish poem, written in the year 942, describing a journey undertaken by Muircheartach, Prince of Aileach, for the purpose of taking hostages from the native chiefs, who were most likely to oppose his accession to the throne of Tara, of which he was then the heir apparent. This poem will be published in the original, accompanied by a translation and notes, in which a mass of information, historical and topographical, the greater part of which was never before published, has been brought together in a manner highly creditable to Mr. O'Donovan's industry and learning. It will also be accompanied by a Map of Ireland, in which the names of the districts and places mentioned in the poem are given, and which may, therefore, be considered as a very correct representation of the geographical state of this country in the middle of the tenth century.

"The second tract in the volume will be edited by Dr. Aquilla Smith; it is a reprint of a very scarce tract, printed in London in the reign of Elizabeth, and is a description of Ireland by an English settler named Payne, who had obtained ground in the County of Cork, and who wrote evidently with a view to attract others of his countrymen to embark their capital in a similar speculation. For the use of this very rare tract the thanks of the Society are again due to Mr. George Smith.

"The third tract is an account of the war of King James the Second, in Ireland, written by Colonel Charles O'Kelly, one of the commanders in the army of that prince, and a very accomplished scholar. The tract will be edited by Mr. Petrie, from a MS. which has recently been added to the collection of Trinity College.

So early as the 1st of August, the members were presented with a beautifully printed small quarto, neatly bound in cloth, and entitled "Tracts relating to Ireland, printed for the Irish Archæological Society," from the University press of Graisberry and Gill, Dublin. On the title-page is a neatly executed head of Sir James Ware, taken from the engraving by Vertue, which the Council ushered in with the following tribute to his memory:—

"An antiquary, to whom more, perhaps, than to any other individual, if we except only the illustrious Primate Ussher, Irish literature and Irish history is indebted, not only for the information which is published to the world in his writings, but for the still more valuable service of having been the means of preserving, in an age in which such sources of learning were but little valued, the precious remains of our ancient chronicles, and laws, and poetry. In his writings, too, as well as in those of Ussher, we have an eminent example of a calm and unprejudiced use of these fountains of history, in the true spirit of real learning, not distorted by any party bias, and influenced, as purely as can be expected, perhaps, from the weakness of our nature, by a sincere and manifest love of truth."

On the reverse of the title, the name of the member to whom the copy is presented appears in *red* type, thus,—“This copy was printed for ——— Esq. an original member.”

This publication, to the great regret of many of the members, appeared without the *third* of the tracts, which the Council had pledged themselves to publish, with the following rather lame excuse for the omission :—

“ The Council having discovered that the third tract, which was intended for the present volume, had been previously announced by the Camden Society, have resolved upon withholding it for the present, reserving for future consideration, whether it may be desirable to resume the publication.”

It is really *too bad*, that a matter relating to so interesting a part of our history, should be thus dealt with. What ‘the Camden Society’ may do in Britain, is by no means so accessible to Irish readers and subscribers of one pound a year in Dublin ; but, beyond that, why should we be deprived of the illustrations of an editor so eminently qualified and thoroughly national as George Petrie is ; or why even *postponed* in the enjoyment of the fruits of his labours, just then ripe for gathering ? Will the Council *pledge* themselves that this is only a postponement,—not a *sine die*,—not a sham ?

Having said so much as to what we have *not* got, now to what we *have*.

L.—The Circuit of Ireland, by *Ḥuip̃ceap̃taç Ḥac Ḥall*, A. D. 942. Edited by John O’Donovan.

This is a poem now translated and printed for the first time. The authority of the MS. from which it is taken is demonstrated in the “ Introductory remarks,” so as to place the matter beyond cavil. It was written by *Ḥop̃macan*, surnamed *eḷgeap̃*, (poet, or learned man) *Ḥac*, (or the son of) *Ḥaoḷb̃p̃ḷḡde*. In the heading of the poem he is called *an t-aḷp̃b̃-ḡle*, the chief bard. He was the friend and follower of his prince upon the expedition round Ireland, which is the subject of the present piece. The name of this prince in its English corruptions, in surnames and Christian names, is run through,—Murkertagh,—Morier-tagh,—Moriarty,—Murtoagh ; and, (as the editor says, with a sly “ side-wipe,” we suppose at the Reverend, well-known O’Mulligan O’Sullivan,) “ *even* Mortimer.” He, the prince,—not Mortimer,—was king of *Ḥleac̃*, a district West of *Ḥoc̃ Ḥeabul*, (corruptly Lough Foyle) and as such, was entitled to the tributes of all Ulster, (with the exception of a few “ free territories,”) and was next heir to the throne of Ireland, after *Doḡcað*, the then reigning monarch. The object of the expedition was, by a bold movement, to facilitate his accession to the throne, by impressing the conviction, that he was the most powerful as well as the most legitimate expectant. It was undertaken with an army of one thousand choice men, in the depth of winter, when his opponents might least expect it. Afterwards, this prince received the appellation “ of the Leather Cloaks,”—from his having provided his soldiers with leathern coverings,—a precaution to which the success of the expedition seems in some measure to have been attributable.

The translation is rigidly literal, and the Society deserves thanks for

thus giving to us,—whether initiated or uninitiated,—the documents exactly as they exist.

The following observations on the metre of the poem are interesting :—

“ In Irish rhyme, the correspondence in the termination of verses is often, apparently, in the *vowels* only; thus, in the first two stanzas of the following poem there is a rhyme between the words $\eta\Delta\eta$ and $\tau\Delta\eta$,— $\eta\Delta\eta$ and $\mu\Delta\eta$,— $u\eta$ and $bu\eta$. But the Irish scholar will perceive that a certain classification of *consonants* is also necessary, without which the correspondence would be imperfect.

“ The following are the principal requisites in this kind of verse. 1.—That every line shall contain seven syllables. 2.—That every stanza or quatrain shall make perfect sense by itself, without any dependance on the following or preceding one. 3.—That in *every* line two principal words, either a noun or verb, must begin with a *vowel*, or with a *consonant*; as in the first line $\mathfrak{M}\eta\eta$ and $\eta\Delta\eta$ both begin with η . 4.—That there must be a kind of vowel rhyme, and a certain correspondence of consonants of the same class, at the end of each line, as before mentioned. 5.—That no word shall occur twice in the same line, except in a different sense; or unless it be a particle like the English *of, in, the, to, our, his, &c.* which latter words are never considered sufficient to form alliteration.”

The introductory remarks include observations on the chronology of the events recorded, which form a perfect model in the art of verifying dates; and they leave nothing unsaid or unquoted which can in any way illustrate the subject. The Editor thanks Dr. Todd, George Petrie, and Eugene Curry, for their assistance; and we cannot proceed without adding him to the number of those to whom all are deeply indebted.

It is interesting, in many points of view, to trace the progress of the expedition, and we are tempted to sketch it, even at the hazard of extending our notice beyond its intended limit.

Departing from $\mathfrak{U}\eta\epsilon\epsilon$, the expedition appears to have gone along the southern part of $\mathfrak{L}\eta\epsilon\epsilon$, a territory in the present county of Derry, in latter ages known as the O’Cahan country (of which we speak elsewhere); crossing the river, the Bann, ($\mathfrak{b}\eta\eta$) they passed a night at $\mathfrak{U}\eta\epsilon\epsilon$ $\mathfrak{L}\eta\epsilon\epsilon$, or “the Fair of Crosses,” a place in the present county of Antrim the exact situation of which has not yet been identified; they were well pleased with it, for the poet calls it “that land of promise,” and exclaims, “not more delightful to be in paradise.” Coming on towards $\mathfrak{U}\eta\epsilon\epsilon$ (the plain of) $\eta\eta$, a beautiful and fertile plain extending from Lough Neagh ($\mathfrak{l}\epsilon\epsilon$ η $\mathfrak{L}\eta\epsilon\epsilon$) to near Carrickfergus, they passed another night at what is called, in English jargon, Dunaghy; the true name of which is given, $\mathfrak{d}\eta\eta$ (the fort of) $\mathfrak{L}\eta\epsilon\epsilon$. From each of these places (as from most of those they visited,) they brought hostages; from the latter they carried $\mathfrak{K}\eta\eta$ (the King of) $\mathfrak{U}\eta\epsilon\epsilon$; (in latin called *Ulidia* or *Ultonia*;) Ulster, which, at the time to which this poem relates, comprised the present counties of Antrim and Down only. Descending by $\mathfrak{U}\eta\epsilon\epsilon$ $\mathfrak{L}\eta\epsilon\epsilon$, (the plain of forts) now corruptly called “*Moir*,” in the

county of Down, and by *Λαραν Εἰρε*, or the river Lagan, and thence by *Γλεαν Ἰῆε*, the vale of the Newry river, between Down and Armagh, they crossed the Boyne (*Βοῖν*) at *Ἐτ* (the ford of) *Γαβλα*, "near Knowth, in the present county of Meath." They then traversed *βρεαζ-ῖμας*, (in latin *Bregia*, or *campus speciosus*,) the great plain of Meath; and *ἠλας ἡ-Ἐάλτα*, "the plain between Dublin and Howth." Thus they arrived at "fair Dublin," or *Ἐτ Ἐλῖατ*, (the ford of hurdles) where they encountered the *Γαῖλλ*, (strangers) or Danes, in their "strong fortress;" and, after some gallant adventures, obtained a plentiful supply of provisions, and a hostage, *Σιτρῖν*. The poet himself had assigned to him the custody of this noble and wealthy prisoner; and he relates with pride, that

"There was not put upon him a manacle,
Nor polished tight fetter."

They then turned to the S. W.; and as they came to a valley in the county of Wicklow, called *γλεαν ῖμας*, (the glen of the gap or pass through the mountains,) a bold conspiracy was formed against them by the *Ἐλῖν*, (vulgarly called Lagenians) or men of Leinster proper, assisted by the *λλ-Ἐεῖνρεαλαῖς* (*vulgo*—O'Kinshellagh's), in the words of the translator, the "comely race of Kennsealach," from the coasts of Wexford:—he says,

"They durst not approach us,
When the bright day came."

They passed a night at the fort of *λῖαννα*, (Anglicised "Dunlavan,") and came to *Ἐλλῖν*, another fort, where they crossed the river Liffey, (*λῖφε*) five miles east of Kildare. They went on through *βελατ ἠλῖνα*, and crossed the Barrow, (*Βεαρβα*) about Old Leighlin, (*λεῖτῖλῖν*) whence they proceeded by the "noisy *βελατ Γαβραν*, (corruptly, "Gowran") in the county of Kilkenny; and crossing the Nore, (*αν ῖεοῖν*) were hospitably entertained in *Ἰρριῖε*, (Ossory) the country lying in the rectangle between the Barrow and the river Suir (*Σιῖρ*). They then went Westwards, and entered Tipperary by the plain called *ἠλας Ἐλῖν*, halting first at the wells of *βριόταν*, (corrupted in English into Tubbridbritain) and afterwards at *Ἐλῖν δοῖρε ἠῖοῖν*. This, we believe, means "the flat of the great confine," (as it were the border country) being in Munster in the territory of Ely* (*Ἐῖλε*) not far from Roscrea; *in confinio Mumuniensium et Lageniensium* [the modern name is "Kilcolman," from a monastery built there by Colman].—*Colgan, Acta SS. ad xi. Mart. p. 591.* They next turned Southwards to *Ἐλῖρῖν*, ("Cashel") where the troops of *Ἐαλλατῖν*, King of *ἠμῖν*, ("Munster") opposed them.

* Or Ely O'Carroll.

“ There were arrayed three battalions, brave,
 Impetuous, red, tremendous ;
 So that each party confronted the other
 In the centre of the great plain.”

But “ the just” southern prince, to avert the bloody contest of battle, surrendered himself as a hostage. It is recorded that the northern, meantime, was “ playing his chess.” They went further south as far as the plain called *Ḡlaḡ Seimḡn*, approaching close to the Suir, where tribute was cheerfully brought them by the *Deire*, (“ Desies”) “ good men of Munster,” whose country lay south of the Suir also. Thence they again set out westwards, and arrived at the plain of *Ḡ’ 3-Ḡaippne*, which the translator, following the bad precedent of some barbarous English writers, spells *Hy-Cairbre*, whereas there is no such letter as “ y” in the Irish, nor is there any “ h” in any way of spelling the original.

They now turned northwards, or, as the poet expresses it, towards *leac Cuḡn*, alluding to the celebrated division of Ireland into two, between *Ḡon* of the hundred battles, and *Ḡloḡ*, in the second century. They were a night at *Ḡuimneac*, Limerick, “ of the azure stream,” and crossed the *Sḡonḡn*, Shannon, at *Ḡill da lua*, “ Killaloe,” or the church of St. Luanus, which is called “ barren ;” another night at *Ḡean-ḡonḡn*, (*vulgò*, Kincora) which is called “ strong.” The ancient passage of the road at *Ḡneacḡalac* (now “ Cratlagh”) astonished him, it seems by the steepness of the hill ; upon this they must have come by making a turn southwards along the right bank of the Shannon. Hence again northwards to *Ḡlaḡ Ḡḡan*, the place “ in the townland of Toonagh, parish of Cloney, and barony of Upper Tulla,” where is the mound (on the margin of a stream called *Ḡḡan Ḡḡḡn*, where the O’Briens, or Dalcassian princes, were “ inaugurated.” They were a night at *loc Ḡlac*, “ Loughrea ;” and passing on the east of Lough-Corrib, (*loc Ḡḡḡren*) spent one night at *Ḡeacḡ Seola*, the conspicuous hill by the lake near Castlehackett, and another night at *Ḡc mac Ḡḡḡ*, now *Ḡc Ḡḡn*, of which “ Headford” is an attempted translation. Here the Kings of *Ḡonḡacḡ*, “ Connaught,” awaited them with silver and gold ; and *Ḡonḡoban* (the ancestor of the O’Conor Don) the chief of those kings, went as a hostage “ without a bright fetter.” Leaving Lough Masc (*loc Ḡeacḡca*) to their left, they crossed the Suck (*Suca*) at *Ḡlaḡ Ḡḡ*, the great plain in Roscommon, sometimes called “ the plain of Connaught.” It is not certain whether they did or did not re-cross the Shannon into Westmeath, though we think *Ḡac Ḡuaḡne*, must mean “ Rathwire” in that county, nor do we see how exactly they now proceeded ; but we soon find them crossing the river of Lough Erne, (*loc Ḡḡḡne*) at *Ḡc Seḡḡḡḡ*, the ford of *Seḡḡac*, (a man’s name,) now most corruptly called “ Ballyshannon,” which is truly derived from *béal-acḡ-Seḡḡḡḡ*, the mouth of the ford. They passed through the remarkable gap in the mountain, on the road leading

from Donegal to Stranorlar, which the poet calls "the everlasting beannur," (gap) and says, "it was delightful to our army." They were now near home; and the poem closes with the "noise of rejoicing, with glory," and the welcome from his Queen, the lovely, modest-faced, black-haired Dubdaine, who anxiously awaited the return of her husband, the future monarch of all Banba, as the bardic writers anciently called Ireland.

The following beautiful benediction on Sadb (Lat. *Sabia*, Eng. "Sarah,") the daughter of Leallac (*vulgo* Kelly) king of Ossory, (she is supposed to have been the queen's mother,) may give some idea of the spirit of the original:

"Sadb of bealac Gabran—of the glens—
Has surpassed the women of Erin,
In chastity, in wisdom, in purity,
In giving, in bestowing;
The blessing of every man with a tongue
On the good, great daughter of Leallac;
And the blessing of the pure and glorious Christ
On the daughter of the king of Ossory."

II.—"A Brief Description of Ireland, 1590. Edited by Aquilla Smith, M.D., M.R.I.A."

This tract, by an Englishman named Robert Payne, who had settled himself in the south of Ireland, was written for the purpose of refuting the false reports spread by others, men who, he says, by bad dealings had "wrought a generall discredit to all Englishmen, in that countrie, which are to the Irishe vnknownen." His opinion of these adventuring tale-bearers, and of the country they belied, he thus tartly and briefly states at the outset:—

"These men will say there is great danger in travelling the countrie, and much more to dwell or inhabite there: yet are they freed from three of the greatest dangers: first, they cannot meete in all that land any worse than themselves: secondly, they need not fear robbing for that they have not anye thing to loose: lastly, they are not like to runne in debte, for that there is none will trust them. The greatest matter which troubleth them is, they cannot get anye thing there but by honest trauell, which they are altogether ignorant of. These men cannot tell what good fruites England hath, the which Ireland wanteth; neyther can they iustly saye, but that it lieth *better* for the vent of all commodities then England doeth."

The circumstances under which the author wrote thus to his countrymen were as follows:—

The particular object of the government of the day happened to be, to people, or "plant" Munster *with English settlers*; and letters were written to every county in England to encourage *younger brothers* to become "undertakers" in Ireland—a name applied because they were bound to "undertake" to observe certain conditions. The plan, or "plot," as it is sometimes not inappropriately called—the HELL-BORN ABOMINATION, as it ought to be called, was this,—by an act of attainder, 28th Eliz. (1586,) against Gerald Fitzgerald, the last Earl of Desmond and his companions in arms, their lands, and the lands of others, to the amount of 574,628

acres, were declared forfeited. The forfeited lands were to be divided into "Seigniories." Each undertaker for 12,000 acres was required to "plant" eighty-six families upon his Seigniority—

His own family to have	1,600 acres
1 Chief farmer	400 „
2 Good farmers	600 „
2 Other farmers	400 „
14 Freeholders, each 300 acres	4,200 „
40 Copyholders, each 100 acres	4,000 „
26 Cottagers and labourers	800 „
<hr/>			<hr/>
86			12,000 acres.

And so proportionately for smaller Seigniories. Every inducement to settle in Ireland, that could be thought of, was held out, and stipulated for in the grant. *No Irish were to be permitted to reside on the lands.*

One should be anxious to see a little of the early working of this iniquity; and, happily, we have now got a faithworthy witness to depose to it. Let us see in what terms he speaks of the natives, and in what of his own countrymen, on the occasion; and mark the contrast.

He divides the Irish of his day into three classes,—The first, he says, are very civil and honestly given; most of them greatly inclined to husbandry, although as yet unskilful; though, through their great travail, many of them were rich in cattle; some milking one hundred kine, and two hundred or three hundred ewes and goats, and rearing yearly most of their breed; their entertainment for your diet, more welcome and plentiful than cleanly and handsome; for, although they did never see you before, they will make you the best cheer their country yieldeth, for two or three days, and take nothing therefore: bringing up their children to learning—(in a grammar school in Limerick he saw one hundred and sixty scholars, most of them speaking good and perfect English, for that they had to construe Latin and English); keeping their promise faithfully, and more desirous of peace than the English; quick-witted, and of good constitution of body; nothing more pleasing unto them than to hear of good justices placed amongst them; crying, unfeignedly, "defend me, and spend me," meaning "from the oppression of the worser sorte of our countrymen;" obedient to the laws, so that you may travel through all the land without any danger or injury offered of the very worst Irish, and be greatly relieved of the best. The second sort, the *kernes*, were warlike men; but most of them, he says, were slain in the late wars. The third sort, were "a very idle people, not vnlike our English beggars," yet, for the most part, of pure complexion and good constitution of body; and one of the greatest oversights of the better sort was, that they did not make that idle sort give account of their life.

He defends the Irish from an imputation circulated against them, viz.—that they were for joining the Spaniards, (who were then the most formidable of the continental nations, and had so recently made an

attempt on the island,) upon the ground that the Irish were well apprized, by reading, of the monstrous cruelties of the Spaniards in the West Indies, where they most tyrannously had murdered many millions more of those simple creatures than there lived in Ireland, even such as sought their favours by offering unto them all that they had, never resisting nor offering them any harm; and therefore, notwithstanding, they bore them fair weather for their agreement in religious doctrine, yet, knowing their tyranny, they would not affect Spanish government. The Irish, he adds, would gladly have their public mass again; but they would rather continue it in corners, than to hear it openly in fetters and chains as the poor Indians did. Therefore, no foreign invasion for the Irish.

No less worthy of note is his view of the conduct of those "undertakers," as they were called, English fellows "which had Seigniories of her majesty, and had done much hurt in the country, and discouraged many from the voyage." These scoundrels, (whom he calls "*the worser sort*,") in the management of their land, "would not let any term above twenty-one years or three lives;" they demanded a rent, of such an amount then, as he shows was against the meaning of the grant, and ought to have made "all their estates void." This class let to the natives, for they found most profit from the Irish tenants, who gave them *the fourth sheaf of all their corn*, and money payments for each beast's grass, beside divers other Irish accustomed duties. To *the better sort* he gives his meed of praise,—for that they "do seek, by all means possible, to plant their lands with Englishmen according to the meaning of her majesty's grant." In that case the offer was made of either three hundred acres of land, in fee-farm, or four hundred acres, by lease for one hundred years, and the rent was only *half* what "the worser sort" demanded from their *Irish* tenants. Well *he* might praise the system; for, it seems, he had got such a lease for himself, and he was, moreover, resident manager in Ireland for TWENTY-FIVE other Englishmen, his partners, for each of whom, as well as for himself, he had provided four hundred acres of land in the county of Cork. Now—

"Look here,—upon this picture, and on this!"

The Irishman, kind and hospitable, civil and honestly given, hard working, quick-witted and of good constitution of body, bringing up his children to learning, keeping his promise faithfully, pleased to hear of good justices, obedient to the laws, desirous of peace. The English "undertakers," either exterminators or oppressors, greedy either in engrossing or in rack-renting; the most part vagabonds that had nothing to lose, "a list of landless resolute, here and there sharked up"—a discredit to their country—whom no man would trust; idlers, ignorant of honest

* Or, perhaps, less like to Fortinbras's army than to Falstaff's troop of prodigals—"discarded unjust serving men, younger sons to younger brothers, revolted tapsters and ostlers, trade-fallen; the cankers of a calm world and a long peace."

travail—rascals that could not meet any worse than themselves! Yet to these the right of the Irish to their own soil was sacrificed.

The tract is full of curious information as to the soil, products, and institutions of the country at the time; the plenty and cheapness of provisions there, and the healthfulness of the climate: but, as to those things, we must refer our readers to the book itself. The concluding words are these: "There is not that place in Ireland where anye venomous thinge will live. There is neither mol, pye, nor carren crow; there is neither sheepe that dieth on the rot, nor beast on the murraine."

Let us ask our agricultural friends to think on that observation, and to reflect how far the discouragement of the native breeds of the island, and the importation and intermixture of English and other stock, may not have brought about the hapless change we now witness, when there is not a farmer in the country but crieth, "My sheep dieth of the rot, and my beast of the murrain."

The introductory remarks, notes, and general style of the editing of this tract deserve, in their way, no less praise than we have felt bound to bestow on that which precedes it.

Let us now, for a moment, look forwards. The society promises, immediately, two tracts: The Book of Obits of Christ Church, and The Battle of Moira; from ancient MSS. in Trinity College, Dublin.

These are to be soon followed by, 1. Grace's Annals of Ireland, from the same depository; 2. The Glossary of Cormac Mac Cuillionan, King of Munster, and Archbishop of Cashel, killed in battle A.D. 908, being a vast treasury of obsolete Irish words, of the utmost value to philological research and the translation of Irish documents; 3. The Visitation Book of Armagh in 1622; and 4. The Progresses of the Lords Lieutenant in Ireland, also from original MSS. in Trinity College.

Besides these, the council has talked of 1. The Annals of Multi-fernem; 2. The *Registrum Nigrum* of John Alan, J.U.D., Archbishop of Dublin, containing bulls, charters, and documents, illustrating the antiquities and history of the see of Dublin; 3. The Collections of Christopher Carach on the Antiquities of Meath, compiled in the time of Henry VIII.; 4. Archbishop King's Correspondence, 1696 to 1729; from MSS. in Trinity College: and besides these, they have promised an "Irish Historical Miscellany," to contain tracts and books relating to Irish affairs, so small that they cannot conveniently be brought out in a separate form, the first volume of which had, some time since, been placed in the hands of the printer.

We conclude by repeating our earnest wish for the spread of the society and its influence. JUSTICE FOR THE PAST, though not so urgently, is no less essentially necessary than justice for the future, in Ireland. Let all join this society whose object is truth and investigation; and, by the increase of the numbers, leave no excuse to the council longer to withhold from us these rare and precious treasures.

THE GOD AND THE BAYADERE:

AN INDIAN LEGEND.

Der Gott und die Baiadere ;—Indische Legende.

FROM THE GERMAN OF GÖETHE.

I.

Clothed in human form and feature,
Siva, Lord of Earth, has come :
He will feel, as feels his creature,
Joy's delight, and sorrow's gloom.
Human shape he deigns to borrow,
Deigns to dwell in humble cot,
Let his fate be joy or sorrow,
Share he will man's chequered lot.
All day doth he roam, in a wanderer's seeming,
Where misery pines, and where splendour is beaming,
Till night bids him seek for some sheltering spot.

II.

As his footsteps lead him slowly,
Where the city's outskirts lie,
There a maid, with looks unholy,
Smiles on him with laughing eye.
"Maiden, hail!"—"Fair sir, I greet thee;
"Night comes on, love's home is here ;
"Stay, my love, I come to meet thee"—
"Who art thou?"—"A Bayadere."
In mazes around him her small feet are glancing,
While gaily the cymbals keep time to her dancing,
And bright are the roses she flings to her dear.

III.

Then she sings—"Oh, come to me, love ;
"Come, and rest thee in my bower ;
"See the lamp I've lit for thee, love,
"Sacred to this festive hour.
"Art thou with thy toils o'erladen ?
"Come, I'll bathe thy wearied feet ;
"Rest, and peace, and loving maiden,
"Here in all their charms thou'lt meet!"
So blithely she tends him, so fondly caresses,
He sees, with a glance, that, though spoiled by excesses,
Her heart is all honest, and free from deceit.

IV.

As her services she presses,
Fonder, warmer grows her tone :
Wiles unholy, false caresses,
Now give place to love alone :
And, as from the leaf's green bosom
Rosiest gems of summer shoot,
So, let kindness be the blossom,
Love is soon the golden fruit.
Still would the searcher of bosoms discover,
Fond as she seems, will adversity prove her,
Faithful in death and its tortures acute.

V.

Now her blooming cheek he kisses,
 And she feels love's sharpest pains;
 Tears, fair maiden, tell your blisses,
 Bound at last in true love's chains.
 Scorning earth and earthly treasure,
 She the fleetest 'mid the fleet,
 Weary now and faint with pleasure,
 Sinks all helpless at his feet,
 Shadows of night, with your dark wings so dreary,
 To those who with sorrow or sickness are weary,
 How swiftly you roll by, when two lovers meet.

VI.

Then she slumbered, faint with pleasure;
 Late she wakes from rapture's charms,
 But to find her bosom's treasure
 Cold and dead within her arms:
 Vainly now she tries to wake him,
 Vainly calls upon his name;
 Ah, false strangers come to take him
 To the dreary funeral flame.
 She hears the low death-song, the Bramins are singing,
 Her screams in the ears of the people are ringing,
 And wild are her accents as frenzy can frame.

VII.

Down she sinks o'ercome with anguish,
 Wildly shrieking, "Love, I come,
 "For my soul's adored I languish,
 "I will seek him in the tomb.
 "Though upon the bier all lonely,
 "Flames his god-like form devour;
 "He was mine, mine all—mine only,
 "For that last, most blissful hour."
 The Brahmins are singing—"Oh ours is the glory,
 "To bear to the tomb the cold corpse of the hoary,
 "And the young man cut down in his life's early flower."

VIII.

"Bayadere, thy griefs give over,
 "To thy priests pay some regard;
 "He was but a wand'ring lover,
 "And so hast thou thy reward.
 "'Tis the law, by God imparted,
 "That the wife alone can come,
 "Shadow of her Lord departed,
 "With him to the chilly tomb."
 They sing to wild music, her agony scorning,
 "Oh, Indra, receive the young flower of the morning,
 "New born from the flames, to your own starry home."

IX.

Fresher bleed her bosom's gashes,
 Ope'd by that unpitying choir;
 And with outstretched arms she dashes
 On the fast devouring fire.
 Then, resuming all his powers,
 From the pile the Boy God springs;
 And to everlasting bowers,
 Heav'nward bears her on his wings.
 Blest fruits of repentance—the offering most splendid
 E'er offered by man to the Godhead offended—
 Is that which the lost one, by penitence brings.

THE NATIVE MUSIC OF IRELAND.

MDCCCXLII.

READER ! before we proceed to open to you our budget for the year 1842, we think it fitting that we should address to you a few words, both retrospectively and prospectively. We venture to say that there is no pulpit sermon which you have heard in the week just past, or which you may hear in the week just to come, in which the reverend preacher has not striven to impress upon you the importance of this double operation, retrospection and prospection. The lawyers, who always love a bit of Latin, call it a view *a parte ante et a parte post*. To the soldier it is, an eye front and rere. To the physician——but, let us proceed to business.

We must, in the first place, premise, that this our present editorial “we” is the precise same identical *ipissimi* “we,” which (or, if you like, *who*), figured in the musical department of *The Citizen* for 1841. The magazine may change its shape, size, thickness, colour, or any other of what John Locke would call its secondary qualities—printing types may be substituted for punched pewter music plates—the publication may be dichotomized—the very name of the thing may alter—

Seasons may flee,
But our true we
Burns the same wherever it goes.

In *The Citizen* for 1841 we have already presented you with upwards of forty Irish airs, the greater part of them never before published. We expect, in the year which we now are entering upon, not to fall short of that achievement ; for, in the mean time, we have increased our store by more than treble the number of native tunes which we have hitherto published, most of them, alas ! but too little known.

In the past year we considered the public but as babes, or, at best, as sucklings, in Irish literature ; and, accordingly, after each Hiberno-Celtic word or phrase we wrote the thing over again in *Anglo-Italic* characters. That wont do any longer. It would be nonsense to act thus with Greek or German : we should be laughed at if we did. Why ? Because people are not used to it. Some are so lazy, that if it were always done for them with Greek, German, or Irish, they never would learn the Greek, German, or Irish letters. We did not wish to take anybody by surprise : we have, therefore, given a year for opportunity. But that species of iteration can't go on for ever : it is a useless, as well as a double trouble. It is worse than useless ; it is mischievous : for the English character represents Irish words so badly, so clumsily, that ignorant people suppose from it that the Irish

we not say that Ulster is entitled to the merit of its existence ? The district called " O'Cahan's country was the extensive tract lying between Lough Foyle and the River Bann, in the extreme North of Ireland."

Of *Ḃuðraíðe ðall*, Bunting says, (*Ancient Music of Ireland*, p. 68,) that he " may be taken as the first of these our *later* harpers, both in point of date and celebrity. He is remembered to this day throughout the North of Ireland as one of the chief O'Cahans of the O'Cahan country ; and the names of the estates to which he is supposed to have been entitled were still enumerated by tradition at the time of the meeting of the harpers at Belfast (1792.) Being blind, (whether from his youth or birth does not appear,) he early devoted himself to the harp, but, as may be surmised, not with a view to music as a profession; for the tradition invariably preserved of him in Antrim and Derry is, that he travelled into Scotland shortly before the accession of King James the Sixth of that country to the throne of England, attended by the retinue of a gentleman of figure."

The following tales concerning him were preserved among the Irish harpers fifty years since, and are thus narrated by the same authority :—

" Among other visits made by him to the houses of the Scottish nobility, he is said to have called at Eglintoun Castle; when Lady Eglintoun, not being aware of his rank, affronted his Irish pride by demanding a tune in a peremptory manner. O'Cahan refused, and left the castle. Her ladyship afterwards, understanding who he was, sought a reconciliation, which was readily effected. This incident gave occasion to the composition, by O'Cahan, of the appropriate tune of *Da mihi manum*, or 'give me your hand,' the fame of which afterwards spread through Scotland."

A version of this tune, the name of which is *ṽaḂaíṽ Ḃam Ḃo laṽ*, is published in Bunting's third collection, No. 63, as composed at the date of 1603. It is an evidence of the hearty spirits and good humour of the Irishman upon his speedy reconciliation with this lady fair.

The fame of the song reaching the ear of king James, he was induced to send for the composer. " O'Cahan accordingly attended at the Scottish court, and so delighted the royal circle with his performance, that James walked towards him, and laid his hand familiarly on his shoulder. One of the courtiers present remarking on the honour thus conferred on him, Rory observed, ' A greater than king James has laid his hand on my shoulder.' ' Who was that man ?' cried the king. ' O'Neil, sire !' replied Rory, standing up."

It is further said of him that in Scotland " he became celebrated for the composition of *Purths*, or harp lessons. Purth Gordon, Purth Atholl, Purth Lennox, and numerous other fine pieces, were composed by him, in compliment to his various entertainers, for he was himself a man of rank, and was honourably received in the houses of the chief nobility and gentry."—*Ibid.* 44, n. In p. 68, these are called 'port.' The Irish word is *ṽort*, which signifies, according to O'Reilly, " a tune, a jig." But it does not appear that these compositions were " jiggs." In *Walker's Irish Bards*, p. 297, the writer, speaking of the Planxties, says, " these airs answer to ' port' amongst the

Scots," and he refers to a "Dissertation on Scottish music prefixed to the poetical remains of James the First, p. 223." But neither do the compositions we now refer to tally with the Planxties. They appear to have been slow airs. There is a *Punt clappreac* r "lesson for the harp," in Bunting's second collection, but not attributed to any particular composer.

In *O'Ferrall's Pocket Companion for the Irish or Union Pipes*, (*Goulding, D'Almaine, Potter and Co.* p. 50,) there is an air called "Port Gordon," there attributed to "Carolan." It is in D minor, and marked 'slow.' It would seem from *Hardiman's Irish Minstrelsy*, in the memoir 'of Carolan, (*Introduction*, p. lvi. and note, *ibid.*) that this air had generally the name of that bard prefixed, as, "Carolan's Port Gordon;" possibly to distinguish it from the air of his predecessor. But when we consider that another air of our older composer's was, (as we shall presently see) arranged to new words by the same hand, we incline to the opinion that both these tunes, as well as their names, properly belong to the same owner.

In the 1st vol. of *Smith's Scottish Minstrel*, pp. 38, 39, there are two other airs (to which Burns's words, "Fare thee weel, thou first and fairest," are arranged,) which are called in the Index, "Rory Dall's Port," and are distinguished as "1st set," and "2nd set." They are as like as the Chinese empire is to a China orange, or the German language to a German flute. Well, perhaps not so different; but at all events, it is not easy to trace identity between them. Both are marked "slow and tender." We do not know whether or not either of these is the air alluded to as "Port Lennox." The second is in E minor, with a *cyonan* or chorus, exceedingly Irish. The other resembles a bad and *Scotch* setting of the air published by Moore in his "National Melodies" to the words "Peace be around thee wherever thou rovest."

Bunting names our bard as the composer of "Lude's Supper," also. He apparently states this fact, as well as the others given by him, on the authority of the Irish harpers, Arthur O'Neill and Hempson.

"It is certain," he adds, "that he died in Scotland, at the house of a person of distinction, where he left his harp and silver tuning-key; and that, during the latter part of his career, he was reduced to very indigent circumstances." "Roger," says Arthur O'Neill, relating what he had heard of O'Cahan, "died in Scotland, in a nobleman's house, where he left his harp, and silver key to tune it. A blind harper, named Echlin Kane—a scholar of Lyons, whom I often met, and an excellent harper—afterwards went over to Scotland, and called at the house where Roger's harp and key were, and the heir of the deceased nobleman took a liking to Echlin, and made him a present of the silver key, he being namesake* to its former owner; but the dissipated rascal sold it in Edinburgh, and drank the money"—(*MS. Autobiography of Arthur O'Neill, penes the Editor.*) The Editor had this tale from O'Neill in 1792, and also from Hempson, who had been taught by an O'Cahan, and lived in the O'Cahan country." Doctor M^c. Donnell, of Belfast, had the

* Kane, or O'Kane, is *Ó'Caḡáin*. So are Keane, Kean, &c.

same story from O'Neill, when a boy, which was at a period anterior to the publication of "Dr. Johnson's Tour in the Hebrides." In that work occurs the following passage (p. 48):—"The celebrated performer, O'Kane [that is, Echlin] had been, about that time [1773], in the Highlands, and had frequently entertained the late Lord' Macdonald with his excellent performances on the harp, at his lordship's residence in the Isle of Skye. There had been, for a great length of time, in the family *a valuable harp key*; it was finely ornamented with gold and *silver*, and with a precious stone. This key is said to have been worth eighty or a hundred guineas; and on this occasion our itinerant harper had the good fortune of being presented, by Lord Macdonald, with this curious and valuable instrument of his profession."

These facts appear to go far to identify the subject of our present sketch with the "Rory Dall" mentioned by the Scotch. There is, indeed, no mention of the name of "Rory Dall *O'Cahan*" among the writers on Scottish music; and they do mention a "Rory Dall *Morison*." In Bunting's book (p. 44, note,) there is an endeavour to meet "the difficulty from the name," by saying that Gorry (or Godred) was a family name among the O'Cahans, which occurs among the inquisitions of this period; but he admits that there is no proof that Rory was the son of a Gorry O'Cahan. From this he makes him Gorrison; and thence, Celtically eclipsing the G by M, "Rory Dall an M (G)orrison." But, without resorting to such arguments, we have facts enough; for, in the first place, the Scottish writers speak of "Rory Dall," and all speak of him as flourishing at this same period, and as a harper; or, as they call him, the last of the old race of Scottish harpers—(Macdonald's Essay, p. 11; Gunn's Inquiry, pp. 95, 97; Dauney's Ancient Melodies of Scotland, p. 84, &c.) But, further:—

It appears, that at the date of Gunn's inquiry, a beautiful harp was, and had long been in the possession of the family of Lude, named Robertson; and Gunn mentions a tradition of its having come originally from the hands of Mary Queen of Scots. The story told by him is pretty roughly handled in Bunting's work (pp. 43, 44), and plainly cannot be relied on as showing in any manner how or when the harp got into the possession of the Robertsons, or that Queen Mary ever had *such* a harp. Gunn says (p. 91) that "Roderick Morison, one of the last native Highland harpers, who was regularly bred, and professionally instructed, accompanied the Marquis of Huntly on a visit to Lude, about the year 1650. This bard and harper composed a *port*, or air, on this occasion, which was called *Suipar Chiurn na Leod*, or "Lude's Supper." This air, "Lude's Supper, by Rory Dall," is published in Daniel Dow's "Collection of Scottish Airs;" and it appears that this piece was remembered in the family to have been formerly played on the harp in question by General Robertson's great-grandfather.

The harp had thirty strings, and, from its whole appearance and description, seems to have been an Irish harp; and, from all these things, it is inferred that there was but one "Rory Dall;" that there was but one harp and one silver key with the Macdonalds, and that both were *his*.

It is a curious remark, that "Sir Walter Scott, with his usual skill in employing facts for the illustration of his tales, introduces the name of Rory Dall as the most famous harper of the Western Highlands, in his "Legend of Montrose," where he makes him the instructor of Annot Lyle."

Bunting has preserved to us two other airs by our bard, of which we have not yet spoken. One is *Seabac na h-Éinne*, "The Hawk of Erne," commonly called "The Hawk of Ballyshannon," which, it appears, he got from A. O'Neill, harper, in 1792, and which, in one place, he says was "attributed to O'Cahan, in 1605;" whilst the air itself, No. 13 in his third collection, he heads "Rory Dal O'Caghan, in 1640." This, it appears, is his "Port Atholl," somewhat varied by Carolan, who composed words to it for Miss Moore; whence it has also been known by the name of "O'Moore's Daughter." Hardiman gives these words, and a poetic translation, by Thomas Furlong, in his first volume, pp. 32, 33, &c. In his Notes, pp. 113, &c., he falls into a sad rant on the subject, which he had to withdraw in his Introduction, p. li.

The other is that pearl beyond price—we raved of it before (*The Citizen*, vol. ii. pp. 211, 212)—we rave of it now—while we have life may we rave of it—and, in the hour of death,—it were a happy thing to die singing it—*Bacac buide na leimneadh**—"The lame, yellow Beggar," which he got from Daniel Black, harper, in 1792, and which he marks, in one place, "O'Cahan, 1640;" whilst the air itself, No. 20 in the same collection, is headed "O'Caghan, 1650." Forgive us our sins! Bunting first marked it "quick." Oh!!! It is well for him he added "but not too fast," in his second impression; else, in spite of anything, we would *curse* him. It cannot be played too slow, by one who will appreciate it truly. We thank Bunting for the beautiful accompaniment. This lovely air is said to have been composed by this eminent hand in reference to his own fallen fortunes, towards the end of his career.—*Bunting's Ancient Music of Ireland*, p. 91.

We do not think we are mistaken in attributing the air now before us to the same composer, and to nearly the same date. The peculiar strain of grand pathos which pervades the last-named air, distinguishes this throughout. The subject is the same: lamentation for his blindness, and the misfortunes which broke him down. It perhaps preceded "The lame, yellow Beggar," for it has a peculiarity which has been traced in all his earlier compositions, namely, the studied omission of the *fourth* of the scale. Bunting (p. 90) says, that in the latter end of the sixteenth and beginning of the seventeenth century, "the fourth tone of the scale seems to have been designedly omitted in the compositions of the Scotts, O'Cahan, and other composers of that period; and "unquestionably," says he, p. 91, "this omission was not the result of any necessity arising from imperfection of the instrument, for at this period the harp is, on all hands, admitted to have had a compass equal to most stringed instruments of the present day; so that we can only account for the peculiarity by attributing it to *the fashion of the*

* Literally, we believe, "The lame [Beggar], yellow, of the limping."

time ; an explanation supported very strongly by the fact, that in *all* Rory Dall O'Cahan's pieces, composed very shortly after [i. e. shortly after John Scott composed his 'Lamentation for the Baron of Loughmoe,' who died about A. D. 1599], the tone of the subdominant, or fourth, is studiously avoided."

It is our notion that both these airs, "I am blind, old, and lame," and "The lame, yellow Beggar," were composed *after* 1641, when, we suppose, our bard's fortunes were overwhelmed in the iniquitous system of wholesale rapine, confiscation, and forfeiture, with which the intolerable tyranny of ever greedy, unjust, and domineering Britain visited our defenceless island.

Scotch writers consider the want of the *fourth* (and *seventh*) of the key to form the peculiarity of the national scale (*Thompson's Dissertation concerning the National Melodies of Scotland*, p. 4, &c.)—and whether these combined facts go farther to give us a date to the composition of a vast body of the Scottish songs, or to show that the Irish composers of the latter part of the sixteenth and early part of the seventeenth centuries adopted a Scotticism in their music, we shall not stop here to investigate ; but it is certain, that, in the Irish airs of the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries (and, we think, down to the middle of the sixteenth century), the scale was perfect : and we find it again perfect in the close of the seventeenth century, as in the compositions of the Connallons. It is curious, that, in "The lame, yellow Beggar," whilst the fourth of the scale is markedly emphatic in the melody, the *seventh* is wholly omitted. We would date "I am blind, old and lame," at shortly after 1641, and "The lame, yellow Beggar" at shortly before 1650 ; and say that they were both composed in Ireland, whilst their author made his visits to his ruined country at intervals between his sojourns with the hospitable men who entertained him, spite of misfortune, in Scotland.

We found this beautiful air in our own "Miscellaneous Collection." The structure is very peculiar. We have already, in our observations on No. XXXII. of the Music for 1841, in *The Citizen*, referred to the published instances of Celtic metres of *seven* bars to a part, formed of phrases of *four* bars and of *three* bars, alternately, *unmixed with any other form*. In the present air the first part is so formed ; but the second part differs. After the phrases of four bars and of three bars, it has an additional phrase of *three* bars, which is a return to the lovely closing phrase of the first part.

In performing this (as ought to be the case with every other slow Irish air), be particularly careful to *repeat* the *second* part. You are *not* to repeat the first part.

Its name is *Ua me dall, aorba, ar bacac*. We have arranged words for it, pursuing, as we imagine, the original subject,—as follows :—

"I AM BLIND, OLD AND LAME."

I.

Farewell ! my gentle Harp, farewell ;
Thy master's toils are nearly o'er ;
These chords, that wont with joy to swell,
Shall thrill no more.

My faithful Harp! the wild, the gay
 Or plaintive notes were all thy own;
 Though now my trembling hands can play
 The sad alone:
 And these, alas! must die away
 When I am gone.

II.

And oh! 'tis well that age and pain
 May find a home where Mercy dwells,
 For here the wounded heart in vain
 Its sorrow tells.
 No more my soul can o'er thee shed
 The light of song that once it knew;
 The dreams of hope and joy have fled,
 That fancy drew.
 My faithful Harp! when I am dead,
 Be silent too!

The family of our bard produced many eminent harpers: perhaps we might add, many other eminent persons.* Bunting says (p. 74), speaking of Hempson (born 1695), whom he met at Belfast in 1792, that "at twelve years old he began to learn the harp, under Bridget O'Cahan: for, as he said, in these old times *woomen*, as well as men, were taught the Irish harp, in the best families, and every old Irish family had harps in plenty."

In another place we learn, that "in Canada, Michael Keane, another of the same musical race with Rory Dall, who had gone out with Mr. Dobbs, of Castle Dobbs, in the county of Antrim, on his appointment as Governor of South Carolina, previous to the declaration of American independence, played pranks as extravagant as any of his contemporaries. Sir Malby Crofton used to tell this story of him:—When he and some other officers were garrisoned in Fort Oswego, and had a party, Keane was with them, and quarreled with them, and beat them very well, and took a Miss Williams from them all."—*Ibid.* p. 80.

We have already incidentally named Echlin Kane, and his adventures in Scotland. He was "born at Drogheda, 1720. He was a scholar of Lyons, and did great credit to that harper's teaching. His love of adventure early led him to Rome, where he played before the Pretender, then resident there. He afterwards travelled into France and Spain, where the Irish, of whom there were at that time a great number residing in Madrid, patronised him very liberally, and introduced him to the notice of his Catholic Majesty, who is said to have contemplated settling a pension on him, in compliment to his countrymen. Kane's preferment was, however, marred by his own indiscretions; and, after exhausting the patronage of his countrymen at the Spanish court, he was obliged to set out for Bilboa, on his way home, on foot, and carrying his harp on his back. He is described as a very strong, tall, and athletic man, and is asserted to have outstripped the post on this journey.*

* We do not allude solely to "Captain O'Kane, or O'Cahan, of a distinguished Antrim family, a sporting Irish gentleman, well known in his day by the name of *Slasher O'Kane*, to whom Carolan dedicated a tune."—*Hardiman*, p. lix.

* The writer seems half afraid of this part of his anecdote; for he adds, "which may appear the less extraordinary, when the state of the roads in Spain at the time is

He does not appear to have spent much time in Ireland, for we find him very famous throughout Scotland for a long period before his death, which occurred about 1790. His chief haunts in Scotland were about Blair-Atholl, and Dunkeld; but he was also widely known throughout the Lowlands and Isles. In a tour through the Isles in 1775, he was at Lord Macdonald's, of Skye, when he recommended himself so much by his performance, that Lord Macdonald presented him with a silver harp-key that had long been in the family, being unquestionably the key left by his great predecessor and namesake, Rory Dall. Echlin, however, does not appear to have been always equally successful in recommending himself to the good offices of his patrons, for Mr. Gunn relates of him that the Highland gentry occasionally found it necessary to repress his turbulence by cutting his nails, and so rendering him unable to play till they grew again to their proper length." Gunn, in his "Historical Inquiry respecting the Performance of the Harp in the Highlands of Scotland," printed in 1807, says:—"I have frequently heard it related of O'Kane, the celebrated Irish harper, that he very commonly drew tears from his auditors. During my residence at Cambridge, Manini, our first violin, often spoke of the performance of O'Kane with great rapture; assuring me, that together with an astonishing variety of other things, he could (although blind) play, with accuracy and fine effect, the first treble and bass of many of Corelli's concertos, in concert with the other instruments." Bunting adds:—"Had he been but moderately correct in his conduct, Echlin Kane might unquestionably have raised the character of the wandering minstrel higher than it had stood for a century before."—*Ibid.* 78, 79.

No. II.

The name, history, and tune of the song of "Bumper, Squire Jones," have been so celebrated, that we have little doubt but that we shall immediately hear the hiss of some of those wasps who infest our metropolis, and strive to mar the music, which they can neither make nor enjoy, buzzing into the public ear that this was "too well known to require republication." Away with them! *S'as a bealaic!* We pretend to know what we are about.

The air is given, No. 16, in the select melodies published in "Walker's Irish Bards,"—under the titles of *Pleis na cana JONES*, and Bumper, Squire Jones,—without accompaniment. The words are in the body of the work, pp. 293—297. It is given again, with the words, and apparently copied from Walker, in Bunting's second collection, with an accompaniment superadded, which said accompaniment we do not like. There is a version, somewhat differing, and we think evidently inferior, in the airs of Carolan, published by his son.

considered." What could he know of "the state of the roads" in Spain "at that time?" What is there so strange in the fact? How many thousands of John Bulls are there who can recollect the boy O'Neill, who was *in the habit*, not many years ago, of running with the stage coach from Exeter to Plymouth, and back again—and *beating it in?*

It is difficult to assign an exact origin or meaning to either of the names, *pleib nacá* or *plaing rí*, by which this air is distinguished, and which seem to be interchangeable. In the same volume of Bunting there are two others which bear the former title, the celebrated *pleib nacá na Ruairc*; or, "O'Rourke's noble fare," [which is elsewhere spelt *pleanacá*] and *pleib nacá na maza*; or, "the Mock Feast." We could not at present enumerate how many airs, of various composers, bear the name of *plaing rí*.

Toirdelbach O'Leary composed this air in the year 1730, whilst staying, says Walker, at the house of "—— Jones, Esq. of Moneyglass, in the county of Leitrim,"—Bunting says, "in the county of *Antrim*." Hardiman enumerates "Planxty Jones" as dedicated to one of the gentry of the county of "*Sligo*." Be this as it may, Walker continues,—“Nor was he wanting in gratitude to this gentleman for the civilities he experienced during his stay at his mansion: he has enshrined his convivial character in one of his best planxties. Yet of this planxty, the air only is now remembered; the poetry, though one of Carolan's most brilliant effusions, is lost in the splendour of the facetious Baron Dawson's paraphrase. It was to the Baron's pen, Mr. Jones's character was to owe its celebrity.”

Both Walker and Bunting allege that the English words were a paraphrase, imitated from the original Irish; but for this there seems to be no foundation. The industrious Hardiman has failed to recover the original words and we presume they are now irrecoverably lost. Yet he, too, calls the English words "Baron Dawson's sprightly *paraphrase* of Bumper Squire Jones." He adds, "I have in vain sought for the original of this excellent song, which Walker terms one of Carolan's most brilliant effusions." *Irish Minstrelsy*, vol. i. p. 121.

A recent and ridiculously audacious claim of this air as an English tune, has called forth the following anecdote from Bunting, in his recent work, p. 72:—"The story is given on the authority of O'Neill, who dictated it to the writer of his MS. memoirs, at least forty years ago. Carolan, when he came to the county of Antrim, used to resort to Moneyglass, the residence of Thomas Morris Jones, Esq. When he was composing the music of that celebrated song, the paraphrase of which, by Baron Dawson, has immortalised the 'Bumper Squire,' he was overheard by one Moore, the harper of a tavern in the town of Antrim, where he put up. Moore had a ready ear for music, and played tolerably on the violin, so that when Carolan, after completing his inimitable piece, came to him, boasting that he had now struck out a melody which he was sure would please the squire, Moore was prepared not only to insist, like our English contemporary, that the air was an old and common one, but actually to play it note for note on the violin. This, of course, threw Carolan into an ungovernable fury. However, when his passion had spent itself, an explanation took place, and a drinking bout, the usual termination of such scenes, concluded the affair."

This seems to have been but an inkling of the real story, which is thus

brought forward in the *Dublin University Magazine* for January, 1841, pp. 15, 16.

“Respecting the origin of Carolan’s fine air of ‘Bumper, Squire Jones,’ we have heard a different account from that given on O’Neill’s authority. It was told us by our lamented friend, the late Dean of St. Patrick’s, as the tradition preserved in his family, and was to the following effect: Carolan and Baron Dawson, the grand or great grand-uncle to the dean, happened to be enjoying together, with others, the hospitalities of Squire Jones at Moneyglass, and slept in rooms adjacent to each other. The bard, being called upon by the company to compose a song or tune in honour of their host, undertook to comply with their request, and on retiring to his apartment, took his harp with him, and under the inspiration of copious libations of his favourite liquor, not only produced the melody now known as ‘Bumper, Squire Jones,’ but also very indifferent English words to it. While the bard was thus employed, however, the judge was not idle. Being possessed of a fine musical ear, as well as of considerable poetical talents, he not only fixed the melody on his memory, but actually wrote the noble song now incorporated with it before he retired to rest. The result may be anticipated. At breakfast on the following morning, when Carolan sang and played his composition, Baron Dawson, to the astonishment of all present, and of the bard in particular, stoutly denied the claim of Carolan to the melody, charged him with audacious piracy, both musical and poetical, and, to prove the fact, sang the melody to his own words amidst the joyous shouts of approbation of all his hearers,—the enraged bard excepted, who vented his execrations in curses on the judge both loud and deep.”

There is the same striking peculiarity in the structure of the first part of this air, as we observed above in No. I.; its second phrase consists of *three* bars only. The effect of the management by which the *fourth* bar appears to be at once the close of the three bars preceding, and the opening of the phrase which follows it, is admirable.

We were not able to give, with the music, more than four of Baron Dawson’s stanzas. We now subjoin the entire of this celebrated song:—

BUMPER, SQUIRE JONES.

Ye good-fellows all,
Who love to be told where there’s claret good store,
Attend to the call
Of one who’s ne’er frightened,
But greatly delighted,
With six bottles more :
Be sure you don’t pass
The good house Money-glass,
Which the jolly red god so peculiarly owns ;
’Twill well suit your humour,
For pray what would you more,
Than mirth, with good claret, and bumpers, Squire Jones.

Ye lovers, who pine
For lasses that oft prove as cruel as fair,
Who whimper and whine
For lilies and roses,
With eyes, lips, and noses,
Or tip of an ear :
Come hither, I’ll show you,
How Phillis and Chloe,
No more shall occasion such sighs and such groans ;
For what mortal so stupid
As not to quit Cupid,
When called by good claret, and bumpers, Squire Jones.

The Native Music of Ireland.

Ye poets, who write,
 And brag of your drinking fam'd Helicon's brook,
 Though all you get by 't
 Is a dinner oft-times,
 In reward of your rhymes,
 With Humphry the duke:
 Learn Bacchus to follow
 And quit your Apollo,
 Forsake all the Muses, those senseless old crones:
 Our jingling of glasses,
 Your rhyming surpasses,
 When crowned with good claret, and bumpers, Squire Jones.

Ye soldiers so stout,
 With plenty of oaths, tho' no plenty of coin,
 Who make such a rout
 Of all your commanders
 Who served us in Flanders,
 And eke at the Boyne:
 Come leave off your rattling
 Of sieging and battling,
 And know you'd much better to sleep in whole bones;
 Were you sent to Gibraltar
 Your notes you'd soon alter,
 And wish for good claret, and bumpers, Squire Jones.

Ye clergy so wise,
 Who myst'ries profound can demonstrate most clear,
 How worthy to rise!
 You preach once a week,
 But your tithes never seek
 Above once in a year:
 Come here without failing,
 And leave off your railing
 'Gainst bishops providing for dull stupid drones;
 Says the text so divine,
 What is life without wine?
 Then away with the claret,—a bumper, Squire Jones.

Ye lawyers so just,
 Be the cause what it will, who so learnedly plead,
 How worthy of trust!
 You know black from white,
 Yet prefer wrong to right
 As you chanc'd to be fee'd:
 Leave musty reports,
 And forsake the king's courts,
 Where dulness and discord have set up their thrones;
 Burn Salkeld and Ventris,
 With all your damn'd Entries,
 And away with the claret,—a bumper, Squire Jones.

Ye physical tribe,
 Whose knowledge consists in hard words and grimace,
 Whene'er you prescribe,
 Have at your devotion,
 Pills, bolus, or potion,
 Be what will the case:
 Pray where is the need
 To purge, blister, and bleed?
 When ailing yourselves the whole faculty owns,
 That the forms of old Galen
 Are not so prevailing
 As mirth with good claret,—and bumpers, Squire Jones.

Ye foxhunters eke,
That follow the call of the horn and the hound,
Who your ladies forsake,
Before they're awake,
To beat up the brake
Where the vermin is found :
Leave Piper and Blueman,
Shrill Duchess and Trueman ;
No music is found in such dissonant tones :
Would you ravish your ears
With the songs of the spheres,
Hark away to the claret,—a bumper, Squire Jones.

The author of these words was Arthur Dawson, third Baron of the Court of Exchequer in Ireland, “ in which kingdom,” says Walker, “ he was born. His father was principal secretary to one of our Lord Lieutenants, during the reign of Queen Anne, and partook of the disgrace of the Tory interest.” He appears in 1743, as one of the three judges of the Court of Exchequer, who sat to try the great cause of Annesley and the Earl of Anglesea, said to have been the longest trial ever known, having lasted fifteen days at the bar of the court.

No. III.

This seems to us one of the finest native marches we have met with. We have received it from a correspondent, and we publish it, with the accompaniment, note for note, nearly as we received it. We do not at all scruple at the prospect of an attack for the near approach to the dreaded “ consecutive fifths.” The “ barbaric grandeur” proper to this triumphant air, is heightened by the roughness which this style of arrangement produces. We hope the Temperance Societies throughout the country will speedily have this noble and spirit-stirring march arranged for their bands.

Brian Boruma, king of Munster, and afterwards monarch of all Ireland, fell at the famous battle of Clontarf, in 1014, victorious over the Danes whose usurpations in the soil of a country with which they had nothing to do, he had hoped to extinguish. Hardiman, in a note to his *Irish Minstrelsy*, vol. ii. p. 360, quotes largely from the *Leabhar Dinn*, an ancient historical treatise, which gives a circumstantial and interesting account of this deadly struggle, and its incidents. After speaking of the death of Earl Sitric, the Dane, he says :—“ The Norse or Danish songs, descriptive of the sanguinary battle of Clontarf, which was long after famous throughout Europe, were, published in Denmark in the 17th century. See *Thormodus Torfæus, Hafniæ*, 1679 ; also *Bartholinus* ; but the Irish account yet remains to be published !! From the Scaldic Poems, the English bard, Gray, has taken his ode of “ The Fatal Sisters,” in which the following stanzas allude to Sitric and Brian :—

“ Low the dauntless Earl is laid,
Gored with many a gaping wound ;
Fate demands a nobler head ;
Soon a King shall bite the ground.

“ Long his loss shall EARN weep,
 Ne'er again his likeness see ;
 Long her strains in sorrow steep,
 Strains of immortality.”


Probably, the air which we now publish is that of which Hardiman speaks in the same place as follows :—“ The martial music or ‘ Gathering Sound,’ by which the Irish troops are said to have formed into battalions, and marched to the plains of Clontarf, is still preserved, and may be heard in many of our sequestered glens and mountain fastnesses. It is generally known by the name of ‘ Brian Boru’s March ;’ but though this title is evidently modern, the music itself, (of which I have been favoured with a copy from the borders of Cork and Kerry,) bears every mark of antiquity. It is one of those soul-stirring combinations of sound, which, according to our talented countryman, Ussher, in his inimitable Discourse on Taste, ‘ rouses to rage,’ *iram suggerit*, and ‘ whose passionate power was perfectly understood and practised by the ancients.’ Many fine specimens of these old martial pieces of music are current in Ireland ; but as their history almost entirely depends on tradition, it is of course liable to all the doubt and uncertainty which generally attend that mode of perpetuation. They yet remain to be collected.”

We have heard another air also called by the name of “ Brian Boru’s March ;” but we have not yet published it ; partly because we wish further to verify it, and partly because we have not yet satisfied ourselves with choral words for it, to which we think it will prove eminently suited.

The name of *Brian* is commonly followed by an epithet spelt *Boruine*, a surname given to him, according to O’Halloran, Mc Curtin, &c. in consequence of the *tribute* (of cows and other cattle) which he exacted from the people of Leinster ; but the addition is derived by others, with more probability, from the name of the town, *Borum*, which stood in the neighbourhood of his palace of *Élġ-ċorġaġd*, in the county of Clare. —See O’Brien’s *Dictionary in voce* *Borum* ; Moore’s *History of Ireland*, vol. 2, p. 82. The name (*vulgò* “ Kincora”) signifies “ the head of the weir ;” *Tracts of the Irish Archæol. Soc.* vol. 1, p. 46.

Ca me dall aorba ar bacac.

1.

 am blind, old, and lame.

Maebel's Metron. $\text{♩} = 68$. *Plaintively.*

Voice.



1. Fare - well, my gen - tle Harp, fare-well! Thy mas - ter's tolls are
2. And oh! 'as well that age and pain May find a home where

Piano-forte.

Sempre Piano e Dolce.



hands can play The sad a - lone! And these, a - las, must die a - way When I am gone.
hope have fled That fun - cy dream! My faithful Harp, when I am dead, Be si - lent too!

pp



January, 1842.

plejŝ pada na Jovet.

2.

Flourty Bones.

O'Ceapballan.

Maelzel's Metron. $\text{♩} = 76$.

Allegretto.

Price:

♫ ♫ ♫ ♫ ♫ ♫ ♫ ♫ ♫ ♫
 Ye good fel-lows all, Who love to be told Where there's
 Ye low - ers who pine For love - er who off Pines as
 Ye sol - diers so stout, With plen - ty of oaths, Tho' no
 Ye love - ers so fast, Be the cause what it will, Who so

Piano-Forte.

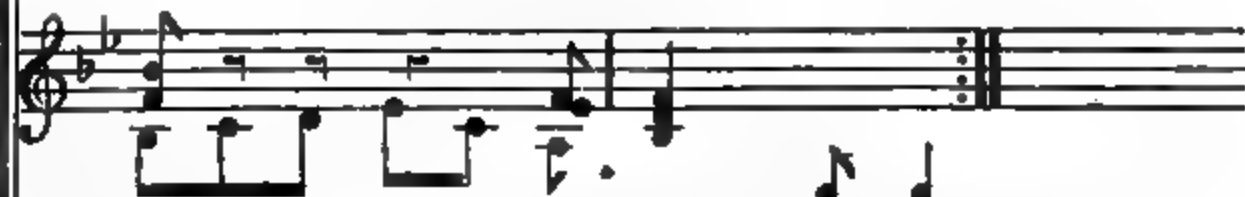
Answers 1-4 D



house, "Mo-nay-gias," Which the joi-ly red god so pe-cu-lar-ly owns; 'Twill
Phi-lis and Chlo-e No more shall oc-ca-sion such rigs and such groans, For what
sleg-ing, and bat-ting, And know you'd much bet-ter to sleep in whole bones, Were you
sade the King's Courts, Where dul-ness and dis-cord have set up their thrones, Down



mirth and good cla-ret, With
call'd by good cla-ret, And **BUMPER, SQUIRE JONES!**
wish for good cla-ret, And
way with the cla-ret, A



The March of Brian Boru.

Mechel's Metron. ♩. = 108.

3.

March. *Con Spirito.*

(A. D. 1012.)

Piano-Forte.



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THE
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DUBLIN :
SAMUEL J. MACHEN, 8, D'OLIER-STREET.

MDCCCXLII

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

All communications for the EDITOR of the DUBLIN MONTHLY MAGAZINE must be addressed to the care of Mr. MACHEN, 8, D'OLIER-STREET.

Advertisements and Books for Review to be forwarded to the same.

We cannot undertake to return *short pieces*, either prose or poetry.

Contributions intended for insertion in the succeeding Number, must be forwarded on or before the *first Saturday* in the month.

We could only insert Simon Double-Entry's Tales as a series; and that we could not commence for two or three months.

We return our best thanks to our poetical contributors for their favours, to which every attention shall be paid.

We have received a number of new works for review; but we have been obliged to postpone our CRITICAL NOTICES until next month.

MACKLIN; OR, THE SON'S SACRIFICE.

CHAPTER V.—THE MORNING AFTER THE MURDER—THE SEARCH FOR THE BODY, AND THE INQUEST.

BRIGHTLY and clearly rose the sun of the ensuing morn, waking up nature to a vigour and freshness, which showed how little she was affected by the racking, harassing elements which shook her midnight couch. Darkness, the unlovely and suspicious thing, fled away at the approach of honest, joyous light; and the wild sweep of the tempest gave place to the soft wooing breath of the morning breeze. There was scarcely a memorial of the storm remaining, and whatever trifling evidences of its presence lingered behind, seemed left just to make the contrast of the blessed sun-rise the more vivid, and man's gratitude more lively. The resilient spring of nature, which had been bowed down by the might of the disturbed elements, had recovered its healthy and beautiful action, and bore up in its rebound all the lovely and dependant things that were depressed together with it. The hum and stir of awakening life, heard first in the plaintive lowing of the cattle and the sweet matin hymn-notes of the birds, stole out upon the morning wind, with a delicious and soul-cheering influence. Then came the tones of cheerful labour, the buzz and rumour of contented industry, awaking from their sound, refreshing sleep, blithe in purpose and strong in frame; with nerve and sinew, thought and will, bent to the execution of the homely and honest task. Thus was heard the rude, hoarse, rustic song, or the shrill, quivering whistle—the hearty morning salutation—the roguish banter, light and harmless as the breeze which caught it; and, high above them all, the merry, echoing laugh, clear, distinct, and genuine in its intonation, and telling, in a language not to be mistaken, how unencumbered the brain, and unfettered the heart was that could send such music abroad. Yes, indeed, everything of sight and sound exhibited a pleasing and soothing contrast to the noise and tumult of the past night, effacing the recollection of storm and peril, by the welcome presence of sunshine and security.

Would that this were the case with that strange, busy little world, the mind of man! Would that the shadows which sin and sorrow leave, and the fierce war which the passions make, could pass away as easily as the clouds and tempests from the brow of nature! Would, too, when the hour of angry excitement is past, and the bitterness of contention is allayed, that peace, and love, and happiness, could come to us like the sunshine, illuming, by their warm and welcome smile, the gloom of the wrath that lay cold and darkling on the spirit! But the wish, though generous, is vain. The storm of wilful human passion, or yet of cruel,

undeserved wrong, never yet swept over the soul, that they did not leave behind them the wrecks of the fairest and freshest feelings of our nature, and a gloom which passes not away with the occasion which brought it. Where they have once rioted, peace bids an everlasting adieu to her shattered bower, and stern joyless remorse, or affliction, comes to make itself a perpetual resting place among the ruins. Hope, too, is no longer the secure and cherished inmate, decorating her happy home with the beautiful creations of her busy pencil ; but, if she comes at all, a casual and hurried visitor, mourning over the friends that are gone, and shrinking away, like a timid startled bird, from the rough strangers that had taken their places. Cheerfulness, the child of virtue and contentment, who brought gladness in her every look, and melody in her foot-fall, waves her hand in a farewell for ever. Then, to make the contrast more perfect, come the distaste and reluctance to all the pursuits and occupations in which before so much pride and pleasure were found. The song of industry is hushed, and if labour is to be performed, it is with the sullenness of the goaded drudge, or the sigh of the captive, not the willing energy of the freeman. Aye, truly, let the breast, no matter how pure, or young, or happy, be once visited by the hurricane of wrath, or vengeance, or desperate hate, bursting through the barriers of prudence and restraint, and hurrying on to the commission of deeds kindred to its violence, and the traces of the desolation left behind will endure to the grave.

Storm or sunshine, however, wrought little change on the mansion of Tracy. It had of latter days a lonely and deserted aspect, that no ray could effectually brighten ; and the land in its immediate neighbourhood, as I have before stated, was rude and uncultivated, and exhibited none of the embellishments with which a man of such well-known wealth and station in society ought to be desirous of encompassing his dwelling place. There were no stately trees, nor graceful shrubberies, nor gravelled walks, twining in gentle curvatures through embowering hedges and thick plantations, nor shaven lawn, stretching out in fair, smooth sweep before the windows. On the contrary, everything looked bare, and stunted, and shrivelled. There was a rough mendicant slovenliness about the whole place, which told a tale, as I have hinted, either of indolent profligacy, or embarrassed circumstances. Thus, although the brightness of the sky, and the freshness of the breeze were both playing upon it, they made no change in its dreary, uncomfortable aspect. But then, on the other hand, neither was there anything to tell of the fearful scene of which it was so lately the dumb and dismal witness.

When the poor and simple peasants, in the employment of Tracy, returned as usual to their daily toil, there was nothing to attract their attention as they came along, until they were suddenly startled, by perceiving the hall-door flung widely open, and yet no trace of any one stirring abroad. Supposing, however, that this arose from the early habits of their master, and, that having over-slept themselves, they had

stayed beyond their usual time, and would therefore be subject to his anger for their delay, (as he was ever a hard, and often a brutal task-master, craving his pound of flesh, and never satisfied with the exertions of his servants,) they hurried quickly into the interior of the mansion. Here new wonders met them at every step. The "old Jew," as they called him, was not there to meet them, as they expected, with foul reproaches and scandalous epithets. His harsh grating voice was unheard; there was not even the sound of his busy hobbling foot-fall, so easily recognised by those who constantly watched and feared his coming. Everything was strangely, fearfully still; and although they listened eagerly, not a stir of human life reached their ears. They collected in an anxious group in the hall, and whispering, asked each other "what could all this mean." It was evident something extraordinary had occurred; and their pale and frightened looks, as they spoke of the probability of what it was, showed they dreaded the discovery. After a while, with short unsteady steps they went forward, each striving to give the other the precedence: fear had made them wonderfully deferential. At last they reached the door of Tracy's apartment—it lay open also—and after listening eagerly at it for a moment, to ascertain if any sound of heavy breathing came from the room, they peered cautiously into it, and could perceive, by the light of the morning which came faint and struggling through the apertures of the shutters, that the bed was deserted and its covering removed. But, from the excesses in which its occupant was known to indulge, this circumstance excited no alarm. Still their wonder increased where he could have gone, and why a man of his jealous and suspicious temper had left his house so open and unprotected. Summoning resolution as they proceeded, they passed into the kitchen, and here their fears and surprise were excited afresh. They found the place in strange disorder and confusion; the chairs and tables were all either thrown down and overturned, or smashed into pieces—the culinary utensils scattered about in every direction, and every fragile article literally trampled into minute particles. It was now apparent some terrible violence had been dealt out here—some frightful struggle had taken place. It was true, traces of brutality on the part of the old man, committed during his intemperance, were not novel spectacles to his household, but they never beheld such a scene of frantic, reckless destruction as this. He was not a man to injure his property wantonly, and here the ruin was wholesale. The poor people were now excessively alarmed. The foot of one of them splashed in something thick and clotty—a horrid suspicion crossed his mind: he put his hand down, and dabbling it in the wet, held it up close to his eye to ascertain what it was, and then with a cry of terror exclaimed,

"God of Heaven, it is blood!"

Their worst fears were now confirmed. A robbery had been committed during the night, and the guilty plunderers, either in the struggle to gain and secure the spoil, or as a sanguinary expedient to escape

detection, had completed their purpose by the murder of the inmates. They knew well that Tracy loved his gold as his life ; and as, especially in his cups, he was a daring and a desperate man, old as he was, he would not have parted with the one without risking the other to the uttermost. " But had all fallen victims—were the villains merciless enough to embrue their hands in woman's blood ?" They would see ; and they hurried to the apartment of Mrs. Tracy. They found the wretched woman lying insensible on her bed, and apparently lifeless. They at first supposed their suspicions of murder correct ; but on raising her, it was perceived that she still breathed, while neither wound nor bruise was discoverable on her person. But all efforts and applications to restore her to consciousness failed. The only evidences of life she gave, were a short laboured breathing, and occasionally a convulsive shivering, which trembled through her whole frame. Otherwise she lay perfectly motionless, her hands clenched tightly together, and a ghastly rigidity of feature visible on her countenance. Their next plan was to enter the sleeping-room of Tracy. The excitement of horror was upon them, and they had no fear *now*. When they unclosed the shutters, and let the full glorious light of day stream in upon that scene of blood, we may judge of the feelings of the poor creatures, as the spectacle there present met their eyes. But they tarried not long—the truth was now out ; and giving one wild, horror-stricken stare at the blood-stained bed and floor, they fled with the speed and cries of terror to alarm the neighbourhood and seek assistance.

As if by design, though not a word was spoken, they each, on leaving the house, took different directions, and sped away fleetly to propagate the appalling news, keeping up as they ran along, a loud keen or funeral cry. The labourers in the fields hearing the strange sounds, and knowing by the prolonged wail that some death, sudden or violent, had taken place, threw down their implements of husbandry, and rushed to meet them at the nearest points. When they overtook them, they ran on by their sides to hear the tidings, for no one thought of stopping ; and thus, before the first house was gained by any of the couriers, a moving crowd was following in their several tracks. On reaching a small hamlet, the inhabitants of which having heard the cry a long way off, were out to meet them, a pause took place, as much for breath as for deliberation. Here some one wiser than the rest, proposed that they should act upon some settled plan ; that some of the most active among them should hasten at once to give information to the nearest magistrate and police station ; and others to procure medical advice for the unhappy Mrs. Tracy. No sooner said than done. Away bounded several fleet sinewy fellows on their respective missions, while the rest of their crowd hurried back in gradually increasing numbers to the scene of the murder.

The messengers, as they raced along, scattered the rumour far and wide. At every cottage which they met in their way, they stopped a moment, thundered at the door until the inmates answered them, and then shouted out,

"Tracy, the miser of Corrib, was robbed and murdered last night,—the house is covered with blood, and his wife is either dead or dying."

When they had spoken these words, away they sprang again; but behind them, from every such house, there arose a wild, prolonged cry, which was taken up from one to the other, until the whole air was full of the shrill and piteous lamentations, and it seemed as if, like the last plague of Egypt, "there was a great outcry in the land, for there was not a house in which there was not one dead." This spread the tidings with the speed of sound, and the inhabitants of the houses, whether bordering directly on the road, or situated some distance up the mountain, were seen rushing forth, and taking the shortest routs to intercept the messengers, as they passed swiftly along. Then as each heard the hurried and oft-repeated sentence, he turned sharply round, and went off swiftly in the direction of the scene itself, to gratify, by personal observation, his fearfully excited curiosity. Thus the face of the country, both in the immediate neighbourhood, and for miles around, wore a curious aspect. Crowds of the peasantry were seen approaching from all directions, and verging to one common centre. All were hastening with the best speed they could summon; and the white head-dresses of the women, and the shirts of the men—for the majority of them had thrown off their upper garments to run the freer—had a novel and by no means unpicturesque appearance, glancing in quick and irregular succession on the eye, as the wearers leaped the ditches, or climbed the various obstacles in their way.

The greatest possible excitement prevailed; for although the people of the district were rude and ignorant, and extremely poor, yet robbery, especially accompanied by violence or murder, was, they said themselves, "God be thanked, unknown among them for many a long, long year gone by." Besides, the deed of blood was looked upon as of a peculiarly hideous and revolting description. The victim was an old, and, in many respects, a helpless man; and there was a notion of cowardice associated with the cruelty of the attack upon him, be the assailants few or many. "The all-atoning power of the grave" had wiped away the remembrance of his heartlessness as a usurer, and his tyranny as a landlord; and all parties refused to take into consideration anything but his miserable unprepared end. They thought of nothing but the suddenness of his call from this world, with all his dark and heavy sins about him, and the summons given to him in blood and violence to appear before his Maker and his Judge. The imagination busied itself in representing the solemn midnight hour—the irruption of the murderers, whether by stealth or force—the startled half-bewildered leap from sleep—the short parley—the smothered cry for help or mercy—the blow, the sudden fall and the quivering death struggle. Rumour, too, had exaggerated all the details of the occurrence, supplying with fictions of frightful invention, where aught was wanting to excite the fears or the wonder of the listener.

Thus many hours had not elapsed before hundreds were collected

around the dwelling place, and hundreds more hourly came trooping in to add to their numbers. A party of police had early arrived on the spot, some of whom were stationed to prevent the ingress of the people into the house, and keep all things in the situation they were found in that morning ; while others were employed in collecting evidence. About noon, the coroner for the county, accompanied by several magistrates, arrived. They were attended by a large body of infantry, and a strong detachment of cavalry, in the centre of whom rode the dragoon who had arrested Macklin on the previous night. A physician also accompanied the party. It appeared they were already in progress hither on the information of the soldier, when they were met by one of the anxious messengers.

Their first care was to examine into the condition of Mrs. Tracy. She was still insensible, giving no signs of life, but those I have mentioned. According to the opinion of the physician, to remove her in her present state was impossible. "The stupor," he said, "in which she lay, doubtless produced by the events of the previous night, would probably eventuate in a brain fever, the paroxysms of which would be extremely violent ; and, under such circumstances, he recommended her to be kept where she then was, at least for the present, if by any means suitable persons could be procured to undertake the charge."

The sympathy felt for the miserable sufferer—deeming her, as they all did, free from all participation in the guilt—induced many to offer their services, who were wholly inadequate to the task. At length, a woman, of grave and decent exterior, who was weeping bitterly, and who could scarce speak for her sobs, came forward, and said,

"She knew the unhappy lady,—knew too she was without kindred or friends in this neighbourhood. She sincerely pitied her, and would do all in her power to serve her under this dreadful visitation. She had experience, too, in the management of the sick. Would they then intrust to her the duty of watching and waiting on her wretched friend ? They might be sure of her care and attention. She would be most grateful if the task were consigned to her."

"But have you not an establishment of your own to be looked after ?" demanded one of the magistrates.

"It would be well looked to in her absence," she answered ; "she apprehended no loss or inconvenience ; but even if either or both were to be the case, she would gladly suffer them for *her* sake, who now so sorely needed her friendship."

Her offer was at once accepted, and many flattering encomiums were passed upon her humanity by the gentlemen present, and many invocations of "God bless you !" and "Lord reward you !" were poured out for her by the people. But she little regarded them, and seemed only anxious to proceed to the charge of her patient. However, as she turned to leave the apartment, she raised her head from its drooping grief-stricken position, and threw a keen searching glance forward. It met the eye of the

dragoon, as he stood erect and tall above those present, and a flash of deep intelligence illumined both their countenances. It was enough, I knew her by that glance to be the hostess of the inn.

The next object was to discover the body of Tracy; and, under the direction of the soldier, they proceeded to the spot where he asserted to have seen it flung in the night before, or rather that very morning. As the dense crowd parted, to let the soldiers and police, with the drags and other implements, pass, a hoarse murmur, expressive of mingled rage and horror, rolled, like a solemn peal, from first to last. When they stood beside the bridge, they found the torrent, so far from having abated, had increased in volume and power during the intervening hours. It was now a mighty mass of waters, rising within a few feet of the arch that spanned them, and filling nearly brimful the narrow gorge through which they swept. It was a rare sight to behold how they tumbled and struggled along, beating and dashing, and rolling over from side to side, as if two strong elements were there contending for some distant goal; and having grappled each other in the race, were now locked together in an angry conflict, each striving more to impede the motions of the other, than to advance his own.

As it was evident from what they now saw, that the body, if thrown into such a torrent, would be carried a considerable way down the stream, unless caught by some projection, those who chose to engage in the search, and hundreds eagerly volunteered, spread themselves in long lines adown the river on either side. In every calmer spot,—in every place where an eddy whirled, the drags were thrown in, and pulled to and fro untiringly, for fresh hands were ready for the ropes when those who held them grew weary at the task. Every moment there was a cry of “here it is,” and there was a rush to the front, threatening to precipitate those upon the brink into the boiling torrent. But for a time they were destined to be disappointed. Roots of trees and logs of timber, found under the waters, were alone dragged up, causing, as each dark object came to the surface, a fresh tumult among the eager crowd.

An hour or more passed on in this way, and the excitement of the people, so far from flagging, had grown almost maddening. The uproar was now absolutely stunning. From one side to the other hundreds were shouting their contradictory directions; some accompanied with fierce imprecations and violent gestures, and others with yells so shrill and piercing, that it racked the very brain to hear them. Many flung themselves into the waters and waded out to their middles, groping with their hands down in the thick mud and snatching at every object that raced by them. Others fought with those who held the drags, thinking they did not use them with sufficient skill and swiftness, and blows were struck in the angry earnestness with which they battled for possession. At length, at a considerable distance, where the last of the line had spread themselves out in detached groups of two or three, a shout arose, followed by another and another in quick succession. Then all those in

the immediate vicinity were observed to rush towards a small bay, or nook, formed by a projection of the bank, and to stoop down to examine some object which lay beneath them. In a moment more they leaped up frantically, some waving their hats as if in triumph, and others tossing their hands on high and proclaiming aloud "'Tis found! 'tis found!" The cry swept along the lines at either side like a roll of musketry, until it reached the great mass of the people, and then one of the fiercest, wildest shouts of vengeful exultation, that ever rose up to the vault of Heaven, burst from that excited multitude. In a few minutes more, five or six men were observed, bearing between them what looked like a dead body wrapped in grave clothes, some of which were trailing on the ground, dripping with wet, as they bore it along. A headlong rush was made towards it, and it was with the utmost difficulty the police and soldiers could keep a passage clear to the house, the people pressed so fiercely upon them, battling with, and leaping upon each other in their anxiety to get a view of the grisly spectacle. After some struggling, however, they succeeded in bringing the body into the house, and a large table in the kitchen being set on its legs, it was stretched thereon, in the same condition as when taken from the water. The current, in rolling it round and round, had twisted the bed-clothes, in which Macklin had wrapped it, firmly and tightly about the trunk, leaving the head and extremities bare. The blood was washed away from the wounds, but the cleft in the skull was still more horrible to look on, and the shattered arm lay along the side, crushed and doubled up, a pitiable sight.

By this time it had transpired who was the person suspected of the murder, and many and bitter were the curses invoked upon the head of the unhappy Macklin.

"So it was one of his own, after all, that struck the blow," said one. "Bad luck to it for money! it is in truth, an evil tempter when it can destroy all nature in this way, and turn to murderers those who ought to be our best protectors, and all, all for that yellow bait."

"He was larned too, and a gentleman by his calling," rejoined a second, "and should have known better. God pity him this day! but if it was a thousand times as much, it was a poor thing to lose his soul for. His mother's husband too! Oh! then but the devil has a strong hold of some people."

"He might as well have let the poor old crayture live," added a third, "he was old, and almost worn out, and had not many years to drag on between age and drink, for both were pulling him down fast enough to the grave, and then all his hard earned gold and silver was to come to his murderer. Ochone! I would not have the sin of this upon my soul for the wealth of the known world. God help us!" and the speaker shuddered. "Blood is a terrible thing."

And the general conclusion was, "The hand of the Lord was in the matter. Sure the murderer was caught in the very fact,—in the trap he was so snugly laying for others, by a stranger whom accident had brought

to the place ; and so, before he could lay one finger on a golden piece, or gladden his eye with the sight of one of them, he was seized upon when he least expected it,—when he thought himself most secure ; and now the thought of the gibbet by day, and dream of it by night, were all the wages his master gave him."

Such was the tone of observation that pervaded the multitude ; but soon, when many of the circumstances attendant on the horrid transaction came to light, their indignation attained a height and fervency that could not idly be trifled with. Indeed, so strongly were their passions worked up, that the coroner and magistrates deemed it inadvisable, if not dangerous, to hold the inquest there, since it was necessary the accused should be present ; and therefore determined to adjourn to the county town, where Macklin was imprisoned, and where they would be sure of an increased force for the preservation of peace and good order. Accordingly, a car and horse being speedily procured, upon the former were placed the bed and furniture as discovered that morning, and over them, concealed by a large coverlet, the body. The military and police force then ranged themselves on either side ; and the magistrates taking their places in the front, the melancholy procession set forward. A total change was now observable in the conduct of the vast crowd. There were no longer wild cries or lamentations heard as during the day ; but instead, a deep sullen murmur, accompanied by the tramp, tramp of the many feet, rolled onward as the people followed in the track of the solemn cavalcade. These sounds grew less and less as they proceeded, for curiosity was now in a great measure sated, and the people began to turn off to their respective homes, as they arrived at the several bye-paths and mountain roads which led to them ; so that few of the thousands who were gathered round the house that morning, attended the corpse to its present destination.

But the party was not long in want of numerous attendants. The intelligence had preceded them, and curious groups were awaiting their arrival some distance from the town. These successively closed in in the rear of the procession ; and in a short time, very nearly as great and as excited a crowd tracked their footsteps. It was night when they reached the town ; but late as it was, the magistrates determined upon holding the inquest at once, and for that purpose proceeded direct to the court-house. That building, in a short time, presented a curious and imposing appearance.

On the bench, before which flickered two or three dim-looking candles, were ranged the coroner and magistrates,—grave, stern-visaged men they appeared, for the dark affair they were about to investigate had given a severe and solemn cast to their features. Beneath sat the witnesses, chiefly the timid servants of the murdered man, and the soldier ; and in a small box to the right sat the jury. On the table, which extended between the bench and the dock, was placed the mutilated body ; and as the flaring uncertain light fell upon it, all there felt

there could not be a more hideous or pitiable spectacle. The rest of the building was literally crammed with human beings, piled one above another in the galleries and on every available projection, and stretching down the body of the court in a perfect sea of faces waving to and fro, and heaving and murmuring like to some troubled waters.

"Bring in the prisoner," said the coroner.

By a side door, Macklin, in the custody of the officers of the jail, was immediately ushered in, and brought to the foot of the table. Most persons present expected some visible effect would be produced on him by the sight of his mangled victim, if he were indeed the murderer. But whatever his feeling may have been, he betrayed no violent or sudden emotion when thus brought almost in contact with the body. On the contrary, his glance fell calmly and steadily, and, instead of withdrawing it suddenly or fearfully, he suffered it to rest there with a long, unwavering, sorrowing gaze. Those who were near him said that a tear trickled down his cheek, and a heavy heart-broken sigh up-heaved from his bosom. If this were the case, it was the only emotion he betrayed on the occasion.

I need not trouble the reader with any detailed account of the proceedings of the inquest. The charge against Macklin was, in the minds of all present, clearly brought home to him by the evidence of the dragoon, and his statement was corroborated by certain marks of recent blood discovered upon the clothes and person of the prisoner, which he had taken no pains to conceal or remove. One thing alone appeared strange in the account given by the soldier—his appearance at the scene of the murder at the hour he stated. His explanation was, "that he had staid late in the village drinking with some companions ; that, in proceeding to the town, he had lost his way by taking a pathway through the fields, represented as shorter than the main road ; that, after wandering about for some time in darkness, he was attracted by the light in Tracy's house ; that he went towards it, and thus became the involuntary instrument in the detection of the murderer."

CHAPTER VI.—PUBLIC OPINION.—WOMAN'S DEVOTION.

WHEN the intelligence reached the metropolis that a man of such established character and well known respectability, had been arrested and imprisoned on so horrible a charge as murder,—and murder, too, of so revolting a nature, and accompanied with circumstances of such unmitigated, and apparently unprovoked atrocity, considering the age and helplessness of the victim,—a sensation of almost universal amazement and incredulous horror trembled through the whole frame of society. The deed of blood itself was terrible to think on ; but when the relationship of the parties was taken into account, its aspect was appalling in the extreme. But, above all things, the position which Macklin held in the

notice of the world, threw an air of wonder and mystery over the transaction, which was peculiarly impenetrable. His high and honourable station in society was well known, and, when along with this, the fact of his approaching marriage, and all its splendid adjuncts of fortune, beauty, and rank, were broadly hinted at, men knew not what to think of the strange and distracting tale which rumour told. Some refused to believe it altogether.

"Every relation of his life," they said, "forbade their coming to such a conclusion. If ever man had won the reputation of amiability of disposition, and philanthropy of heart, he had. His name had almost become proverbial for gentleness and courtesy of manner, and so tolerant was he of the failings and follies of his species, that he neither offended them when present, nor remarked upon them when absent. He had never been known to say an unkind or jealous word of a companion, and when faults were canvassed, and harsh judgment about to be pronounced, he had ever some exculpatory explanation, some extenuating plea to offer in arrest of the condemnatory sentence. The peculiarities and eccentricities of his friends were things sacred for him, and he never excited the laughter of the silly, or won the applause of the cynical, by a ludicrous description or a grotesque caricature of them. Besides he always appeared to have his passions under admirable controul, and his demeanour was usually of that placid, even, and composed kind, which showed that either his temper was from nature peculiarly tractable and good, or had been early and carefully disciplined into subjection. Added to this, his countenance was the index of a fine benevolent nature, and if there was any truth at all in the expression of the features, to look into *his* face was at all times to learn a lesson of dignity, charity, and good will to mankind. These were not the ingredients which compose the character of a midnight murderer. A mind so constituted as his, was not one likely to conceive and brood over a deadly purpose, or yet give way to the biddings of a sudden and inexorable wrath. Anger, merciless and unsparing, such as would prompt to the bloody deed with which he was charged, could not be the creation of a moment, be the provocation as fierce as it may; and the whole tenour of his existence precluded the notion that the crime was of deliberate and preconceived execution."

"Nay, more," it was urged, "if he were in reality a man of fierce and implacable nature, well and wisely schooled down to a mild and composed exterior, but preserving unimpaired their native fierceness and vigour, still, the many and varied blessings with which he was surrounded, and the brilliant expectations which were shedding a gorgeous lustre on his onward path, ought to have such a soothing, brightening, humanizing influence upon his passions, as to keep him from the commission of any crime, by which those blessings or that future would be compromised."

"Again," it was asserted, "that the love of a young and beautiful girl,

and the qualifications calculated to win and wear it, are not easily reconcilable with the stern and joyless spirit that could plot or execute a deed of blood,—they were antagonist principles, and could not exist in the same heart together.”

In connection with all this, it was remarked by those who knew him well, “That, along with his more glittering attributes, he possessed a shrewd practical common sense, which ever looked keenly and closely to the prosecution of his own interests, and seldom allowed caprice or impulse to lead him from the path of their legitimate advancement. What, then, could so hood-wink and baffle that sagacity and knowledge of the world, as to tempt him to the perpetration of an act, which, if detected, would blast with the lightning of shame and ruin every possession of the present and every hope of the future ; and which, even if escape were possible, and conscience alone left cognizant of the guilt, would curse and wither up every joy, honour, and comfort of existence by the one undying torturing recollection. Surely he must have known, from all he had ever heard or read, that guilt and happiness never yet called the same bosom their home, or warmed themselves by the blaze of the same fire-side.”

Such were some of the general remarks and reasonings which were elicited when the astounding news was first received ; but when at last the fact was so securely established, as to leave incredulity no excuse for further doubt ; when the proceedings of the inquest, and the direct horrifying testimony of the soldier, were published, coupled with the singular statement, that Macklin, on his examination, had refused all explanation or refutation of the charge against him, beyond the simple plea—“not guilty,”—then all parties confessed that “they knew not what to think of the matter, and that some dark and impenetrable mystery hung over the whole transaction, which time alone could explain.”

His immediate friends, and they were not a few, were at first horror-stricken at the intelligence, and then shared the general disbelief founded upon the arguments I have stated. But when conviction was at last brought home to them, and affection itself could no longer urge a doubt, then many and strange surmises arose in their minds. “Could we,” some asked themselves, “have altogether mistaken this man’s character? Could that amiability of disposition and goodness of heart we so trusted in, have been but a well-woven spangled tissue of accomplished and subtle hypocrisy, making his life little better than a splendid lie? Did all that suavity and grace of manner cover and gloss over a cruel and malignant spirit, which only wanted the temptation, or else the fancied security to exhibit its ferocious and hideous lineaments? Has his been one of those natures that for years can walk a blameless and irreproachable path in life, culling, as he goes along, the blossoms of admiration and respect ; and yet, when it is least expected, can cast aside all allegiance to an honest fame, and plunge at once, fiercely and recklessly, into the intricacies of shame and guilt, as hopeless and as careless of reclama-

tion and mercy as the bush-ranger of the penal colonies? Could he be one of those desperately wicked at heart, and pledged to the execution of a guilty purpose, that the expectations of a well-won and honourable distinction, the applause of friends, and above all, and before all, the possession of a lovely and accomplished woman, could not make him pause ere the "deep damnation" of his crime, if not in mercy to another, at least in pity to himself?" And then, when they had indulged in these various suppositions, they said, "If we have been disappointed in this man, how shall we dare trust another?"

There were others who took a different view of the matter, and believed the commission of the crime compatible with a nature as amiable and accomplished as that of Macklin. They did not think his past life a hypocritical assumption, and they shuddered at the possibility of reconciling his present miserable condition with the bright and happy past.

"He might," they said, "have been exposed to some terrible temptation, to which his previous inacquaintance with vice and its trials lent additional force and irresistibility. He might have endured some stunning blow, which prostrated reason for the moment, and gave the mastery of the brain and the guidance of the hand to some maddening impulse as powerful as unaccountable. His love for Miss Butler might have been made the chief agent in his ruin. Some fearful insurmountable obstacle to his future happiness might have existed in the person of his step-father; and in the endeavour to remove the barrier, or in his frantic despair if it resisted his efforts, there might have taken place some frightful conflict, where shame and wrong and anticipated ruin struggled for the ascendancy, and in which the deadly but unpremeditated blow might have been stricken. It was well known that the gentlest natures, when deprived of reason, become the fiercest maniacs, and so it might have been with poor Macklin. God alone knew!"

Such were the conjectures of his friends,—at best, but faintly and timidly indulged in; for the sworn published facts of the case were stubborn and unmistakeable; and, as they could not lift the veil which shrouded the truth, a dull and gloomy uncertainty hung upon all these speculations.

But how felt, or thought, or acted she, the beautiful and the gifted one, upon whom this blow was to fall heaviest and most crushing—over whose heart the very first whisper of the fearful tale, no matter how gently or how kindly uttered, would sweep worse than the simoom of the desert, scorching and blackening it into a howling wilderness; and who, from the moment the dreadful truth would be fixed and settled in her mind, could never know joy or hope again? Let us, with cautious and wary footstep, approach her dwelling place.

About a fortnight from the time she had parted from Macklin, on a bright sun-shiny morning, which, however, brought neither light nor gladness to her, Miss Butler was seated in that self-same music-room

where we have before seen her and her lover communing of the past and dreaming of the future. Every thing which wealth could furnish or art supply was there in profusion, obedient to the hand of elegance and taste. It was, indeed, a little paradise to look around ; and, deceived for the moment by its luxury and costliness, it seemed impossible its lovely tenant *could be* unhappy. And yet, she was as far from such a state of feeling as if she gasped upon the brink of a desert's well-spring, unable to bathe her parched lip in the waters she had struggled so fearfully to get near. There was that upon her brow and features which gave a melancholy indication that bitter and untimely sorrow was busy with her. Amidst all the solid comforts as well as splendid decorations with which she was encompassed, there was a poverty and wretchedness in her heart, which made the outward semblance of riches and enjoyment a taunting mockery. The light laughing look which they were wont to wear had passed away, it would seem for ever, and there was a pale or alternately feverish expression of internal agony flitting over her beautiful features, which made the very soul sick to look upon her. Lines of deep and harassing thought were drawn across her brow ; and there were channels, which the tears had hollowed out for themselves, down her cheeks, which were memorials of the vigils and miseries of grief not to be mistaken. And then her sighs coming up long and heavily, as if from the bosom's depth ; there was not one of them that was not a whole volume of distress.

The grief of the young is miserable to look on. Care is the heritage of mortality, and years and days, as they come on, but establish us the more securely in the possession of our birth-right. It is on this account, perhaps, that we view the sorrows of the aged and the matured with comparatively less sympathy and concern, for we know them to be unavoidable,—in fact, inseparable from human life and its dependancies. But when we see youth, and perhaps beauty, sinking prematurely under the pressure of disappointment,—when we behold their little fleeting season, transient enough in itself, overcast with clouds and shadows, bringing with them bitter blasts and nipping cold,—when we see all the budding and graceful things which grew fragrantly and freshly on their surface, drooping down and decaying before the spring-time is well come on,—when we know that if they be unhappy now, what they have to expect when the world comes to grapple with them in its power,—all this it is which makes the sorrow of the young a heart-rending spectacle to look on. It is the hand-writing on the wall during the very festival of existence, which causes the lights to grow dim, and the guests to fly ; and is the herald of treachery and death where there were before security and enjoyment.

But the sufferings of Helen Butler, acute as they were, arose more from doubt and vague apprehension, than from positive and defined affliction. Macklin had been now gone a fortnight, and yet no tidings of him of any kind had reached her. He had promised to write early.

and constantly, and how anxiously did she await those faithful transcripts of his feelings; but hour after hour went by, and not a line came to cheer her hopes or relieve her anxieties. In vain she busied her imagination with conjectures, as to the probable cause which could occasion such inexplicable silence; but the more she pondered on the mystery, the more her thoughts were involved in doubt and uncertainty. She recalled to mind the evident reluctance with which Macklin made any reference to this journey, and that he ever spoke of his home and his visit to it with the constrained feeling of reluctance and pain, rather than the free expression of hope and pleasure. And now, his unaccountable—his apparently cruel silence—his prolonged absence—the hurried and evasive manner in which her father replied to her anxious and oft-repeated questions; all these had worked up her feelings to a fever of doubt and apprehension that in its paroxysms was perfectly insupportable.

But she did not yield weakly or readily to the inroads of affliction. She felt that time might prove her apprehensions groundless, and in the meantime endeavoured by every means to dissipate the distracting thoughts which crowded upon her. She had ample resources in her many and varied accomplishments, but although she diligently tried them all, one after another; yet as the homely saying expresses it, “she had no heart for them,” and so they were thrown aside with tears. Music alone had attractions for her, but it was because she gave full play to her feelings; in the plaintive melancholy strains she played and sang. One of them which she best loved to dwell upon, for it in some degree harmonised with her state of mind, ran as follows:—

Oh! little do ye think, who, laughing
Away in love and light the hours,
Live on, the cup of pleasure quaffing,
Flushed with joy and wreathed with flowers;
How many spirits may be pining,
’Neath fashion’s gay and glitt’ring cloak;
And tho’ upon the brow be shining
Bright gems, the heart be all but broke.

’Tis not the laugh that sounds the lightest,
’Tis not the cheek all fresh and fair,
Nor yet the eye whose glance is brightest,
Which tells of thoughts that know not care.
The tortured feelings may be shrinking
In mis’ry while the dull lips smile,
And tho’ the very soul be sinking,
The brow be clear and calm the while.

Then trust ye not in smiling faces,
Nor deem because the pleasant light
Of winsome looks their features graces,
Their hearts and hopes are also bright.
Nor put your faith in tones whose breathing
Seems mellowed to the voice of bliss,
They’re often joyless as the wreathing
Iscaiot’s lip wore ere his kiss.

At length a sudden flash from the torch of memory arrested her wandering and bewildered thoughts. It occurred to her, for the first time, that for the last week or more they had lived in comparative seclusion, and that many of the friends who were hitherto most welcome at their mansion, were either jealously excluded or had failed in making their usual calls. Her suspicions once aroused, other and corroborative circumstances were not wanting to urge them forward in their career of investigation. She now recollected that the daily and evening journals which constantly lay upon their tables, were for some days suddenly discontinued without any cause being assigned, for until that moment she had not observed their absence. These circumstances, combined with the visible agitation of her father, especially when addressed by her, the compassionate and sorrowing glances with which he would regard her, and the timorous looks and evasive answers of the servants, served, now that her fears were excited, to produce in her mind the apprehension that something fearful had happened to Macklin, which all were endeavouring to conceal.

"What," she exclaimed aloud, as the agonising suspicion crossed her brain, "so they would keep the papers from me—they would hide by this subterfuge some terrible calamity, which their pages would disclose. I know it; some dreadful accident has happened to Macklin, which they are for the time concealing from me. Oh! God," and she clasped her hands together, and looked up imploringly to heaven, "what can it be? But they shall deceive me no longer. This moment I will go to my father, and learn the truth from him."

She was a girl of resolute and decisive character, and no sooner had she determined upon this plan, than she proceeded to put it into execution.

"Why, Helen, dear," said Mr. Butler, as she entered his study, pale, agitated, and weeping, "why are you thus disturbed? What has happened to my child? Have they told you anything—has any fool been blabbing to you?"

"No, no, dearest father," she sobbed out as she flung herself into his arms, and mingled her tears with his, for the old man wept plenteously and bitterly, "they have told me—they would tell me nothing. They have, indeed, kept everything too well concealed from me. But my own suspicions have been aroused; every thing is dark and confused about me, and I know there must be some fearful reason for the mystery. But, oh, my beloved father, keep me no longer in cruel suspense. In mercy to me—see I, am kneeling at your feet,—tell me the whole truth whatever it be, for I can bear anything and everything, but the torture of this uncertainty."

"My cherished darling," replied her anguished parent, raising her from the ground, and folding her in his arms, "there is, indeed, something to be told to you which will require all the firmness—what did I say? all the piety of your nature to hear."

"Something of Macklin, father?"

"Aye, Helen, something terrible beyond all comprehension, concerning that idol of your young heart. Pray with me, my child. Let us ask from Him, the holy and the merciful One, who tempers the wind to the shorn lamb, to strengthen you by His grace, and nerve you by His fortitude, to hear with meekness and resignation the affliction with which, in His wisdom, He has thought fit to visit you. It is a miserable task which you have assigned to me, but it is better that the infliction of the pain you have to suffer should come from my hand, than that of a stranger. So then listen to me, darling, and, oh! for my sake as well as your own, endeavour to be firm and composed."

Mr. Butler then slowly and cautiously informed his daughter of such of the facts as had come before the public, viz.—that Macklin, from the clearest circumstantial evidence, as well as from the testimony of a dragoon soldier, had been fully committed on the verdict of a coroner's jury to take his trial at the ensuing assizes.

Miss Butler listened to the narrative with a singular coolness and absence of emotion, until he pronounced the "sentence for the wilful murder of his step-father." This was too much for affection like hers to hear with any degree of calmness. Up she sprang to her feet, and in a piercing tone of agony said,

"Murder, father! murder, say you. Oh! they lie in their base bad hearts, who charge him with so foul a crime. *He* do murder? He never hurt or harmed aught that had life or feeling. He was too good, too gentle, too kind. No, no, no; it cannot be. Believe it not. It is some conspiracy to rob him of life and fame. I will not, cannot think of it,' and here, as if to shut out the horrid sounds, she put her hands to her ears and pressed them tightly.

"But, nevertheless, Helen," said her father mildly but solemnly, "doubt it as you will, Macklin is in prison on the charge, and what is stranger still, refuses to give a satisfactory explanation in reply to the accusation, or to name who is the real murderer, a fact of which it is supposed he must be cognizant."

The first part of the sentence was all the noble girl heeded, and more in soliloquy than as language addressed to another, she said:

"In prison, and I here at liberty; in the damp, cold, stony dungeon, and I here in comfort and splendour. It must not be," turning to her father, "I will go to him, sir. You know I am his betrothed bride, and it is my duty as well as inclination to be near him in his hour of peril and affliction, to cheer and to watch over him."

"But what will the busy tongue of the world say to such an act, heroic and devoted as it may be?" demanded her father.

"The world, sir!" replied the enthusiastic being, every feeling of her nature kindled into a proud animation, by the impulses which stirred them, "what care I for its babbling tongue or its sneering lip, when duty points out the path I ought to take, and affection beckons me forward! He is all the world to me; beyond him I have not a hope, or thought, or

care. Nay, father, stay me not, nor urge to me the cold, calculating, passionless dictates of a stern prudence or worldly wisdom. I cannot listen to them now ; they are an absolute mockery to me. If you would preserve my life, or, what I fear for more, my reason, if you would not have me grow into a shouting grinning maniac before you, you will grant this request. . Promise me this, dear, dear father."

Mr. Butler was a thinking, sensible man, as well as a fond and affectionate parent, and in an instant he saw the folly, if not the absolute ruin of opposing his daughter's wishes. Besides, if the charges against Macklin were proveable, and his subsequent condemnation and punishment the final unravelling of the mystery in which he was at present involved ; the habituation of his daughter to the daily and hourly scenes of suffering she must witness in his society, and the many trials to which her feelings would be exposed in a prison, would be a preparation that would make the shock of his ultimate fate less terrible and crushing. Therefore he at once proceeded to comply with her wishes, and after a few hours of necessary delay, he was travelling rapidly with her to their melancholy destination.

During the journey, to save her from the dreadful racking of her own imagination, by wisely keeping to the only topic she could entertain, he told her many particulars which had been omitted in his first communication. He had concealed the knowledge of Macklin's situation from her, because he was daily in hopes the mystery would be cleared up. He had written to his unhappy friend, offering him every aid in his power, every assistance which money, advice, experience, or unsparing exertion could supply, but no notice was taken of his letter. Upon this he had sent a trusty law agent to the town where Macklin was imprisoned, to communicate with him, and render him any service which ability and legal acumen could effect. But here again his kindness was baffled. Macklin refused to confer with the gentleman. Then he talked of the universal sympathy felt for Macklin ; the indignation with which some rejected the story altogether, the unfeigned sorrow of others, and the fervent hope of all that he would come forth from the ordeal unsullied and triumphant. He mentioned all the noble and flattering testimonies borne to his worth, integrity, and honourable bearing ; and how, while there were many to weep, there was not one to rejoice over his fall. Thus many a weary mile of the road was cheated, and ere the shadows of evening had closed around, a clear and tranquil sleep had shed a blissful, though temporary oblivion, over the exhausted frame of Helen Butler.

We may form to ourselves no inadequate notion of the feelings with which she approached the prison of Macklin. Reared amidst the courtesies and delicacies of polished life, every thing which met her gaze was a rude and startling contrast to the gay and elegant refinements she had left. The heavy and iron-coloured aspect of the gloomy building, with its lofty walls over which hope never yet looked, and the small grated

windows from which imprisoned crime gazed out upon the world, in which it sinned and loved so dearly—the thick iron-studded door, with the small square aperture through which their persons were scrutinized, and their business roughly demanded—the porch in which the jailors sat with jealous solemnity,—stern dark-visaged men, whose looks told their occupation, and their harsh voices the effect it had upon them; then the flights of steps to be ascended, the patter of their footsteps waking up a dismal echo behind them; the long, arched, white-washed corridors to be passed through, making *one* feel so cold and comfortless; the heavy ~~stolen~~ doors, with their rows of spikes at top, which met them at every turn, with the sharp growling rattle of the keys in the massive locks, the quick shooting back of the lock, and the creaking of the bolts; and when all these were passed through, the pause at one particular door at last, and the wretched sickening delay while the hardened official went through the tedious ceremonials of admittance. Oh! what an ordeal for such a being as Helen Butler to pass through!

When the absolute phrenzy of the first moments had subsided—when the plaintive wailing cries of the woman as she clung around him, now fallen and degraded, who had once been her pride and boast; and the audible choking sobs of the man, as every fibre and ligament of his frame vibrated with each passionate gush of his affliction; when these had in some measure abated, and a dreary calm ensued, the eye of affection, as it read the records of the past which was traced in the lineaments of the unhappy prisoner, was horrified to behold the ruin which in so short a time misery had effected. The shrunken frame, stooped and almost palsied—the hectic flush upon the haggard and hollowed cheek—the unnatural, unhealthy lustre of the eye—the faltering, unsteady tones of the voice—and the tremulous motion of the hands, all showed how terrible is the wear and waste of agony, when the night brings no rest and the day no solace. He was indeed sadly changed. Whole years of mental and bodily suffering seemed to have passed over him since they last met. He had grown old, if not decrepit with misery, within the compass of a few days. But could it be otherwise in that dismal solitude, with such thoughts as his must have been, to haunt and harrass him.

I cannot, even if I were so disposed, linger over the melancholy details of this interview. Such scenes are deservedly sacred, and curiosity and speculation have no business with them. Whatever replies Macklin made to the anxious demands of Miss Butler, “that he would at once by an explicit avowal, and a satisfactory explanation of the mysterious circumstances of the case, establish that innocence *she* was so proudly convinced of,” they for the time both satisfied, and, on that topic, silenced her; and she no longer pressed him on a subject from which he shrunk with no ordinary reluctance. Time—time alone was to unravel the tangled skein of destiny, and every thing was left to its sure and certain operation. Their great object now was mutually to cheer and support each other, and in this they were in a great measure successful. The

proof of devotion, and fidelity of attachment exhibited towards him by one so beautiful, and worshipped for that beauty, was inexpressibly soothing to the feelings of Macklin, in the assurance it gave him how thoroughly he was beloved. And on Helen's part, the endeavour to bring light and comfort to that prison house, and to people it with fond creations of hope and consolation, had a brightening and a strengthening effect upon her spirit. The necessity of keeping up a well-sustained aspect, if not of cheerfulness, at least of trustful resolute confidence, bore her up surprisingly through all her trials. The interest of Mr. Butler was sufficient to procure constant access to the prison, and a retired residence being engaged in the neighbourhood, their intercourse was not interrupted. In this state matters continued with them until the approach of the ~~assizes~~ ^{assizes}.

LIVES OF MODERN STATESMEN.

HENRY BROUGHAM.

CHAPTER III.

State of the Whig Party when Brougham entered Parliament.—Notes on the Characters of Sheridan and Whitbread.—Brougham's Maiden Speech.—He does not give up his Profession.—His Character as a Circuit Companion.—Two Bottles of Burgundy and a Basin.—The Currency Question.—The Slave Trade.—The Orders in Council of which he procures the Repeal.—He stands against Canning at Liverpool.—Nature of his Practice at the Bar.—His Social Versatility Vindicated.—What were his Political Principles.—He leads the Opposition whether it likes or not.—His Speech against the Regent.—Bad Effects of it.—What Romilly thought of him.—His attempts to establish National Education.—Difficulties in his path.—The Establishment and the Sectaries.—His Championship of Queen Caroline.—He marries a Rich Widow.—How he was jilted by a great Heiress.

WHEN Brougham entered the House of Commons, the position of the Whigs did not afford very inviting prospects of office. The future statesman and orator cared only for the influential station of a member of parliament, by means of which he could obtain renown and power. The Whigs were not then, any more than they were at other times, the strongest party in England. When Charles Fox came over to visit Ireland in 1777, in company with Lord John Townshend, Burke wrote to him a letter, descriptive of English politics, which, like every thing that came from the writer's pen, is pregnant with profound observation. What he wrote upon that occasion was equally descriptive of the Whig party when Brougham took his seat for Camelford.—“As to the Whigs, I think them far from extinct. They are what they always were (*except by the able use of opportunities*) by far the weakest party in this country. They have not yet learned the application of their principles to the present state of things, and as to the Dissenters, the main effective part of the Whig strength, they are, to use a favourite expression of our American campaign style, ‘not all in force.’”

Sheridan and Whitbread were about this period (1810-11-12) the leading men in the House of Commons on the Whig side. The miserable embarrassment of Sheridan's affairs—his notorious distress, and the excesses of his private life, detracted from the weight, which, in spite of his origin, and the arrogance of the political party whose colours he wore, would unquestionably have been given to him in parliament. "With discretion Sheridan might have ruled his age," said a great philosophical statesman, when alluding to the period of political history, succeeding the death of Charles Fox. He was beset by the love of intrigue. In the main he was honest and well-meaning, but he had the character of not going straight forward,—of preferring the side paths of diplomacy to the high and open ways of public life. In the aristocratic circles of London politicians, he had obtained a factitious importance on account of his supposed influence at Carlton House; but what conferred social influence on the man, rendered the politician an object of distrust. The great Whig lords—the family conclave of the aristocratic Liberals—looked upon him as a mere courtier. Still, however, the public regarded him with respect. His brilliant speeches were eagerly perused, and although his mere Whig principles prevented him from being idolized by the ultra-Radicals, who in those days roared at the heels of Sir Francis Burtlett, he was yet a popular favourite, held in no ordinary estimation by the public at large.

Mr. Whitbread was a very noticeable man in his line of political business. He was not fitted for the various characters which a party leader must play, and he was far from being first rate in his own peculiar line; nevertheless he was an excellent person to have in any political party. For in the first place, he was a man to be relied on. The confidence reposed in him he never would betray, neither would he disappoint the reasonable expectations formed of him. He had a will of his own, and oftentimes expressed it, yet he was not morbidly fastidious in these transactions of reciprocal compromise in which the leading men of all parties have so constantly to engage. His style of speaking, and his general demeanour and fashion of carrying himself amongst politicians, was that of the "honest Shippen" school. Lord Byron called him the "Demosthenes of bad taste," which is a tolerably apt description of Whitbread "on his legs." Indeed, he always struck us as being not unlike a second-rate Charles Fox,—perhaps we are unjust to him, but there can be no doubt that the great Whig orator was always before the eyes of Whitbread. Sometimes he was Fox in caricature. His manner was vehement, but his diction was of the most ordinary kind—neither simple, nor nervous, nor chastely classical. He could only deal with a few topics at best; he was not equal to the construction of a chain of argument, and he was deficient in that quality of mind which enables its possessor to combine antagonisms, without which no one, however gifted in other respects, can be a statesman of the highest class.

But his character was excellent, and he had a strong sympathy with the scorned multitude. His heart was sound—there was no tincture of affectation in his virtues. Whitbread the man was incomparably greater than Whitbread the statesman. In social life he was a choice specimen of John Bullism. He was eminently national—he was not a frigid cosmopolite dwelling in universalism. He believed in his country.

Mr. Whitbread married the aunt of the present Earl Grey. By that tie he was united to the Whig aristocracy. His great wealth—his extensive commercial connexions, added to his unsullied private character, his hearty manliness, and his very good abilities, rendered him a most useful man to the Whigs, and an exceedingly troublesome opponent to the occupiers of the ministerial benches.

Upon Mr. Whitbread's motion (March 5th, 1810) of censure on the Earl of Chatham, co-hero with Sir Richard Strachan* in the Scheldt expedition, Brougham delivered his maiden speech, which was very far from coming up to the expectations of his friends. It was clear, and to the purpose, and delivered without any ostentation. It was a much better introduction to the members of the House, than if it had been a "crack" affair—the result of laborious preparation. On the 15th of June in that year, he made a motion on the Slave Trade, prefacing it with a long and able speech. He strenuously prepared himself for Parliamentary exertions, nor did he abandon his profession. He looked for practice in the King's Bench. About that period, an eloquent popular advocate was wanted at the English Bar. Libel cases, and political prosecutions offered fine opportunities for the display of Brougham's powers. He defended the Messrs. Hunt, proprietors of the Examiner, who were prosecuted for their attack on the system of flogging in the army. His speech on that occasion was an excellent advertisement of his powers as an advocate. Lord Ellenborough, who presided, called it "one of great ability, eloquence, and manliness." The Chief Justice charged the jury, that the article before them was a gross and malicious libel; nevertheless, the verdict was "not guilty." We have heard that it was this speech that drew down upon Brougham the marked and notorious aversion of George the Fourth, who was at that time Prince Regent.

Probably Brougham was never so happy as at that period of his life. He has had weeks of more pleasurable excitement, arising from the sensations attendant on successful efforts; but his general existence was happier in those days. He was then tasting the gratification of youthful success. He had a seat in Parliament, and he had obtained *eclat* at the bar. The future rose before his eyes in cloudless brilliancy. His springing ambition had plenty to feed upon. He looked around him, and beheld no

* "The Earl of Chatham with his sword drawn,
Was waiting for Sir Richard Strachan;
Sir Richard longing to be at 'em,
Was waiting for the Earl of Chatham."

superior amongst men of his own standing. The long northern circuit, with joyous dinners, cordial greetings, showers of briefs, and popular acclamations, was pictured in his fancy. He was then (as indeed he has always been) prone to social enjoyment, keenly relishing festive companions. He was always upon circuit—an excellent mess-man, in all senses of the word—ready to talk, eat, laugh, or drink against the most fluent *raconteur*—the most active trencher man, the drollest wag, or the profoundest bibber. We may remark here, that several absurd stories have been told about his fondness for the bottle. He has never been improperly addicted to it. He has been accustomed to drink more than most men, but his temperament and constitution must be taken into account. To a man of his large appetites, and very great physical developement, that which to others would be quantity, would, in his case, be a stint. The stories told about his drinking bouts, arose from the publicity with which he used to refresh his exhausted energies.* A man with his excessive nervous irritability would be frequently compelled, when making great efforts, to recur to artificial sustentation. Whilst he was in the House of Commons, prior to his elevation to the woolsack, when he had a large King's Bench practice to get through, and maintain his part as leader of the Opposition besides, we know that very frequently before dinner he was obliged to drink, in order to perform his labours.†

On the Currency Question, Brougham took an active part in 1811, in support of Mr. Horner's propositions. Some horrible cases of oppression in the West Indies were held up to infamy by him in that year.

* An eminent member of our Bar (who was himself present) tells a capital story of a scene which occurred many years since at an assizes in Lancaster, where Brougham conducted the case for the plaintiff, and Lord (then Mr.) Campbell that of the defendant. It was eleven o'clock at night, when Brougham had to rise to speak to evidence. He begged that the case might be adjourned on account of the lateness of the hour, but defendant's counsel would not consent, dreading the display which Brougham would have made when fresh in the morning. Disappointed in procuring the adjournment of the case, he succeeded in obtaining leave to refresh himself for fifteen minutes; and when the presiding judge had left the court, Brougham leaped on the bar-box, squatted on the witness table, threw off his wig and cravat, and spun a sovereign over his head to the crier, telling him to bring two bottles of Burgundy, a table-spoon, and a wash-hand basin. The bystanders watched his movements with great curiosity; they expected to see him perform his lavations, but to their great surprise, when the wine was brought, he discharged the two bottles of Burgundy into the wash-hand basin, and began to drink it with the table-spoon, as if he had a bowl of soup before him. In a very short time, he had got through nearly half the contents of the basin; he then stopped, placed the basin near him, and when the judge and jury came back to court, commenced his speech, stopping at times for a couple of spoonfuls of Burgundy. After having spoken for two hours, the Court expected him to stop; but no! he would have his revenge, and he went on until long after three o'clock the next morning, to which time he kept Campbell in court! But this is only one of the innumerable freaks which we might record of him.

† This latter fact we have upon the authority of the late James Brougham, M. P. for Kendal.

He dragged the atrocious Huggins before the public, and zealously battled for the miserable negroes. Whatever politicians may think of his career, Brougham can never be deprived of the honour of having been, next to Wilberforce and Fox—the most zealous parliamentary friend to the abolition cause. With three mighty questions, viz:—Slave Trade Abolition, Parliamentary Reform, and Education of the People, history will associate his name.

In the session of 1812, Brougham rose considerably in the estimation of the House of Commons. He distinguished himself upon several occasions. In the discussions relating to Colonel M'Mahon's sinecure, the Leather Tax, the Droits of Admiralty, the Catholic question, the East India Company's affairs, the King's Household Bill, the Ministerial changes, (on the death of Mr. Perceval), Corporal Punishment in the Army, Preservation of the Peace Bill, he took a leading part, in which he signalized himself as a most able, ingenious, and persistent debater. His formidable assault on the Orders in Council, gave him a reputation throughout England, which other politicians have toiled for years to obtain. These orders had been published by way of retaliation upon Napoleon's famous Berlin Decree. Both political parties must be held equally responsible for their publication. Their effects were most injurious to the general trade and commerce of the country—eventually they produced a war with America. They were first issued by the Fox-Grenville ministry, but they were continued by the succeeding Tory cabinet. The opinion of the commercial public loudly condemned them, and at last they fell before the assault of Brougham, who manifested his characteristic and exhaustless energy in the examination of a host of witnesses for several days, in the production of various evidence, upon which he powerfully commented, and in his speech in favour of repealing them, which is an admirable specimen of clear and lucid demonstration,—plain, comprehensive, copious, but not tedious,—wherein the fullest justice is done to the entire question. Any man capable of making such a statement in parliament, even though he were not a brilliant orator, whose ideas would penetrate all hearers, and whose words would linger in the public memory—even though he were not variously instructed and singularly gifted—could not fail of taking a prominent station in the country, and becoming a *puissance* in whatever party he might espouse.

In 1812, Canning carried a motion, pledging the House of Commons to take into consideration the Catholic claims in the next session. The Government deemed it expedient to dissolve Parliament; and the Reformers of Liverpool resolved to bring forward Brougham as their candidate. The liberal Tories called upon Canning to stand for the representation of that great trading borough; and it was generally expected that both of these candidates would have been returned, but, by fatal mismanagement, Mr. Creevey was also nominated in conjunction with Brougham, who

thereby lost his election, as, in self-defence, the supporters of Canning were obliged to coalesce with General Gascoigne. At the close of the poll, the numbers stood—Canning, 1631; Gascoigne, 1532; Brougham, 1131; Creevey, 1068.*

Beaten at Liverpool, he was nominated for the Inverkeithing district of burghs, in Scotland, but suffered another defeat there. None of the Whig party offered him a borough; they sent into parliament crowds of incompetent dandies, and effeminate lordlings, but they allowed a man who could have served the country with great effect, to remain out of St. Stephens, wherein he had already achieved a high reputation. Brougham was galled at this conduct; he has alluded to it himself not very long since, in terms which plainly indicate that he has not forgotten the treatment which he then experienced. It has been asserted, that George the Fourth interfered to prevent his return. Some plausible reasons may be alleged in support of this assertion. It was not until 1816, that Brougham entered parliament again. He was returned for Winchelsea, of which the Earl of Darlington (now Duke of Cleveland) was the patron, at the particular request of Earl Grey, who, in consequence of his schism with Lord Grenville in the preceding year, found it necessary to strengthen his party.

While Brougham was out of parliament, he devoted himself to his profession with all his characteristic energies. He was engaged in several cases which attracted considerable attention. It was at this period that he began to apply himself steadily to the study of the law. Although he never obtained first-rate practice, such as that enjoyed by Sir James Scarlett (now Lord Abinger), or Sir Thomas Wilde, or Sir William Follett, still he was in very great request amongst the attornies. On the northern circuit, and at the sittings at Guildhall, he used to lead in cases of very great importance. Amongst the various cases in which he was engaged at this period of his career were those of the Hunts, whom he defended unsuccessfully, when prosecuted for libel on the Prince Regent; of Gilbert against Sir Mark Sykes, an interesting wager case; of Houston, the notorious author of *Ecce Homo*, prosecuted for blasphemy;

* When contesting Westmoreland, in 1818, Brougham alluded to the Liverpool election in the following terms:—"The last and the only time I had a contest, I was opposed to persons of liberal feelings and enlightened minds; men who would have scorned to carry a point by clamour, or resort to tricks to overpower an adversary. To be opposed—as I was then—to a man like Mr. Canning, was a high honour; to be defeated by him, was no disgrace. He was a man who took no undue advantage of his opponents—who conducted the contest fairly and honourably, and who added to his triumph the praise that it was won by laudable means. Opposed, during a long contest, to this distinguished orator, a man of the greatest talents and most accomplished mind of the day; no angry feeling was produced, no reason for complaint was given on either side; and as we met as friends at the beginning of the election, so we parted at the end, with mutual thanks and congratulations on the manner in which it had been conducted."

of the Earl of Roseberry against Sir Henry Mildmay, an action of *crim. con.*, in which he led for the defendant.*

One of the most remarkable faculties of Brougham was his extraordinary power of being "all things to all men"—of his interesting himself in the views of men devoted to the circulation of different ideas. At the time of which we now speak, he was in active communication with the friends of Slavery Abolition, Radical Reform, Law Reform, Popular Education. Nor is it to be supposed that he attended to these questions merely in his capacity as an advocate. By no means. He laboured zealously for them in the study and in private re-unions; and in the different companies into which he was so constantly thrown, he was always one of the most active and leading persons present. He was an associate unremitting in his exertions with Wilberforce, Clarkson, Stephen, William Smith (of Norwich), Zachariah Macauley, and Babington, (*vide* Wilberforce's *Life passim.*) With the Utilitarians he was in high vogue; he was petted by Bentham, and applauded by James Mill. At Holland House he was a frequent guest, and considered as one of the *coterie* with Mackintosh, Hallam, and Sidney Smith. In the same way, in the Lansdowne section of the Liberals, he was associated with Romilly and Horner. And as if to shew his power of associating with all classes, he attended the Westminster meetings of the Burdett party, in company with Lord Cochrane, Brand, and the late lamented Earl of Durham. Major Cartwright was another of Brougham's political associates.

It must not be supposed that in playing these various parts, Brougham was a hypocrite. They were not inconsistent with each other, and he always took especial care never to commit himself to the positive formulas of the Ultra-Radicals. In 1814 he made what from its style would be called an Ultra-Radical speech, at the City of London Tavern, in which he addressed himself principally to the members of the Cartwright party. It has been asserted that at this period he was in favour of "yearly parliaments, and representation, co-extensive with taxation;" but if he ever said that he was so, it only gives reason for thinking that he was following the advice which Sheridan gave Fox—concerning the "oftener-if-need-be's." In 1817 he sneered at the Cartwright Reformers, with their "little nostrums and big blunders," when Lord Cochrane reminded him of his former declarations, and even produced the speech which Brougham had made, and corrected for the press, but had not published. Judging by his famous article on Don Pedro Cevallos, (*Edinburgh Review*, No. 26,) we should say that Brougham was unquestionably an Ultra-Whig, and that he entertained

* £15,000 damages were given in this very aggravated case. The defendant had been married to Lady Roseberry's sister, after whose death the criminal intercourse took place. Lady R. was sister to the present Earl of Radnor, and was not divorced until 1819.

such political opinions as are to be found in the "*Vindiciæ Gallicæ*," to parts of which that article bears a very striking resemblance.

When he again entered Parliament, he found himself in a different position from that which he had occupied four years before. Mr. Whitbread had committed suicide in the previous year; Tierney had not much weight with either section of the Liberals; Sir James Mackintosh (partly from his bad health, and partly from his devotion to abstract contemplations) had shewn himself utterly unfitted for a leading part in the House of Commons; the amiable Romilly had not the thews and sinews required by the leader of an opposition; and George Ponsonby was nothing more than the nominal head of the party.*

The place of leader of the opposition was open to ability, and Brougham determined to possess himself of it. But his own party were by no means anxious that he should reach such a position. They wished to obtain the advantage of his formidable alliance, without giving him so great a reward as installing him as their accredited chief.

The only chance, however, which the Whigs had of going on as a party, was by consenting to give Brougham the leadership; and in the summer of 1819, when Tierney became an invalid, it was virtually handed over to him. Whether the Greys, the Lansdownes, the Cavendishes and Howards, had consented or not, made little matter to Brougham, who would have either seized it, or as one of the cleverest of the Tories remarked at the time, "taken special care that the Whigs should have no leader at all." Plunket, his only rival at the opposition side, was a splendid speaker in the Liberal party, but nothing more. He advocated *Lord-Grenvilleism*—had no passion for politics—was destitute of zeal, and was an opponent to Reform. In oratorical talents he was, at that time, certainly superior to Brougham; but in no other qualifications for political leadership.

We believe that the Whig party never by any formal act conferred the leadership on Brougham. The public and political men never considered him as the acknowledged leader of the advanced Whig party in the Lower House. At Brookes', in July 1818, the leadership was in the regular manner committed to Tierney, but after all, it was only a nominal trust in the hands of that very clever and caustic person, given merely to save appearances. In the "*New Whig Guide*" there is a humorous mock trial, (written by Lord Palmerston) at which Brougham is arraigned for having snatched the lead from George Ponsonby.

Mackintosh thus writes of him (Diary, January 30th, 1818):

"The address and insinuation of Brougham are so great, that nothing but the bad temper which he cannot always hide, could hinder him from

* About this time death had made great havoc amongst the Whigs. On the 6th of July, 1815, Whitbread fell. In a year and a day after, 7th July, 1816, poor Sheridan died. On the next day but one, George Ponsonby was seized by apoplexy; and early in 1817, Horner died under a complication of disorders.

mastering every body as he does Romilly. He *leads* others to his opinions. He generally appears at first to concur with theirs, and never more than half opposes it at once. This management is helped by an air of easy frankness which would lay suspicion herself asleep. He will place himself at the head of an opposition amongst whom he is unpopular—he will conquer the House of Commons, who hate, but who now begin to fear him.”

Amongst other reasons for withholding “the lead” from Brougham, was the utter recklessness which he had manifested in 1816, in his notorious speech, wherein he had drawn a parallel between the House of Brunswick and the House of Stuart, greatly to the advantage of the latter; and in which he had hurled a terrible philippic at the head of the Prince Regent. He had injured his party considerably by that speech, although not half so much as they thought at the time.

In the revised and collected edition of his speeches, Brougham makes no allusion to this harangue, of the exact words of which no faithful report remains. It was delivered on the 20th of March, 1816, on the occasion of Mr. Croker's salary having been raised by the Government. After alluding to the dethronement of the Stuarts, he said, “Much better would it be to listen to that solemn voice than to build monuments to the descendants of the victims of legitimacy. Much better would it be, instead of doing honour to that family, to profit by its example.” He then proceeded,—“the Stuarts were in a great measure betrayed by the tenderness of their consciences, and by the nicety of their religious scruples,” and then went on—

“Far otherwise must *those* be estimated who entertained no scruples of religion, who experienced no tenderness of conscience; who, in utter disregard of the feelings of an oppressed and insulted nation, proceeded from one wasteful expenditure to another; who decorated and crowded their houses with the splendid results of their extravagance; who associated with the most profligate of human beings; who, when the gaols were filled with wretches, could not suspend for a moment their thoughtless amusements, to end the short suspense between life and death; who alone are surrounded by an establishment of mercenaries, and, unable to trust to the attachment of the nation for their security, yet decried the House of Commons to enable them to lavish on their favourites the money extracted from the pockets of the suffering people of England.”—*Hansard*, 33, 497.

This speech attracted the notice of Romilly in his Diary, wherein he laments that Brougham should have made it; and proceeds to give the following character of the orator. Of late years it has been the fashion to abuse Brougham as a charlatan; but whatever may be thought of his excessive vanity and his lamentable waywardness, it is wrong to forget what he has effected for public liberty. Sir Samuel Romilly was not the man (*malgré* the above opinion of Mackintosh) whom a charlatan could deceive; and here is his unbiassed and discriminative character of him whose life we are describing:—

"Brougham is a man of the most splendid talents, and of the most extensive acquirements, and *he has used the ample means which he possesses most usefully for mankind.* It would be difficult to ~~overrate~~ the services which he has rendered the cause of the slaves in the West Indies, or that of the friends to the extension of knowledge and education amongst the poor, or to praise too highly his endeavours to serve the oppressed inhabitants of Poland. How much is it to be lamented that his want of judgment and of prudence should prevent his great talents, and such good intentions, from being as great a blessing to mankind as they ought to be."

In 1817, Brougham commenced his parliamentary exertions in favour of National Education. In that and the succeeding year he devoted a considerable portion of his time to this great cause. He obtained first a committee for enquiring into the education of the people in Westminster, Southwark, and Lambeth; and afterwards procured an extension of its powers for investigating the general education of the country at large. During the protracted conduct of this enquiry, he displayed more caution, tact, and prudence than persons would have given him credit for. He was aware of the dangerous ground on which he was treading. Until 1820, he laboured at popular education with extraordinary assiduity, for he was under the impression that it was possible to devise a system which might have been carried in Parliament. To describe the difficulties under which those labour, who seek to establish a system of really National Education in England, does not fall to us on the present occasion—to indicate them with accuracy, it would be necessary to portray the social and political state of England. Brougham was zealous, and not faint-hearted in the great cause of mental emancipation. After defending the Education Committee from various insidious attacks—after having, by very great efforts, succeeded in rousing public attention to the subject of popular instruction, he brought forward in 1820, his plan for the Education of the People. It is a most extensive one, and in very many respects worthy of its glorious object. Many faults may be found with it, as with every vast plan of a like scale and magnitude; but who ever devised a more feasible scheme? Or will the most servile supporter of the Melbourne Whigs assert that *their* scheme of founding a mere normal school, is at all comparable to the vast measures which Brougham proposed in 1820?

His idea of National Education for the people of England was this:—
 "Any education will be an advantage. If I cannot procure the best system which I can abstractedly devise, I will accept the largest which I can achieve. I will not look to perfection; I will rather regard feasibility. England is distracted with prejudices on this subject; if I cannot reconcile them, I will compound with them."

Now, let the ideas prevalent in England on this question be observed.

The Church party fear education, not subject to the Establishment,

lest indifference may result from the Legislature placing all creeds, in matters of teaching, upon an equality.

The Dissenters fear education connected with the Establishment, as it would give the clergy too much power, encrease considerably the social and political influence possessed by that body, and virtually proclaim their own subserviency to the powers in authority.

The friends of the Establishment say to the legislator, "You have established the Church of England. You recognize its existence by your positive laws. You have carefully fenced it round against the assaults of the leveller. You have said that an endowed clergy must be maintained for the country. Will you contradict your own principles by consenting to a scheme of education, in which the State is made to treat the religion which you have established by law as a mere sectarian creed, in no wise more venerable, or worthy of respect, than any one of the innumerable *isms* under which dissent makes its appearance? Will you say that it is a matter of indifference to have all the creeds in England put upon an equality *in the eye of the State*? If so, can you with any decency advocate an Established Church?"

On the other hand the sectary says to the legislator,—“All men are born equal. No man has a right to be taxed for the maintenance of another's instructions, when he receives none that he can conscientiously avail himself of. If the clergy of the establishment have the schools under their controul, it is quite plain that they will be Church-of-England-Schools, and how can I conscientiously send my dissenting children there? It is bad enough to be forced by law to support an Established Church. I would wish to see the Church put an end to as a political institution; but if I can't have that done, I do not want to bind its yoke more tightly on my neck, which I would be doing if I were foolish enough to consent to your plan, in favour of the Church of England monopolizing public instruction.”

Seeing that the Established Church possessed such enormous social and political influence in England, Brougham, although an ardent Whig, and connected with the Dissenters, resolved to bribe the Church party into a support of popular education. He saw with the eye of a statesman, that general education would never be carried in *England* (however it might fare in Scotland or in Ireland) without being joined to the Church which the British Constitution recognized. He knew well—no man better—that a Reform in Parliament, whatever else it might do, would not paralyze the power of the English Church; and have not the events of the last twenty years fully justified his opinions? Are not the people of England as far as ever from a state education? Can the present Government—supposing it be inclined to popular education—propose any other system than one closely and intimately connected with the Church?*

* When Lord Melbourne's Government *fiddled* with the subject of public instruc-

To enter into the details of Brougham's plan would occupy us too long. But we best describe it in saying, that he recognized the social influence of the Established Church, and that he sought as much as possible to disarm the Church party of those weapons, which it is sure to wield against laymen who seek to legislate on the abstract principles of natural equity. He thought that education was a priceless boon, and that the true policy was, "first obtain it, afterwards modify and turn it into account."

He failed, however, utterly in his attempt. The apathy of the Church prevented it from embracing his scheme; and the active prejudices of dissent were enlisted in opposition to its adoption. For our own part, looking at the subject merely as friends to education—as supporters of any scheme which would remove ignorance and call thought into life—we heartily regret that Brougham's scheme (however liable to objections) was not carried into execution. There is no use in denying that the English Dissenters crushed his plan—whether wisely for themselves or not, let the calm contemplators of passing events revolve in their minds. Since the Reform Bill, the Church, stimulated by Antagonism, has gained more social power than it had before! Aye, and has wrested from Dissent the very ground which, by Brougham's scheme, the Nonconformists calculated they should have lost! So that the *sagacious, long-sighted, intelligent*, English Dissenters are in this plight—they have been defeated by the Church, and their *country* has got no recognized public education.

Premising that the chief objection to Brougham's plan was its recognition of the Established Church of England—that its first expence would have been £500,000, and that £150,000 *per annum* would have supported it, we will now quote a passage from a Dissenting writer, in order to show how it was regarded by the members of that body:—

"The rival systems of Bell and Lancaster, and the consequent struggle between the clergy and the liberal party, with other concurring causes, made the nation peculiarly alive to the interests of education; and the lamented death of Mr. Whitbread, whose services now appear totally forgotten, conspired to devolve its guardianship upon Mr. Brougham. *The appointment of a committee to inquire into the state of education in the metropolis, was the first step gained.* The report of this committee led to the appointment of the general commission. The indignation of the profitters by the existing abuses was extreme. The examination of charters and deeds of endowment was considered a species of treason; to call in question the wisdom and purity by which the endowed seminaries were managed, the first step towards revolution. Up to this point, the services of Mr. Brougham to the country, in forcing investigation, and exposing flagrant abuses, *were of incalculable value*; but he was more successful in detecting errors, than in devising remedies. His plan of national education, brought forward in 1820, is liable to so many objections, and, indeed, so thoroughly vicious in principle, that it is not easy to conceive how he could have entertained it. The parochial system of Scotland

tion, several staunch Liberals could not vote with them on account of the strong *Church feelings* of their constituents. On a vote of confidence, Lord Melbourne in 1840 had a majority of a score, whereas in 1839, (when he was stronger) his education scheme was carried by two!!

appears to have been floating in his head; but, though this scheme, as seen every day in its working, is acknowledged to be far from perfect, Mr. Brougham's was much more objectionable. It contemplated the extinction of everything resembling public opinion and popular influence in the machinery and objects of education, and placed the training of youth as completely in the power of the established clergy, as is possible in either a Protestant or Catholic country. Nor is it surprising that pregnant suspicions were entertained of the motives of its deviser, by many of the alarmed Dissenters. We shall enumerate a few of the provisions of Mr. Brougham's bill. Every parish was to be entitled to have one or two schools, under certain circumstances. Of these schools, the master was—

“First—Required to have a certificate of qualification—from whom? *From the clergyman of the parish* in which he had resided for the previous year, and three householders.

“Secondly—*He was to be a member of the Established Church.*

“Thirdly—Though chosen by the inhabitant householders, who were to pay for his support, and have their children taught by him, the parson of the parish might examine, and reject him.

“Fourthly—Although passed by the clergyman of the parish, this master, a member of the Church, and chosen by the householders, might still be removed at any time, by the suggestion of the bishop of the diocese, if his lordship chose formally to visit the school, and condemn the teacher.

“Fifthly—No book of any kind was to be used in the school, without the clergyman's permission; nor was any form of worship to be allowed in it, but the Lord's prayer and certain passages of scripture.

“We sincerely rejoice to say that this Education bill, cheered by the *knowing* Tories, was knocked on the head by the vigilant Dissenters. The clauses we have enumerated were, each and all, calculated to alarm liberal men. From the moment the bill was first read, it was watched, as the cat does the mouse, by the central committee of the “Protestant Society for the Protection of Religious Liberty.” A deputation of that body waited upon its framer, to remonstrate on its principle and clauses; and Mr. Brougham then saw his error. He, at least, abandoned his ill-advised and mischief-fraught measure, though he was not at once prepared to admit that his condemnation was just. There is this much to be said for Mr. Brougham. National Education might appear to him a good, worthy to be purchased at any price, and received in any form. The question was not, whether all children should be trained under the influence of Churchmen, but whether they were to receive some kind of education—the worst being immeasurably better than none at all. This, we apprehend, is the fair construction to be put on this erring step on his part.”

One result of the labours of the Education Committee, was the discovery of the abuses in charities. By unceasing exertion, Brougham laid these bare to the world, and proclaimed them to the public in his well-known “Letter to Sir Samuel Romilly,” which ran through ten large editions.

One would suppose that he had at this period of his life quite enough to engage him, without his embarking in a most delicate business, highly onerous, and in which he undertook very heavy responsibilities. During this eventful period of his career, he was the adviser and representative of the ill-fated Caroline of Brunswick. He had been appointed her legal adviser so early as the year 1813, and on the death of Mr. Whitbread, had become her political organ in parliament. Her celebrated letter to the Prince Regent (an artful composition, which there are strong grounds

for believing came from Brougham's pen,) had been published by his advice. This letter had been returned unopened by the Prince, but by the advice of Brougham (for which he was greatly censured at the time) was sent to the newspapers. In publishing it, he played a master stroke. Those of our contemporaries who have good memories, cannot fail to recollect the tremendous effect in favour of the Queen, which the publication of that letter produced. From that time to the day of her death, Brougham was in the closest connection with that ill-fated woman. The public regard only his exertions on her trial, but far more admiration should be bestowed on the judicious tact and incessant vigilance with which he managed her interests. Nothing can show the versatile energy of this remarkable man more plainly than the fact, that when on the eve of becoming leader of the opposition, by the desire of the Queen he was obliged to repair to see her at the villa d'Este, on the lake of Como, concerning an abominable conspiracy which had been planned against her—he took advantage of this visit to the continent to examine carefully the institutions of M. Fellenberg, at Hofwyl, and Pestalozzi, at Yverdon, being seminaries on an excellent system for the education of different classes of society. His description of these institutions is to be found in the *Edinburgh Review*.

We will not enter into detail concerning his management of the Queen's affairs. It would take far more room than we can spare; and we hope to do justice to it in the narrative of "The Story of Queen Caroline of Brunswick."

He attempted at this period of his life (1818 to 1820) to become representative of his native county, but the dominant interest of the Lowther family was too powerful. The County of Westmoreland is still little better than a close borough. Three times Brougham unsuccessfully contested the county; on which occasions the final close of the poll was as follows:—

1818.	1820.	1826.
Lord Lowther, 1211	Lord Lowther, 1530	Lord Lowther, 2097
Col. Lowther, 1157	Col. Lowther, 1412	Col. Lowther, 2024
Mr. Brougham, 889	Mr. Brougham, 1349	Mr. Brougham, 1378

In 1819 he married Lady Brougham, who was the widow of Mr. Spalding, by whom she had a family, and from whom she possessed a jointure of £1500 *per annum*. She is of the Eden family, and is cousin of the Earl of Auckland, and stood in the same relationship to the late Lord Henley. It is said that in his early life, Brougham was a candidate for the hand of the present Marchioness of Londonderry, at that time, Miss Vane Tempest. His pretensions were favoured by the young lady's guardian, the late M. A. Taylor; but the soldier wooed more successfully than the schoolmaster,—the hero prevailed over the orator.

REVERIES OF A FIRE-WORSHIPPER.

BY THE AUTHOR OF FIRESIDE RAMBLINGS.*

PART I.

INTRODUCTION.

AGAIN, the fire-light flasheth: and again, I soar into the heaven of cheerfulness and pleasantry. As more than once, good reader, I have hinted, mine hath ever been a kind of whirlwind humour, which taketh its gyration round the straw or the feather, for the mere purpose of giving them a temporary elevation. 'Tis not of any import to me what happens them after the accomplishment of this end: whether they fall to the ground to be spurned by the tread of haughty foot, or are swept into the hearth, or float downward, on the stream of Time, to indistinct oblivion. Enough that this humour bloweth how and where it list, so that it bloweth me a consequence; and "ill indeed," saith the adage, "must that wind be, which will not blow somebody good." Yet, did it never rise to the height of a hurricane in the social atmosphere; it sought not to wreck nor to ruin one human institution; it may have (mildly) agitated, but it never could convulse. In this particular, Fate hath been singularly propitious to me, for all other (tempestuously inclined) humours were wisely pent up, this most innocuous humour alone being left to waft me through life—"obstrictis aliis præter Japygas;" and steadily and calmly hath it wafted me, and I am not without hope that more steadily still, and more calmly, shall it breathe upon me as I journey onward toward the goal. I am always tempted to throw out those hints, good reader, anticipatory of any entertainment on your part of sudden and unseasonable prejudices against me: and, if peradventure thou beest a critic, to elicit from thee a judgment on these papers benign and benevolent, and brimming with brotherly love. One of these straws or feathers, that had been whirled upward in time past, and had been just descending toward Johanna's sweeping brush but yesterday, I caught at once again, and, once again, I seek to whirl it upward; and may it meet in its descent some worthier fate than that the brush would give it. But, metaphor apart, let us come at once to

SOMETHING ABOUT FIRE-WORSHIP.

SURDAS telleth us—[but, methinks I hear loud cries of "Oh! oh!" from sundry of my acquaintances who know the sum of my meagre acquirements—above all, of the classical—at mention of this writer's name by *me*. Hush! sweet friends! "Lend me your ears." Most excellent friends, it is with travellers through books (I am convinced Parson Adams would be of the same opinion) as it is with travellers through

* *Vide THE CITIZEN*, vol. iii. pp. 14, 146.

countries: should the latter notice, on mausoleum or obelisk, some remarkable inscription, confirmatory, peradventure, of some dearly-beloved crotchet, straightway do they take a note of it in their sketch-books, and rejoice with exceeding great joy at their discovery. Not dissimilar from these are the former. Should they meet, on their literary ramblings, with an inscription upon one of those old monuments of authorship, styled an Encyclopædia, said inscription being merely a fragment from the voluminous writings of a great man—if that fragment or, in other words, quotation, suit their purpose, they take a note of it instantler, yet so as to give all proper acknowledgment for it. 'Tis thus I have dealt by Suidas. I know no more of his writings at this moment than a quotation from them I have somewhere stumbled upon, the substance of which I was about to give you, gentlemen, when I commenced this chapter. Be ye silent, therefore, and satisfied.] Suidas, I repeat, telleth us that Perseus saw a ball of fire, "*globus ignis*," fall from heaven somewhere in Persia, which lighted up his soul with such a religious awe, that he bowed down and worshipped the heavenly missile, and caused fires to be kindled from it which were deemed sacred wherever they were known. You may say: "Pho! this is of a piece with all that the hypocritical Numa" (*I would call him most profound political economist*) "gave out about his sacred shield and its virtues." Not a bit of it! Thy story, old Numa, is nothing more nor less than a story. Hadst thou, indeed, told us that the *materiel* of thy shield came from above, and that thou hadst gotten earthly artificers to shape and mould it to thy desire, then, truly, I might have believed thee, good Numa Pompilius. But, no such thing. Some Vulcan of upper air, thou wouldst insinuate, was at thy beck and bidding, and that this beck and bidding were the inspiration of Jove himself.

Nevertheless, excellent scion of the Inventive School, wonders hadst thou accomplished for the Romans with thy skilful imagination. With imagination it was thou wert used to hold council in the grove. Imagination was thy true goddess—thy real Egeria. Imagination it was that gave thee the source of a hydromancy, which reflected whatever tints thy brightest of wishes could have shed upon it. But, to return to our ball of fire:—There is nothing whatever improbable in Suidas' account, seeing we have so many philosophers coming forward to attest to deciduous phenomena—meteoric stones, and the like—which they themselves have seen falling, or, after having fallen, have examined. Indeed, I incline to the belief, that this ball of Suidas was simply one of these stones. Not so thought Perseus, however: *he* believed it to be a body instinct with divinity, and his followers but too readily believing the same—

"A present deity! they shout around:—
A present deity! the hills and plains rebound."

And, forthwith, ignicolism, or fireworship began. * * * * *

'Tis said, that some espousers of this caustic religion, those new-lights of

fire, whose tenets were merely combustibles, I know not when, nor can I tell why, nor do I care why or when, found their way to, and colonized many parts of Ireland, introducing with their other arts, that most incomparable art, the cultivation of good fires. Now, from the zeal, the ardour I have ever evidenced in procuring the most praiseworthy, because the most brilliant of fires (in my own house as well as in any one else's,) I flatter myself I am a veritable descendant from some of these *warm-hearted* men. Nevertheless, *my* worship of fire is different in some measure from theirs. No other divinity do I worship in it but cheerfulness, whose genii are ye, ye elements, light and heat. In my little coal-built pile—my little ebon temple—do ye exercise your ministry. “I tax not you, ye elements, with unkindness”—on the contrary, ye always minister unto me in blessings which derive directly from content.

A DIGRESSION ON POTTEEN.

THAT which long time hath been appropriated by a country, with the most especial jealousy, as its own exclusive invention, but too frequently turns out to have derived its radicles elsewhere, or, at all events, to have been the produce of an engrafture of the indigenous upon the exotic growth; in plainer words, an invention imitated, modified, improved, owing to that advance of utilitarianism, called the march of intellect. Read anywhere any article you can find; for instance, on gunpowder, and observe, first, what a string of names will lay claim to its invention, besides those few thou wert familiar with in thy school-days, Constantine Anelzen, Bartholdus Schwartz, and Roger alias Friar Bacon; and observe next, what a string of writers are to be found treading on each other's heels, some insisting that the “locus in quo” is here, others, that it is there, and others, that it is neither here nor there, but that it is far away, lost amongst the thickets of antiquity. From gunpowder come to “liquid fire,” potteen! Ireland layeth claim to this invention, I think, very undeservedly. By all accounts, potteen was unknown in this country until about Horace's time—before or a little after it—be the same more or less; and from Italy, doubtless, it first came. Considerable improvements were made from time to time in its manufacture, until it attained at length its best fuliginous flavour. The earliest use of the southern liquid I have read of is noticed by Flaccus in one of his odes. He invites his patron, Mæcenas, to take a “gaudeamus” with him and “minatur pulchra;” he coaxes him with the bait of a vinous preparation which lay in a jar first filled and sealed in the consulship of L. Volcatius Tullus, and M. Æmilius Lepidus. That this was the Italian potteen, is easily seen from the following remarkable lines:—

“Hic dies, anno redeunte, festus
Corticem adstrictum pice demovebit
Amphoræ fumum bibere institutæ.
Consule Tullo.”

CARM. LIB. III. 8.

'Twas laid by for a considerable time "bibere fumum," to drink the smoke, in other words, to absorb the smoke, and this not merely for giving it a carbonated flavour, but also for the neutralization of its tartrates and the like acids, that unavoidably became mixed up in it after its expression from the grape. Now turn to a line or two from our own bard. How singeth Tom Moore in allusion to our potteen?

"What though it may *taste of the smoke* of that flame
Which in secret extracted its virtue forbidden."

The Southern tasted of the smoke too. 'Tis plain, then, that it was the true original of potteen, or shall I not rather name it *amphoreen*, seeing that the amphora, and not the pot, was the vessel in which it was prepared? Now, it is very probable that somebody brought over to us some slips or seedlings of the vine (no one doubts that vines were plenty in Ireland formerly), and taught some of our ancestors the best method of preparing the admired Italian beverage. Accident, as invariably accident is sure to do, led on to improvements in it, by, let us say, the admixture of barley with the grapes: and, let us make quite an unoffending supposition, that, while two jolly Bacchanals of this country were seated one day under a hot summer sun, one of them noticed a particularly strong vapour ascending to his nostrils from the wine cup he held in his hand. Could not this, thought he, be prevented from escaping? Certes, I am losing a good deal of the strength of my draught, and, good sooth, the sun is stealing it too. And, mentioning his thoughts to the other, forthwith they planned together contrivances after contrivances for the catching and imprisoning of this vapour (*'twas alcoholic*); and to disengage it more speedily from their expressed juices, than the sun's rays had power to do, they employed a good rousing rattling fire—like this that blazeth now so goodhumouredly at my feet—and went on planning and planning till they came to a stand *still*, and brought forth a distilment, which, from that period, they gave the name of potteen. Upon finding barley, at least a more plentiful and more convenient article for their experiments than grapes, they totally eschewed the latter; and behold, reader, and be astonished while you behold the rudiments of those engines that have spewed up their lava-streams over the length and breadth of the land; that have been poisoning a nation's character so long; and that might have worked some fearful revolution, had not a salutary check been at length given through the—I can indeed call it providential agency visibly centered in one man—the moral regenerator, Theobald Matthew. Reader, I could not help this digression. It seemed to distil softly and naturally from my pen. One question, and I let thee off. What is thine own idea of the origin of potteen?

THE MATTER OF FACT OF THE MODERNS, THE SUBLIME OF THE ANCIENTS.

THE ancient poets, who had very dignified—very lofty—notions about everything, had always a little divine effulgence to spare from their

“mens divinior,” whenever they sought, by personifying, to magnify littlenesses, and to give them Olympian habitations. Thus Fame, forsooth, was a goddess; and as there were different kinds of fame, oral, historical, monumental, &c. so were there different brains to be found, creative of that form of deity which the imagination of each had suggested. But those huge monstrosities of fable have long since gone out of fashion. They have given place to the less visionary and more common sense-view of our mundane accidents. Contrast for a moment the ideas of these writers with those of some of our moderns. The science of theogony is fairly fled,—our faith is not pinned to the wing of the breeze, nor to the fringe of the mist; neither blow we such bubbles as zephyrs are born of, nor do we *mist-ify* vapours into wool-clad monsters. The present age insists (turn where you will) upon calling a spade a spade. And of the moderns, “e pluribus unum,” let us take up little Knickerbocker’s idea of fame—he is speaking of the historical:—“Fame,” saith Knickerbocker, “is—a goddess!”—no such thing—“fame is but a leaf of dirty paper!” Oh! thou starched little wag, Diedrich, how unsublime, how un-olympian, how unpoetic this idea of thine! and yet, how incontrovertibly true! Wandering into what “opaca locorum” wert thou, when this reflection startled thee? Say, was it through the stalls where mouldy tomes resolve themselves to elements primordial; where moths and other paper-vermin crawl about,—oh! fearful revolutionists—to do oblivion’s work? Or was it in some snuff-bazaar didst stray, and mark the purpose of each “dirty leaf,” enwrapping thy cigar or ounce of snuff? or didst thou see, as *I* have seen, some “Life” of Plutarch sacrificed to fire—some deeds of heroes to the ashpit swept, and meeting filthy burial? Historic fame! how little worth are all our aspirations after thee! Psha, mockery! Psha, “leaf of dirty paper!” And oral fame, what slippery slaver, after all, it is; how little too can we depend upon it. And monumental! I may not travel now (I have not time nor inclination,) from Italy to Greece, from Greece to Egypt, from pillar on to pyramid; how far doth *dust* regard these wondrous structures? If they be fame, say can the dead feel proud of them? Ah! no; no, no: *they, merely for the living, are ambition’s winning posts—no more.* A country feeleth proud of them on this side of the grave; but “a country, from whose bourne no traveller returns,” overlooketh them for ever. Reader, these thoughts occurred to me a few months since, as I was carving out the two last letters of my name upon a tree that springs at the foot of a waterfall. I took a quick review of fame in general, and turning to the tree I had been leaning on—these carvings too do people make for fame! But, heavens, what foolish fame this also is! I thought so—my name was cut—the thought came much too late—I thought so as I looked upon some strange indentures on that tree, now entirely illegible. Each was once a name—but the tortured bark swelled up the outlines of the letters, and sheathed them for ever in oblivion.

RUINS.

“*Rudis indigestaque moles.*”—OVID.

THERE are ruins which can disturb the peace even of an antiquary, provided they stand in his own ground. This is the case where they are worn down too much by time to be either useful or ornamental; where, in short, they became barriers to the pleasures of *taste*. He may, *if he have memory enough*, trace their gradual growth to the surface, then, upward, till the “wisdom” period arrived to develop their maturest proportions, and to complete their numerical symmetry; he may dwell, with delight it is true, on the order of their structure, thoroughly Epicurean that it was; on their uses in the days of their beauty and their strength; on the multitudinous variety of meats and confections which entered within their precincts; but now, in their decline and their deformity, they have no longer their former associations about them; on the contrary, they become the stronghold of unceasing hostilities. He seeketh therefore to undermine them at once to their foundations, subserving as they are to harrassing sallies, and doing violence to his nicest and most delicate feelings. And by the same effort, the same *coup de main*, he seeketh to snap the bond of neighbourhood between these and the sounder structures on his ground, from a dread that the latter may be brought over by sympathy, to become, after a time, quite as hostile receptacles themselves. To explain this riddle, guess, reader, what these ruins are of which I am speaking,—verily, carious teeth!—Oh! hadst thou ever one of these ulcerated little bones in thy jaw,—“a worm i’ the bud” of thy equanimity? Wert thou ever “*rebus in arduis*” from a tooth-ache, and couldst thou then, for the life of thee, “*servare mentem?*” Impossible! ’Twould be endurance supernatural—a commanding of the enemy’s fastness by aid unknown—a moral victory, entitling the achiever of it to a corona. I would not say “*vallaris*,” but more definitely *maxillaris*,—seeing it were a victory not obtained *by* but *over* a jaw-bone; that is to say, not where the jaw-bone was the weapon in the hands of the conqueror, but where it afforded the enemy intrenchments and supplies. No: a mental effort will not do—a bloodless victory you cannot expect—the doctrine of physical force is alone available—you must fly to the Dentist. I speak feelingly on the subject; for no one, perhaps, hath experienced, so often as I have, the rise, progress, and decline of the tooth-ache. I have marked the moments when the first uneasy intermitting throbs came on, smile-subduing and silence-imposing—conferring on me, out of my own house, the unsought and unmerited character of being in love with my own selfishness, and blind to surrounding interests; and once, when exchanging the crowded room—the fire-sunned winter within, how great was the conflict ’twixt pain and politeness, on “seeing home,” as they term it, the fair ones entrusted to my protection. Alas! the pale spark of the beacon con-

trasted with the sheen of the moonlight; the ensilvered masts and cordage of the vessels which slept tranquilly before me; the small red flashings,—the miniature lightnings from the boat in the distance, as the fisherman was trimming his fire for the midnight meal; the soft relief of the headlands; the look of the Islands “floating double”—all had lost their poetry for me then. Like that beacon, thought gleamed indistinctly in me: and like that beacon I guided to the wished for haven unconsciously. This done, I sought my bed, but found no ease there. I got up again to look for the usual remedies. The discord of the nerves was beginning now,—twanging through the jaw to the inner ear,—twanging through every tooth on the side affected, to the cheek and the temple. It increased:—’twas already concentrating to the spot forces which, in the regular (healthful) order of nature, would have been equally diffused through the system; ’twas appropriating a “redundance of vitality” that throbbed wildly in the blood-vessels; ’twas raising a hurricane of agony through the brain that convulsed it to its centre. Sometimes would I sit, sometimes stand at the windows to *force* my admiration of something abroad on the waters, persuading myself that even in this was some intermission of torture; at other times would I walk about full of the most feverish impatience, longing for the approach of morning, as if that morning’s sun could shed a smile soothingly on my sufferings. Then, when morning *had* come,—when the sleepers were astir—I would fly to each of them for something, any thing their sympathies had to offer to me. But all unavailing. There is a point in tooth-ache as in other human concerns, beyond which one’s sufferance cannot extend. Arrived at this point at last,—I summoned up my fortitude;—and, at the same moment, the dentist, worthy man, screwed up his lever, and I my courage to the proper firmness. The saw-like tear, the rough scratching of scarification over, the rooted enemy was soon laid prostrate in the basin. Never could I exult over other foe with half the satisfaction I felt then.

* * * * This was one of the first foes. Five or six in succession afterwards, at intervals of two and three years, attacked me, and, notwithstanding all the appliances of pharmacy, they were irresistible. The only, emphatically *the* only cure was their removal. Like a sensible man, then, or—if I have the pleasure of addressing thee—like a sensible woman, avoid that prostration of strength arising out of days and nights of unrest and suffering—that prolonged abstinence not merely from food but from every sublunary comfort—that desperate effort to combat a long pain rather than encounter a short one. Dislodge the ruins, and the enemy quitteth the territory.

THE CLANDESTINE MARRIAGE.

CHAPTER III.

It was about a mile from old M'Clernan's that the widow Coonan lived. Her cabin stood at the extremity of what was called the *Black Wood*, over a rich and picturesque valley; and both above and below it, were the lands which had formerly belonged to her husband's people, and which Owen hoped would belong to him again. The farm they actually possessed was very small; but Owen was a good son, and by working late and early, and avoiding all extravagancies, to which, under other circumstances, he might have been well enough inclined; he managed to keep the old woman in more comfort than many others who had much more ample means. She thought there was not such a son in the world; and the tears often came into Mary's eyes, when the old woman spoke of her *bouchal bawn*, for she very truly thought her testimony worth that of the whole parish beside.

But just below this cabin, and within a few fields of it, there was another dwelling equally homely; and it was here the young girl lived whom they wished to make Mary believe a rival of hers. Lucy was only a little girl when the other was grown up; but now she was grown up herself, and it was allowed by all, young and old, that except Mary, there was not her equal for beauty in that country. She was, however, one of the very last girls of her acquaintance, whom Mary would have thought of regarding as a rival. They had been always greatly attached to each other; and as Lucy grew up, this attachment, if it did not become stronger, assumed more the character of real friendship. However, Owen and Lucy were next door neighbours. He had known her from her infancy. She had often slept on his knee beside his mother's hearth, and Mary knew that he still regarded her as a favourite little sister. Nothing could be more absurd, Mary thought, than the idea of any rivalry there.

One day the two girls were talking very sadly about Owen's absence. Mary had not heard from him since he left home, and she wondered that he staid away so long, for young Ryan was nearly quite well, and there could be no longer (she thought) any danger in his returning. Lucy, however, seemed to know something more of the cause of his absence; at least so it appeared to Mary, and she naturally felt a little vexed.

"Why, Lucy," she said, half in jest, "they say he's courtin' you."

"That who's courtin' me?" said the other hastily.

"Owen Coonan, who else?" said Mary.

Lucy smiled archly, and her face coloured up as she turned away with a sigh, which was certainly more expressive of happiness than sorrow. When she looked at Mary again, there was an expression of bewildered

astonishment in the countenance of the latter, and it was no wonder, for the deep blush of Lucy's cheek, and still more, the conscious expression of her eyes, showed there was some secret, which indeed she did not seem very anxious to conceal.

"Are you jealous?" she said, laughing.

"No, Lucy," replied the other gravely, "I'd be sorry to be jealous of you."

"You needn't," said Lucy; and then she added, after a moment's silence, "Mary, I have a secret to tell you."

"What is it," said Mary, whose heart was agitated with a tumult of strange feelings. "What is the secret, Lucy." But as she waited for her reply, a sudden light broke on her mind. There could be nothing false in that innocent young heart; and though Lucy's countenance betrayed considerable confusion, it was unmixed with any painful feeling, such as she must have experienced, had her happiness involved the betrayal of her friend. Mary saw plainly that her heart was gone, but she was convinced that her own momentary suspicion as to the object of her affections had been unfounded. "What is the secret, darlint?" she said again; but her anxiety was now on her young friend's account, and not on her own.

"I can't tell you now," said Lucy, "but I'll tell you soon."

"Well, Lucy," said the other, "if you can't tell me, of course I won't ask you—but I never kept anything from you."

"And I'll not keep it long from you, *achora*," said Lucy, affectionately. "I'd have told you afore now, only I'm under a promise not."

"Well," said Mary, "I hope it's one that deserves you, any way."

"It is," said Lucy, whose eyes bore no common attestation to his merits; "and what's more, he's a well-wisher of your own. Weary on him," she said, laughing, "he might have let me tell you, whoever else he'd keep it from."

Mary thought with herself for a few moments, "Oh!" she said, "its ———."

"No," cried Lucy, putting her hand on her mouth, while the colour rushed back to her own face, "you mustn't guess; but the next time I see him, I'll make him let me tell you every thing!" It would not be fair, the other felt, to press her any more on the subject.

This was a new source of anxiety to Mary. The loss of a young heart is a serious thing, and though she had been as young as Lucy was now, when she became engaged to Owen, still she knew that there were few like him in the country; and very few, indeed, to whom she would have given Lucy. If there had been anything light or inconstant in that young girl's character, it would have been less matter; but her character was the very reverse of this; and Mary felt a very painful degree of anxiety to know who the person was on whose worth and attachment the happiness of her whole future life was to depend.

An evening or two after the conversation we have just mentioned, Mary

was going to see Lucy, in the hope of learning something more of her affairs, as well as to have some talk with her about her own. Having left her father's grounds, she kept for some distance along the road, and then took a path that led through the fields, till she came to a little breen, or green lane, not far from Lucy's cabin. As she was going along the inside of a high hawthorn hedge, towards a style that led out on this lane, she saw, to her great amazement, her lover and Lucy walking slowly along on the other side of the hedge. Her first feeling was delight at the unexpected appearance of her lover, whom she had thought to be at that moment, many a mile away; but suddenly a pang shot through her heart. Owen was talking very earnestly, but just as they came opposite where Mary was standing, and where there was a turn in the lane, that would have brought them within view of the cabin, Lucy raised her head, "So," said she, laughing, "you love me better than your life."

"May I never leave this spot if I don't!" replied the young man, earnestly.

"Then," said Lucy, "you must promise me, that you won't see Mary again, 'till every thing is settled between us."

"There's my hand to you, I won't," replied the false lover; "but your right, Lucy," he added, "it's better to tell her every thing at once. It will fret her of course, but it's as well for her to know it now as again."

"Oh, it is—far better," said Lucy; "well, I'll go up, just as soon as I have on the supper for the ould man. I think I may take my leave o' them all to-night," she added, laughing; "for I'll have no business there after this, any more than yourself."

Owen smiled sadly, and looked at Lucy, as Mary thought, with an expression of great fondness. She smiled, too, and coloured a little. "Have you anything more to say to me?" she asked.

"No, Lucy," said the other.

"Well, good night, and God bless you," said the girl.

"God bless you, darlint," replied the young man, and with that he kissed her; and though Lucy blushed crimson, she again bid him good night affectionately, and they parted.

Mary saw and heard all this; and when she was left alone, she sat down on the green bank. The sun was setting at this time, but she sat there while the twilight deepened, and distant objects disappeared, and those round her became gradually dark and indistinct. She rose at last, and looked round her, as if she was unconscious where she was; and then she heaved a very deep sigh, and took her way back to her father's cabin.

She found her mother alone, sitting at her wheel, beside the clear turf fire. Even in this imperfect light the old woman was startled by the girl's appearance. "Why, Lord bless us, Mary," she cried, "what's the matther with you?"

"Nothing, mother," replied the girl, taking her wheel, which was in

in the corner, beside the fire, and sitting down to it where the light could not fall on her face; but her voice still more than her appearance convinced the mother there was something wrong with her. Mary, however, said she was only a little cold from having been out too late; and the mother, who saw that her mind was disturbed, and who felt very much for her situation, did not like to distress her by any more questions.

After a little while, Lucy came in; Mary almost started from her seat when she saw her; and she moved back farther from the fire, so as to be still more secure from observation.

"Oh! Lucy, your're welcome," said the old woman. "And how is the old man to-night, alanna?"

"He's well, thank God, and you, Mrs. M'Clernan; and how is yourself, mam?"

"Oh! in troth, acushla, I'm very poorly,—very dawny entirely this while back."

"Oh! well," said Lucy, "you'll be betther, plaise God, when the fine weather comes."

"Oh! plaise God," said the old woman. "Sit down, acushla, and tell us all the news."

Lucy sat down on a little creopy beside the hob. She was just opposite Mary, whose eyes were fixed on her, and whose pale face was scarcely discernible in the gloom, while the flickering light of the fire played over the countenance of her young rival. There was so much artlessness and candour in that countenance, that, had Mary's mind been in its ordinary state, and not broken down as it had been by previous anxiety and distress, all she had witnessed in the boreen that night, could scarcely have convinced her that Lucy could be capable of playing a double part. Indeed, she could not properly accuse her of this, for she believed that the object of her present visit was to disclose every thing to her. The girl had evidently something on her mind. She sat talking to Mrs. M'Clernan, but still she looked towards Mary. She seemed surprised at her silence.

"Mary," she said at last, "are you poorly to-night?"

Mary tried to reply, but her voice failed her. "Is she complainin', Mrs. M'Clernan?" said the other, rising from her seat in alarm.

"Oh! in troth," said the old woman, "she's dawny enough, poor thing." Lucy was in a moment at her friend's side. "Mary darlint," she said, "tell me what ails you?"

"Nothing ails me," replied the other, pushing her away somewhat rudely.

"Wont you let me sit beside you?" said Lucy.

"No," said Mary, in a hoarse choked voice. "I'd rather you wouldn't." Lucy's eyes filled up, and Mary stooped her head, and seemed engaged about her wheel.

The mother was as much surprised as Lucy, but she knew only one

cause for the distress of mind which the girl was evidently labouring under, and that was anxiety about her lover. She called Lucy over. "Don't mind her, acushla," she whispered, "she's in throuble to-night, God help her." But she had been often in trouble, yet she had never treated Lucy with unkindness before. The young girl sat down again; but it was getting late, and she was evidently becoming very uneasy; she gave Mary several hints that she wished to speak to her alone; but it was all to no purpose. At last the old man came in, and now she had less chance than ever of being able to accomplish her object.

After being baffled in all her attempts, she got up to go away; but she was determined to make a last effort. "Mary," she said, "will you come out with me for a minute. I want to speak to you."

Mary, however, declined, with most unaccountable coldness. "It's something particular I have to say to you," she said; and then, seeing the old man looking at her suspiciously, she became embarrassed, and hastily added, "it's some business of my own I want to ask your advice about."

"Oh! I dar' say," replied the other, with a smile of intense bitterness and scorn. "I can't leave the house to-night," she added, in a tone which showed that any further solicitation would be useless.

Poor Lucy could not conceal her disappointment and vexation. "Well, a good night, Mrs. M'Clernan," she said; "I hope Mary'll be better to-morrow."

"Oh! God grant," said the old woman; "won't you come to see her, Lucy?"

"I will, mam," said the girl. "Do, acushla; she'll be glad to see you," and Lucy, bidding the old man good night, took her departure.

After her father had taken his supper and gone to bed, Mary, just to relieve her heart, which was ready to burst, told her mother of all she had seen and heard that evening. This was only a proof of what the old woman had been long enough trying to persuade Mary of, and what she had been at least half convinced of herself; but she received the intelligence with as much astonishment and indignation, as if Owen's suit had never met with any opposition, and as if there had never been any doubt of his fidelity. Her husband, to whom, of course, she told the whole circumstance that night, felt much as she did herself. He was glad that what he considered the only obstacle to Mary's settlement in life was removed; but still, he felt highly incensed at his daughter being made little of. He did not, like the poor mother, sympathise with Mary's feelings of bitter disappointment; but it would have been more gratifying to his pride, if the young man had been forced to relinquish the object of his love, instead of freely abandoning it.

Poor Mary spent a sleepless night. It would have been scarcely possible to have felt more utterly and hopelessly wretched; if any thing could have added to the bitterness of being deceived in her lover, it was being deceived at the same time in the friend whom she had loved

and trusted in so long. It was wonderful, she thought, how one so young could be so very false ; how she could meet her day after day with her old unaltered kindness of manner, and cherish all the time such a secret in her heart. Still, however, she did her the justice to believe that there was after all a great deal of candour and truth in her character ; her coming there that night, as well as her admission, in their previous conversation, that she had a secret which she was under a promise not to disclose, convinced her that she was at least unwilling to deceive her to the last. "She must be very bold," thought Mary, "that she would venture to come and tell me the whole story to my face."

Old Terence Cassidy was at this time a constant visitor at M'Cler-nan's. He happened to drop in the next day, when the family were at dinner ; and his neighbour, very much to Mary's annoyance, told him of all that had occurred ; it was a kind of family secret, with which, of course, he had a right to be made acquainted. He affected not to be at all surprised, though it was evident to Mary that he was very much surprised and delighted, too.

"Och," said he, laughing, "is that all you know about it? I thought that was an ould story by this ; many's the time myself seen the two of them, meandherin' about the hills, when I thought it would be fitter for a young girl like her to be at home in her bed."

"Oh but, Mr. Cassidy," said the old woman, "to think o' the desaivin' villyan never to let on to my poor child, but make her b'lieve he was breakin' his heart about her all the while."

"Arrah whisht, woman," cried the husband, angrily—"what is it to Mary if he was coortin' all the girls in Tullyconnel?"

Cassidy, however, knew, as well as her father himself, that this was a severe blow to Mary ; but, of course, he would not appear to view it in any such light. He expressed great concern for Lucy, for every person knew, he said, that it was only deluding her the fellow was ; and that he would never marry any but some girl like Mary, that had "acres of charms." "It's a wondher to me," he continued, "but the ould man has more sense ; only, I dar' say, he knows nothin' about it any more than yourselves."

"Oh, God help her," said Mrs. M'Cler-nan, with much feeling—"that's what it is to want a mother. Och hone, my poor Lucy."

"Whisht," cried the old man, as Tim Hanratty appeared at the door.

"God save all here," said Tim.

"God save you kindly," said the farmer, but not in a very kind tone, for Tim was known to be a great ally of young Coonan's ; however, the old woman was generally kind to every one. "Won't you take a seat, avick," she said to Tim, who had placed himself with his back to the dresser.

"Oh, thank you, mam," he said, "I'm tired sittin' ; I'm tould you're goin' to Carrick the morrow, Mr. M'Cler-nan," he added. The farmer said he was, and Tim gave him a small commission, which the other

promised to execute. It was a warm day, and Tim was heated, for he had hurried over from his dinner to give this commission to M'Clernan, and had to be back immediately to his work.

"Mary, acushla," he said, as he wiped his forehead, "maybe you'd give us a dhrink of buttermilk, we're very dhry."

Mary got up, and handed him a noggin of fine fresh milk.

"He won't be here to night," whispered Tim, as he took it. "*The morrow night!*" he added, with a wink towards the old man.

The girl stared at him, and he, probably for fear of attracting observation, said no more, and took his leave.

What could he mean by this? thought Mary, in the course of the evening. Had he come on the part of his friend, to break off with her; or had he come on his own part, and as a friend to her, to inform her of the faithlessness of her lover?

CHAPTER IV.

THE next night came. It was dark and the wind was high. M'Clernan had gone off before light that morning, and was not expected home till very late. Mary was alone in the cabin, where every thing had a more than ordinary appearance of comfort. The floor was swept up clean, and a fresh fire of turf had been put down, which filled the cabin with its dusky but cheerful light. The table stood in front of the fire. It was covered with a coarse cloth, clean out of the folds, and on it was placed the good man's supper, (a very substantial one) consisting of cold beef, and a couple of farrels of brown bread, and a foaming jug of porter beside his plate. There was, moreover, a little skillet of potatoes beside the fire, ready to be hung on when he would be near coming home. The door of the cabin was open, for the old woman was still coming in and out from the byre; and Mary was sitting at her wheel beside the hearth.

"How ill the scenes that offer rest, and heart that cannot rest, agree!"

Mary's pale and sunken cheek gave sad evidence that her rest was gone. It was just such a home as this, humble and happy, that she had hoped to be the mistress of; but that was all over now. She stopped spinning and pushed away her wheel; and she might as well do so, for she was making but little progress; but as she sat thinking of the past and the future, and of all her lost hopes, she heard a step outside approaching the door. It was not her mother's, she knew, for it was too light and quick; but the next moment her lover stood before her. He looked hastily round; and seeing that the girl was alone, he came towards her with an exclamation of delight. Mary started up, her eyes flashing with indignation.

"Oh! Mary," cried the young man, "come off for God's sake; we haven't a minute to lose."

Before Mary had time to reply, or to understand what he meant, her

mother came in. She heard this proposal and looked towards the girl; but one look was enough to satisfy her that she was no party to any secret plan. But then the dreadful fear that her daughter was about to be sacrificed to a mercenary villain rushed at once on her mind. So she snatched up the long kitchen tongs; and, though her hand trembled, it was more with rage than weakness. "Lave the place," she said, lifting the tongs with both her hands. "Lave the place, Owen Coonan, or I'll open your skull."

Owen, without more ado, seized on the old woman, and wresting the tongs from her, pushed her into a little room off the kitchen, and turned the key in the door. As he turned to Mary, she snatched up a knife. There was no mistaking the expression of her countenance any more than her words. "If you lay a hand on me," she said, "I'll have your life."

But Owen, who, in the hurry of the moment, had no time to think of any thing but the one object he had in view, caught her in his arms, and in spite of her struggles carried her out of the house. He hurried on through the darkness till he came to the road, where a car was waiting for them, and it was only then that he discovered that the girl had fainted. "My God!" he cried, in horror, "she's dead!"

"She's not dead," said the man who was with the cart, and who was no other than our friend Tim Hanratty. "Lay her down handy. The joltin' 'ill bring her to."

Owen would not have tried this experiment, but there was no alternative; a moment's delay might be fatal to his purpose; so he laid her down gently on the quilt that covered the straw with which the cart was filled, and took his seat beside her. Tim vaulted up on the shaft and drove off.

They had not gone more than about a mile, and were driving at a rapid rate along a lonely road, when they met a man on horseback. He spoke to them in passing, but got no reply. "May I never," whispered Tim, "but that's the ould divil himself."

"It is," said the other; "for God's sake dhrive."

"He'll thrack us, now," said Tim, "when he knows it's uz that's in it; but never fear—we'll distance him yet."

The horseman stopped after passing, and it seemed to them that he rode back a little way; but the night, as we have said, was very dark, and they soon lost sight of him. They were far away in the mountains before Mary had recovered and become completely aware of her situation; and then she could only weep and lament and vow all sorts of vengeance against her unfortunate lover. Owen was bewildered; for though her resistance at first might have prepared him for this, he was too much excited then to think of it; and even now he seemed to attribute her distress to agitation and alarm; and instead of entering into any explanation, he only tried by kindness to soothe her feelings.

After a little while, the light of the rising moon began to appear on

the summits of the mountains round them, and as they were passing through a low dark valley, Owen saw a number of horsemen crossing a hill a good way in their rear. They only appeared for a moment, but Owen had no doubt that they were some of M'Clernan's faction in pursuit. Tim, from the time that Mary had recovered from the swoon, or at least from the time that he was convinced by her manner that there was some mistake in the business, never turned his head, so that the girl, who was sitting with her back to him, neither saw him nor heard his voice during the whole of the journey.

In a few minutes after the appearance of the horsemen, Tim, without speaking, threw the rope, which served for reins, to his companion, and leaping off the car, disappeared at once. Owen had now to take the reins himself. He and Mary had both been silent for some time. The latter had probably still so much confidence in her lover, as to know that she was in no actual danger, and that she had only to act with firmness, in order to get safely through this unhappy adventure; while the young man, interpreting her silence in a way more favourable to himself, had his own mind too much occupied to think of interrupting it.

Shortly after Tim had left them, they came to an old ruined house. A very solitary place it was, and a fit residence for the miserable outcast by whom it was inhabited. Owen pulled up here, and having leapt off, and knocked at the door, turned to lift Mary out of the cart. She rejected his assistance; but acting on her determination of being guided by circumstances, she got down, and followed the young man to the door. It was opened for them by the owner of the house, who conducted them into a large desolate looking apartment. There was no furniture in it but an old deal table, a single chair of the same material, and a little truckle bed, over in a dark corner. A resin candle, stuck in a rusty iron candlestick, stood on the table. Its light was not sufficient to show that the floor above had fallen in, and that the apartment was open to the roof; but this was evident from the echo, and the moaning of the wind through the vacant ruin.

The inhabitant of this wretched dwelling was a very old man. His hair was as white as snow, and there was something exceedingly venerable in his appearance; he was more like an old hermit than the degraded wretch, who, except on an occasion of this kind, would have been shunned by any but the most abandoned of society. Mary knew at once in whose presence she stood; she had never seen this person before, but he was a celebrated character, and she felt a degree of awe in his presence, which was the greater from the involuntary respect, which notwithstanding his character, his appearance excited. He was not alone when Mary and her companion entered. Tim Hanratty was there, with his short stick in his hand and his big-coat flung across his shoulder, as if he was making a long journey on foot. He seemed greatly astonished at seeing his friends, for the fact was, that at the moment the latter knocked at the door, he was arranging with the old

buckle-beggar about a pretended affair of his own, and telling him a long story of a beautiful little colleen that was breaking her heart about him, and whom he would have to marry unknownst to her people.

When Mary found herself in this den of infamy, she looked round with a feeling of horror; but presently summoned up all her firmness. "What did you bring me here for?" she said, turning to her lover. "To make you my own wife, Mary," replied the young man, attempting to take her hand; but she drew it back indignantly.

"That's what I'll never be," she said—her high spirit kindling in her eyes; "never! if it was to save me from death this minute."

"Oh ho!" cried the old man, laughing; "is that the way of it? Did he take you off by force, dear?"

"He did, sir," said Mary, "but he'll suffer for it yet."

"Faith he surely will;" said the old man, "he has got his neck in a halter, there's no doubt."

Mary's eyes, almost involuntarily, turned upon her lover. This night was the first time she had seen him since his return, except that evening in the breen. She could only see him indistinctly then; but she saw now that he had suffered dreadfully while "living against the law." His face was pale and haggard, and there was something of wildness in it; for the moments were passing over, and in a few minutes more it would be no longer in Mary's power to avert both his doom and her own. He seemed to have lost all power of speech; he was so utterly amazed that he had not a word to say. Mary learned, however, what she had not known before, that they were closely pursued; and she believed that even if Owen escaped being sacrificed on the spot, his life was, by this night's proceedings, forfeited to the law. Love is a strange thing; it is the source of innumerable miseries as we all know, but there is one thing can be said for it, that it is, in a certain sense, an unerring light—that when it is true and mutual, each heart is, with regard to the other, infallible. It was impossible that Mary could think at that moment of all the circumstances in which her doubts had originated; but even if she had, they would have appeared now less conclusive than before.

Just as her mind was in this wavering state, Tim, who had gone to the door, rushed into the room. "By Jaburs, they're on us!" he cried, "here's ould M'Clernan and his whole faction crossin' Ben-na-Riogh!"

Owen threw himself on his knees. Even if his life had not been at stake, his passionate words might have moved a more obdurate heart than Mary's. The girl looked wildly round her; she seemed unable to collect her thoughts, while every moment was increasing the danger. "Owen," she said, turning to her lover, "can you lay your hand on your heart and say, before God, it was never false to me?"

Owen asserted his innocence in a form too solemn to be transferred to our pages. Mary looked hastily towards the old man.

"Well, will you marry him, acushla?" said the latter.

"I will, sir," said Mary.

"And will you," he said, turning to the other, "take her for your wedded wife?"

"I will," he answered.

"Kneel down, dear," and Mary knelt down beside her lover, and the old man, extending his hands over them, spoke the irrevocable words which joined them together for life.

Owen slipped a guinea into the old man's hand, and Tim whispered to him as he followed his friends out of the house, "that he would be back before morning to settle his own little business."

In a few moments they were again seated in the car, and driving away as hard as the horse could go. The old man stood at his door and called after them to take the turn to the left; but they either did not hear him, or did not choose to attend to his advice. They drove right on, till the valley, assuming by degrees the character of a deep and narrow ravine, brought them at last to the edge of a river, which they knew was before them, but which to their utter dismay they found absolutely impassable. It was always a formidable river, but it had been flooded by late rains far beyond its ordinary limits, and was now a rapid and fearful torrent. The banks on that side of the river were nearly perpendicular, and rose at this particular part thirty or forty feet above its bed. The water seldom approached within some distance of the base of the cliffs, but now, even close to the base, it seemed to be two or three feet in depth.

This was a pleasant situation for the fugitives. They could not think of turning back, that would be rushing into the lion's mouth; yet there was equal danger in remaining where they were. They had not seen their pursuers since they left the old man's house, but they knew they could not be far off, and that he, either from fear or the hope of reward, would give them all the information in his power.

"Wait," said Tim, leaping off the car, "we have one chance yet." Tim and his friend had both crossed this river before, but they were very imperfectly acquainted with the localities. However, it seemed possible to drive along close under the bank where the water was shallow and the current comparatively weak; but it was necessary, before venturing on this, which was a very dangerous expedient at best, to ascertain whether they could proceed. Once having entered, it would be impossible to turn back, and it was very likely that their course might be interrupted by rocks or by the water becoming too deep, and then, as Tim said, "they would be namplushed worse than ever." So off he set on his voyage of discovery, up to his middle in water; while Owen and his bride stood at the edge of the torrent.

Tim had not gone twenty yards when he disappeared with a "Whoo!" wild enough to have been his last. Owen dashed after him, but he was on his feet in a moment. "What's the matter," cried Owen. "Oh! the divil run away wid you," said Tim, shaking the water from his

clothes, "may I never, Owen, but an otther, the bulk of a small pig, ran right in atween my legs."

"Oh! Tim," said the other, "for God's sake move yourself or we're lost;" but there was no necessity for urging poor Tim to move himself. He was soon out of sight; but alas! his labour was fruitless.

Owen was standing by the river, and Mary, overcome with various feelings, sat on a stone beside him. Their situation was very romantic, only that it was a little too dangerous. The country before them, as it lay in moonlight and shadow, was highly picturesque; but the torrent at their feet swept by with such awful rapidity, that it would have made one's head dizzy to look on it.

Suddenly they heard a wild shout; and looking up, they saw a number of mounted men coming full speed down the ravine. Mary leapt up with a cry of terror. "Oh! Owen," she exclaimed, "fly, fly for God's sake, or they'll murder you."

The young man caught her, and drew her close to his side. He looked round him hastily and for nearly a minute kept his eyes on the river, as if he meditated the desperate expedient of bearing her through it. Mary still implored him to save himself, as he might have done by climbing the side of the gorge, where the horsemen could not have followed him; and it would certainly have been the wisest course, for she was his wife now, and a temporary separation was all that could be reasonably apprehended; but it was a course which he never thought of pursuing. As Mary looked up in his face, she saw that it was deadly pale; but it was evident at the same time that his resolution was formed. Indeed there was little time for deliberation, for in a few moments they were surrounded by their pursuers.

"Down with him," cried old M'Clernan, pressing forward; but his arm was seized by another of the party.

"Don't dar' to strike him," cried the latter; "is it to go murder the boy, and uz ten again one? Owen, give up the colleen."

Owen, who saw that opposition would be fruitless, and that there could be no blow struck without danger to Mary, threw down his stick, and surrendered at discretion. They placed Mary on the car, and one of the men taking off a stirrup-leather, they were about to bind Owen's arms; but he had not the same reason now for submitting, as when his colleen was standing by his side. He sprung back, and snatching a stick from the hand of one of the party, threatened to knock the brains out of the first man that would approach him. "I'll go with you quietly," he said, "but I'm not goin' to be bound like a common thief."

"Well, Coonan," said the person who had interfered before, "I know you're a man of your word, and you sha'n't be bound, if you only give me your hand that you'll not thry to lave us."

The other gave the required pledge, and taking his seat on the car beside his bride, they were escorted back to M'Clernan's house.

Owen was brought on to the town, and lodged in gaol; and Mary, as we

have already mentioned, was so overcome with agitation and fatigue, that she had to take to her bed. She spent three most wretched days; sickness and distress of mind reduced her to such dreadfully low spirits, that she was disposed to look on everything in the worst possible light; and as her mother, by way of reconciling her to her lover's fate, was constantly endeavouring to persuade her of his infidelity, she found her mind, in spite of herself, as much disturbed on this subject as ever. Indeed the poor mother felt so much pity for the unfortunate young man, that she tried all she could to convince herself, as well as Mary, how richly he deserved his fate. The old man swore informations against him the morning after the abduction; but Tim, as he said himself, was beyond his reach. Even if Mary had been disposed to give all the information in her power, this, as our readers will recollect, would not have amounted to any positive evidence against him; and M^cClernan, when he had the object of his vengeance in his power, did not care about his accomplices.

MEMOIRS OF NATIVE ARTISTS.—No. V.*

EDWARD SMITH.

If there be any feeling allied to pride, which it were safe and honourable to cultivate and to cherish, it is that which stimulates us when we proudly point to the genius of a man, with whom we can claim the honour of co-national birth. There is an elasticity in the thought, to which the heart bounds with delight. We turn to our mother country with a filial pride, loving her the more for the brother she has given to us; and in the fulness of the heart, we proclaim:—

“This is my own, my NATIVE Land!”

The enthusiasm thus enkindled, the nationality thus implanted, stands to the full credit of genius; one of whose proudest attributes it is, to ennoble whatever it touches; throwing a halo around the humblest shed, and giving to the meanest locality an undying interest. But is it not therefore a saddening thought to know, that that very genius, perhaps, in whose light we bask, and of whose productions we proudly boast the possession, was permitted to pass its latter days amidst the chilling damps of neglect; and that whilst there rested upon the sensitive mirror of its mind, deep but unseen impressions of grandeur and of beauty,—there was no eliciting encouragement to bring up,—daguerreotype-like,—the lingering charms that lay there, awaiting but the delicate hand of skilful developement?

There are no reminiscences more depressing than those which remind us of the injustice inflicted upon genius; and they are the more keenly

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oppressive, because we know that they fell upon the sensitive and the modest: self-asserting ability always protects itself from such encroachments. It meets the world with weapons better suited for the struggle; and brings less of sensibility to be wounded in the conflict. All its aspirations are worldly, and are therefore understood; but the mild, unpretending man of true genius, the purity and depth of whose feelings are foreign to the mere clay of life; he is too often the victim of ignorance and presumption, consigned to neglect, and left, perhaps in indigence, to mature those works, which are destined to be the ornament and the honour of his country. This is a sad truth; and unhappily, of very frequent occurrence.

But it may be asked, why is it so? What is there in mediocrity so captivating, that it so often usurps the place which it should not occupy, and which it cannot fill? Is it that it is more in accordance with ordinary comprehension and with ordinary taste? or is it, that men of humble gifts have but humble pretensions, and that therefore the claims which they urge come more conveniently within the limits of every day remuneration?

To a certain extent, the replies to these queries might furnish a clue to the phenomenon in question; but they could not fully nor satisfactorily account for it, particularly as regards the fine arts.

The truth is, the artist of high aim moves in a direction not parallel with other men; his mind dwells upon matters with which the world holds little converse; his thoughts soar, and he finds few to mount with him; he gazes upon objects unseen by the common eye; and he feeds upon perfections for which there seems to be as little general appetite as digestion. In short, intellectually, he is not of this world; nor must he hope to be fairly appreciated by the many.

But why do not the few who can feel his perfections proclaim them aloud, and thus protect him from the neglect and injustice of which we complain? They are his kindred spirits, and he is therefore fully entitled to their sympathy and support. Perhaps it is for that very reason that they are themselves just as ill-fitted for the struggle of bustling interference as he; were it otherwise, and could he be judged by his *peers*, we should have been spared the pain of recounting the sufferings of Correggio, Caracci, Wouvermans, and the host of victims to ignorance and prejudice, whose days terminated in penury and disappointment, but whose works are now the cherished, the proud ornaments of the palaces of Europe.

We regret, deeply regret, to say, that our lamented countryman, Edward Smith, keenly suffered in his latter days the neglect and injustice to which we have been alluding. He whose works are now the pride of our city; whose talents shed a lustre on our country, and enable us triumphantly to boast of having produced one of the greatest sculptors of modern days; whose highly classic and poetic mind gave to us productions worthy of Greece in her palmy days; he, in the even-

ing of life, with powers unimpaired, and with energies vigorous and untired, was left to be the humble drudge in a modelling school, as the teacher of mere boys, when his accomplished chisel ought to have been engaged in the service of his country. These are darkening thoughts; they cloud the enjoyments which his genius has bequeathed to us; and they are the more painful in remembrance, because his was a spirit mild, patient, and enduring.

The neglect of a great sculptor is infinitely less defensible than that of a great painter. The works of the first stand prominently public, whilst those of the latter are, perhaps, in the saloons and galleries of the aristocracy of the country, to which we cannot have a convenient access. If we desire to satisfy ourselves as to the merit of the one, we have but to look to our public buildings, or enter the aisles of our cathedrals; but should we feel anxious to view the works of the painter, we must either seek them in the cabinets of their owners,—to whom we may very possibly be unknown,—or we must visit the artist in his own studio, and there see a work or works, only in progress, and that too in the presence of their author, before whom we may not feel ourselves fully at liberty to give out our opinions, whether they be eulogistic or critical. It is therefore quite evident that there is little excuse for remaining in ignorance of the claims of the sculptor, although to be acquainted with those of the painter may not be so facile or available.

Hence the advantages of public exhibitions, which at stated periods afford all the opportunities which we could desire; and hence the still greater advantages of public galleries, to which we can at all times have access, to cultivate a knowledge of the arts, and to inform ourselves of the positive as well as relative claims of the artists.

But we verily believe that we are approaching better times, both for taste and vertu. The influence of genuine art is felt in high places. The ear of legislation has listened to the appeal, and the throne has graciously laid the royal mantlet over the graphic muse. Therefore the day may not be far off, when the enlightened statesman shall deem the protection and encouragement of the Fine Arts as amongst the number of his proudest privileges, raising, as he would be, thereby, the honour of his country and of the state.

Whenever that day shall have arrived, then may the Arts take their proper station; no longer regarded as the humble purveyors for our light and sensual amusements, they shall be looked up to as the high moral refiners of our common nature, lifting us above all sordid selfishness, and spreading before us the most ample field for either intellectual exercise or repose.

The anticipation of such a period is in itself delightful; it is one of those sun-bursts of the mind, which dissipates every chill of doubt, and warms us into hope; it lights up the path to enjoyment; and were it not that we had lost those whose genius had so effectually contributed

to produce this most desired event, we might feel unalloyedly happy; but a pang will obtrude, and it is allied to that which the mariner experiences on entering the sun-lit bay of home, after a long and a perilous voyage, unaccompanied by those brave companions who more ably pulled the oar, and more skilfully assisted in the voyage,—it blurs, though it cannot deaden enjoyment.

Amongst the number of those whose loss we deplore, none would have been more worthy of all honour than he whose memoir we now commence. Amongst men of genius, Smith was preeminent. Ireland has never produced a man of higher claims; nor has there appeared in any country, within his day, a sculptor superior to him in the walk of the art in which he excelled. His name will live to the latest posterity.

He served his apprenticeship to a very inferior sculptor, of the name of Verpyle, who, at that time, had good employment in Dublin. Smith's first public work was a model for the statue of Doctor Lucas, which is placed in a niche over the principal stairs at the Royal Exchange. This model was exhibited in the year 1772.

The exhibition was held by the "Society of Artists of Ireland, at their house in William-street, May the fourth, 1772, being the 8th year of their exhibition." It was entered thus in the catalogue.

"A model for the intended statue of Doctor Lucas."

"By Edward Smith, at Mr. Verpyle's,"

"Bachelor's Quay."

Now, Smith was born in the year 1749, consequently he was but in his 23d year when he produced this model; and, ere he completed his 24th year, the marble statue was finished!

In the history of sculpture, perhaps, there is not another instance of a work of such maturity having been produced at such an age.

This statue has long been the object of great admiration; it has also been occasionally the subject of most stringent criticism. Many of its admirers, however, are not at all unwilling to admit, that more sobriety of air, and less energy of action, would have brought it more within the pale of conventional excellence; but, whilst they yield this concession, they contend for the breathing eloquence which it portrays; the vigorous, the manly appeal which it urges; and the masterly and artist-like powers with which it is executed.

The figure stands with a commanding firmness, leaning a little forward; the head finely expressive of an untiring zeal; one hand is stretched forward, grasping the scroll containing an enumeration of the rights for which he is contending; the other seizes the mantle, whose ample folds so grandly surround the figure. There is a nervous energy characterising the whole man. He appears to be just the sort of person who could rivet the attention of a public assembly; the very man, who, Hannibal-like, would, by means untried by other men, cut his way through those cold obstructions which not only oppose his progress, but threaten, by their

impending weight, to crush him in his passage. There is a bold daring about the figure, which neither verges on the bully nor the bravo, but, whilst it seeks redress for the wrongs of others, spares not itself in the struggle. It is a noble impersonation of patriot man!

To apply to such a statue the trite truisms of every day criticism, were to pervert the truth, and to defraud genius of its just desert. The calm, serene, and almost motionless dignity which so suitably characterise many of the antique statues, as deities with whom volition is power, would be wholly misplaced here. As well might we stimulate into action the statue of the profound, the abstracted Newton, or calm down into stillness and quiescence the impassioned Demosthenes! To be at all characteristic we must follow nature; her laws must not only guide, but limit us; if not, our critical skill will but have enabled us to discover in the *Principia* that the angles of its cover were not right angles; and that the pauses of the mighty orator were not at all regulated by our good stop-watch! And of equal importance, and of equal utility too, will have been our discoveries in sculpture; where, instead of enjoying with a keen zest the high qualities of art in the work before us, we shall be found most learnedly unhappy at the absence of those perfections, which, as alien to his purpose, the artist had consistently omitted, knowing how destructive they would have been to the sentiment which it was his object to impress.

If, therefore, we must be critics, let us at least acquire some knowledge of the subject on which we would be instructive. It was the witty author of *Don Quixote*, we believe, who has so shily observed, "that a little knowledge of the subject on which a man would write, will be found to be of infinite service to him as an author." We would venture to extend this advice to critics, as one which will either greatly improve their powers, or greatly diminish their number, a result, perhaps, equally serviceable to themselves and to society.

From the year 1772 to 1802, Smith did not exhibit with his brother artists. This arose from no disinclination on his part to stand before the public, or beside his brethren. During these thirty years, he produced his finest works, most of which, from their size, were unfitted for exhibition; added to this, that from 1772 to 1780, there were but five exhibitions; and from 1780 to 1800, there were no exhibitions in Dublin.

During those thirty years, his high character was established and sustained; and this brings us to a subject which we approach with intense pleasure, because it will have afforded us an opportunity of expressing, however feebly, our long fixed admiration of that eminent artist, the late James Gandon, a man of whom it were impossible to speak, but in terms of profound respect; an architect of the highest class; possessing more taste, more skill, and higher feelings of his art than any man that has ever come to this country. He was an Englishman—an accomplished Englishman. He came to this country as the architect of our Custom House. In speaking of Mr. Gandon in the terms in which we shall always refer to him, we may possibly offend the honest, although, we will take leave to

add, the prejudiced patriotism of some of our countrymen. We would unwillingly do so, but we really can't avoid it; for we confess our ignorance of the geography of genius. We can no more imagine English genius, and Irish genius, than English suns, and Irish suns; we believe they both receive light from the same source; and we conceive that those localities which they illumine should gratefully rejoice in their light, without indulging in the belief that they shine but for their use only, or that they exclusively belonged to them. In our commencing paragraph, we talked of our love of country, and of the pride with which we regarded the genius of our countrymen; and it may here be urged against us as a charge of inconsistency, that we now disclaim such distinctions. We do not. We love Ireland, because she is our country; not the country, because it is Ireland; and we honour the genius of our countrymen, because it is genius, not because it is Irish genius!* Had Moore been born amidst the snows of Greenland, his poetry would have entered our souls as effectively as at present, although we could not then claim the honour of a common nativity with the poet. We would by all means honour and reward the genius of our countrymen, for the honour of our common country. We would raise it high, in order that we, as a people, might stand high with the nations of Europe; but we earnestly pray, that the benevolence of our taste may never suffer such collapsation, as would narrow the boundaries of our intellectual enjoyments to the circumscribed limits of our island.

If we lauded Mr. Gandon invidiously, at the expense of the reputation of the many clever men whom we then had in the profession here; or if, in a desire for the improvement of the architecture of our country, we recommended a preference to be given to imported talent, then indeed we should feel that we were not only unpatriotic, but unjust also. But we have done no such thing. We honour the genius of a man who came early amongst us; who made Ireland his adopted country; investing his wealth, which he acquired here, in the land that had so encouraged him; and, above all, selected from the moment of his arrival, as his assistants and friends, all the men of talent and of worth whom he could influence.

When Mr. Gandon came to this country, he was an artist of the very first class, and in the maturity of his professional powers. When studying with fellow-students, he must necessarily have formed many strong attachments, and his was not the mind to be oblivious of such; besides, he was known to, nay intimately acquainted with, all the able artists of his own country; yet, from the moment that he first saw Smith's works, he adopted him as the sculptor, by whose chisel all his buildings should be embellished. He was a man capable of fully appreciating Smith. He was himself a man of genius. He saw that Smith was more than a mere sculptor; and Smith found in him the enlightened, the accomplished artist. Hence sprung an attachment, ardent, permanent, and honourable.

* *Vide* Postscript at end of the article.

But friendships so originating, connections so cemented, are always lasting, because they are both pure and honourable; there is no gross intervening obstacle to prevent the junction.

Our immortal countryman, Curran, when he stood for the borough of Newry, perceived that he had come late into the field, inasmuch as many of the voters were already pledged to General Needham. This produced dismay among his supporters, which he desired to dispel. He told them to be of good cheer; adding, that promises so extorted were not honourable, and therefore could not be binding; and in order the more fully to impress his meaning on that portion of his audience from whom he might ask support, he addressed himself to any carpenter amongst them, and asked him, "could he hope to join two boards permanently, even by any "strength of glue, if the joint itself was not clean?" The truth was practically felt, although, we believe, he lost the election.

Now, no joint was ever more purely clean than that which intellectually connected Gandon and Smith, and no friendship was ever more mutual and lasting; and had Mr. Gandon remained longer in the practice of his profession, Smith had been spared many humiliations. Gandon valued, because he felt the sculptor's powers; and Smith saw that great things were expected from him. The bank of genius, unlike other banks, can never be impoverished by any high demand that is made upon it. It can honour them all, for it is at once a mine, a mint house, and a bank; and with the disposition to pay, it also possesses the power to create the bullion. Let a man of genius but feel that you value him as such, and that great things are therefore expected from him, and you will never be disappointed; but treat him doubtingly, and remunerate him in a paltry spirit, and you paralyse every energy of his soul; degrade him by a lowly occupation, and he rises seldom above his drudgery. The meanest donkey will carry your turf as effectually as Harkaway; he feels no humiliation in the task, nor has he any high blood to be wounded by the burden.

We have dwelt longer, perhaps, upon the merits of Mr. Gandon than may have appeared necessary, when giving the life of Mr. Smith; but as we are proud of Smith, so are we grateful to him, who gave to our countryman every possible facility to acquire fame; besides, as we have restricted ourselves to the *Memoirs of Native Artists*, we therefore cannot have the honour of recording our high estimate of Mr. Gandon, whom we regret we cannot claim as our countryman; but the public will not have sustained any loss by the restrictions which forbid us the attempt, as we learn that his son has been for years preparing for the press memoirs of his gifted father.

We have already stated, that a lapse of thirty years intervened between Smith's first and second exhibition, the first having been in 1772, the second in 1802. In the catalogue of this latter year, when the Artists exhibited at the Parliament House, we find his works thus entered:—

"Twelve models in wax, emblematically representing the commercial Rivers of Ireland, decorated with the produce of the country through which they flow; designed and executed in Portland stone, at the new Custom-House of Dublin, by E. Smith, Sculptor."

Ten of these models are now in the council room of the Royal Hibernian Academy, being part of a most liberal and valuable presentation, to that institution, by the present Mr. Gandon. Nine of them are Rivers, the tenth, the Atlantic, viz:—the Anna Liffey, the Suir, the Barrow, the Bann, the Black Water, the Nore, the Lagan, the Foyle, the Shannon, the Atlantic Ocean.

The exquisite beauty of these models, as works of art, is of the highest order, their manipulative excellence cannot be surpassed; but the mind that pervades them, triumphantly shews forth the great sculptor's power. They are sentient with living thought. The delicate beauty of the Liffey—the almost calm flow of the Suir—the solemn sedgy Barrow, and the torrent-like rushing of the Shannon, are finely imagined; but the terrific grandeur of the Atlantic, with its noble accompaniments, bespeaks such a vastness and expanse, as at once marks the distinction between River and Ocean! He seems as though he could receive all their waters, without any perceptible increase of his own bulk. Old Ocean was never better personified. Smith's name will live whilst a fragment of this noble head remains.

The other works on the Custom-House are two figures on the south portico, the colossal figure of Hope which surmounts the cupola, the four groups of the royal arms, and the bass relievo in the tympanium of the south portico; also, the various ornaments through the building. The four figures on the north front are not by Smith.

The figures on the south portico are Mercury, Plenty, Manufacture, and Neptune. Mercury and Neptune are by Banks of London. The figure of Mercury is exceedingly fine, although it has frequently been objected to as being too heavy for a winged messenger: it does not so appear to us. Besides, we would suppose that the Commercial Mercury should be a more staid personage, than he who wafts love epistles amongst the ladies above. He need not be so rapid in his flight, except when he carries news of the rise or fall of the funds. The other three figures are all excellent; and the figure of Hope has a massive grandeur about it, which is very imposing. It has been thought too large by many persons; but when we consider the length of the building, four hundred feet, and placed as it is in the centre, and viewed, as it most generally is, from either extreme,—we shall at once perceive the necessity of giving largeness to it, in order that it shall appear to the spectator of a suitable size; had it surmounted a square building, whose sides were, as the transverse axis, from north to south, and no river running close to its base, then less dimensions might have been sufficient. The other three figures are excellent; but the bass relief group in the tympanium, of Neptune bringing treasures to Hibernia, is, of all Smith's works, the one

which we least like. It is exceedingly extravagant, particularly the figure of Neptune, in the action of which there is tortuous twist, at once destructive of all grandeur. It resembles some of the eccentric outré vapourings of Golzius. It is not at all worthy of Smith, although full of ability.

But the royal arms are unique ; as ornaments, their grouping is perfection. The shield is oval, with its longitudinal axis placed vertically. It is surmounted by the crown, and on each side are placed the supporters. The monarch-like appearance of the lion, as he raises his ponderous head ; with neck surrounded by the clustered curlings of his grissly mane ; with deep-sunk eye, looking up to the crown, as if he paid homage to royalty, through the emblems which he guards,—stands in fine contrast with the lighter and more nimble proportions of the vigilant unicorn, whose gaze is similarly directed. The massive wreath, too, that so gracefully falls at either side, linking so effectively into one whole, each part of the group, proclaims Smith to be indeed an able composer.

In similar works, by other sculptors, the animals are given either in all the frisking gambollings of uncurbed nature, as if they were ready to demolish the things with which they played ; or, mayhap, were stiffened into heraldic state, in petrified paralisations. But Smith seemed to have taken up the idea, that man's supremacy over the lower creation, was typified towards the person of royalty, by the willing allegiance of the quadruped sentinels that guard the royal arms. They are fine productions, and worthy of our highest admiration.

We now turn to his next works, under the same architect : his noble figures on our Courts of Law. These are some of his finest productions, and are amongst the greatest ornaments of our city.

On a six columned portico of the Corinthian order, are placed five figures, viz :—Clemency, Justice, Moses, Mercy, and Minerva. The three pediment figures are standing ; the other two, which surmount the lateral pilasters, are seated. By this judicious arrangement, and having Moses surmounting the apex of the pediment, the principle of pyramidal grouping was preserved.

The figure of Moses is worthy of Michael Angelo. It is incontestable proof of Smith's powers as a great classic sculptor. He stands with an immovable firmness ; the tablet of law in his left hand, whilst with his right he points to its contents. He looks straight forward, neither to the right, nor to the left, and steadily seems to proclaim the undeviating obedience which he enjoins. Justice is on his right hand, Mercy on his left ; next to Justice, Clemency is seated ; and on the side of Mercy, sits Minerva. Justice stands gracefully, with her scales resting on her arm, seeming to await the period when the adjustment of her balance shall be required ; whilst Mercy stands, as though no culprit had as yet sought her protection. Clemency holds the baton terminated with the crown, emblematic of her residence in the royal bosom ; and Wisdom, with her helmeted head, gently lays her arm along her shield. The strict

propriety of giving all importance to him who proclaims the law, and in comparative quiescence placing those, whose agency was not as yet called forth, shews what a deep and sound thinker our great sculptor was. There are not in the British dominions, of the same class of sculpture, any figures superior to these.

In the interior of the hall, high up near the springing of the dome, are some very large emblematic figures in bas relief, also some groups in very long panels, all finely executed.

We now come to the last works which he executed under Mr. Gandon. They are at the King's Inn's. They consist of two Caryatide figures of Ceres and Pomona, and two bas relief groups of the sacrifice to Ceres, and one taken from English history. The Caryatide figures are finely composed; they stand on each side of the principal entrance, and support the entablature of the door-way. As works of art we admire them indeed, but we fear that we shall be deemed hypercritical in offering objections to the attempt here made, to support a great superincumbent weight, by no more unyielding substance than baskets of fruits and flowers, which surmount the heads of the two figures. It is very true that these portions of the sculpture are sweetly arranged, and most felicitously executed; but so much the worse for the good sense of the design; the closer the imitation of fruits and flowers, the less confidence we feel in such fragile support. Taste is always best sustained by truth; and it is a misconception of her real powers to fancy, that the violation of any immutable law is essential to her triumph. Had the entablature rested on the heads, and had the fruits and flowers hung gracefully round the figures, taste would have asserted her wonted powers, without offending probability or truth. The bas reliefs are admirable. These works closed his engagements with that accomplished architect, Gandon.

His works, under Mr. Johnston, include the three figures that surmount the south portico of the Parliament House, three heads at George's Church, and the very numerous heads, and the sculptured and stuccoed ornaments, that so finely enrich the Castle Chapel.

The three figures, Justice, Wisdom, and Liberty, that are on the eastern pediment of the Bank in Westmoreland-street, formerly the entrance to our House of Lords, were executed by him, under Mr. Gandon, many years ago, when that was the Senate House of Ireland. We would have noticed them before, but that we waited until we were to speak of this building.

These figures are very fine, particularly the centre one. There is a staid, steady dignity about it, admirably expressive of exalted wisdom and firmness, which of course was meant as justly illustrative of the virtues of that house. This we know, because its members, conscious of their superiority, always marked, and that strongly too, their ascendant claims to distinction, even though it involved the violations of architectural unity. Hence they placed, as their entrance, a Corinthian portico at the front of an Ionic edifice. This would not have been attempted by

either Palladio or Vitruvius, because they could have made no act of parliament to justify the deed.

Now this lordly violation of taste, remains still among us, as a painful memento of the loss which we have sustained; and we humbly suggest that either its removal, or the return of its erectors, might greatly improve our taste and condition.

The figures on the south front, (College-green) although executed by Smith, are from the designs of Flaxman. This was the first humiliation to which our great countryman was constrained to stoop; but we rejoice to be able to say, that our honoured friend Johnston did all in his power to protect Smith from the insult, by pointing, in a spirit of earnest advocacy, to the many noble works already executed by him; but without effect,—they would apply to the London sculptor.

It may be urged, that Flaxman was indeed a great sculptor, and that therefore there was no humiliation in copying from his designs.

We believe that the late Sir Astley Cooper was great in his profession, and we likewise estimate the unique, the laconic Abernethy, but were it therefore no insult to a Crampton, a Colles, a Marsh, a Stokes, or a Graves, to insist that their practice should be directed by the prescriptions of either of those admittedly clever men? Who would dare to venture the experiment? And was Smith a man less gifted? Will his fame have been less extended, or less honourable, or were his attainments in his art less noble, than those of the eminent men to whom we have alluded, and of whose fame, we as their countrymen, are justly proud? No, certainly not. But, as our distinguished countryman, Sir Martin Archer Shee, has justly observed, "the commons of taste are the only commons on which every goose may nibble." They are not only open, but unprotected also, and are therefore resorted to, not so much for the benefits which they can confer, as for the unlicensed liberties which they encourage.

The gentlemen who were influential at that time, in the building proceedings of the Bank, were unquestionably men of the highest respectability; but they were profoundly ignorant of Smith's merits as a great sculptor; they knew that he had placed figures on their building, but they also knew that he had made no lodgments in it. They found him to be a nervous, mild, unpretending man, bowing to those who should have stood uncovered in his presence. They saw that he had little confidence in himself, and they were determined to have less. They, therefore, sent to London for designs, and got three small pen-sketches from Mr. Flaxman. Yet, even these were not given to Mr. Smith, but the copies made of them by a young artist of that day, were handed to him, and were the only guides he had, in executing those noble figures which now surmount the south portico.

But it will be urged, perhaps, that the profitable portion of the engagement was reserved for Smith, he being employed to execute the statues. True! but why? Because Mr. Flaxman demanded five

hundred guineas for the execution of each, and the timid, modest-Smith got *one* hundred and fifty pounds for each!!!

These are the humiliations—these the injustices, of which we spoke at the commencement of this memoir. Had those gentlemen been capable of appreciating the matured genius of Smith, he had not been so treated; for every man of those were honourable and just; but they felt not his merits—they were insensible to his claims, and we know, that insensibility acts as though it were unfeeling. It may not be so, in the generous sense of the term, however, for a man never stands so heavily on one's foot, as when his own is benumbed, being unconscious of the wound he inflicts, or the pain it produces; but neither is less felt on that account.

Smith's works at the Castle Chapel are not imposing from size, but they are sweetly imagined, and admirably executed. They consist of heads, both as key-stones and corbel ornaments. But those which we most admire, are the groups of cherubs' heads, which terminate the pendant drops of the arched ceilings in the side aisles. There are three or four in each group. They are perfection. No sculptor ever produced finer things. We recollect to have stood by him on one occasion, whilst he was retouching one of those groups, and on ardently expressing our admiration at the entranced delight which seemed to play upon their innocent countenances—the good old man turned round to us, and with a benevolence of look, which may be imagined, but which it were difficult to describe, he said, "When we recollect at whom these little ones gaze, and around whom they flutter, they must be happy." This will show the just feeling with which he took up his subject. This was one of his last public works.

We now approach the year 1812, nearly the period of his death. An institution, at that time young in our city, and certainly one of the most valuable which we as citizens possess, "The Dublin Library Society," sent forth advertisements, inviting the sculptors of Dublin to send in their respective estimates for executing a bust of the then recently deceased great Irish chemist, Kirwan, to be placed in their great room.

That they should have so advertised seems strange, for at that period Dublin had no bust sculptor but Smith. Kirk, who has since acquired high reputation in that walk of his profession, had not then even attempted a bust. Smith was ultimately employed, although many pretenders* urged their claims, and put forth their terms.

We now close the professional memoir of our honoured friend. In his intercourse with the world he was characterised by the most amiable deportment. It was impossible to have known him, and not to have

* Many letters came in to the committee on the occasion, but one of them was esteemed so unique, that its preservation was determined on. The copy which we now give, we had from the late Thomas Loneragan of the *Morning Post*, who assured us that the original was safely deposited in the library. We give it without note or comment.

loved him. His attachment to the distinguished portion of the artists of that day was both ardent and sincere ; it was reciprocated by them too with equal feeling. Hamilton, Ashford, Roberts, West, Smith, Gandon, Cuming, and Waldre, were constant associates. There was a spirit of social intercourse amongst them, that was worthy of their profession and of their standing.

In the domestic circle of his own family he must have been a delightful companion, being so benevolently cheerful and so wholly free from anything cold or austere. He had a very numerous family, several sons, all fine looking men ; he is survived at present but by one, who has been for many years in an office in the Bank of Ireland. One of his sons (Edward, we believe) was an artillery officer, and one of high character too ; he had acquired his majority, but enjoyed his rank only for a short time. He died in the service. This occurred a very few years before the old gentleman's death, and the grief caused by the event, brought his grey hairs to sadness. His was not the mind, to survive such a shock, where he had at once to deplore the loss of a distinguished,

but our readers will smile, when we assure them, that there were some docile believers of that day, who conceiving the writer to be a sculptor, thought that he should have been employed, as he would do the work so reasonably.

“ July 2, 1812.

“ To the Committee appointed to see Mr Kirwan's Bust dun by the Dublin Library Society.”

“ Please your Honors.”

“ I see an advertisemant in the freemun's Journal air yesterday as I get it
 “ every morning and pays six pince per week for the readin of it. Sitting fourth that
 “ all staturies should send in their proposials for doing a Bust of one Mr Kirwan that
 “ died lately it seems in this Town. Now theirs near a man in Dublin that could doo
 “ it cheaper nor nather than mysel and why, Bekase i ave a Boy thats almost out of
 “ his time his name is one tim slattery and can work nigh hand as well as myself to
 “ help me with it. and if your honours wants to see any of my Work yule go any day
 “ to james church yard yule see there a head stone lately put over one Mr Hanks
 “ with death a one side and time with his hour glass and his sithe in the other. i did
 “ death, and tim did time and i defie any man in Dublin to doo them better, i have as
 “ rise a Block of black stone the same Mr Smith did them cherribs Heads with upon
 “ the outside of the Castle chappell where I worked mysel and tim for 3 Months and
 “ where id be yet if it wasent that i was beelyed bad luck attind them same that dun
 “ it to Mr Johnston but its no matter ill be up with them yet and as i think tim and i
 “ could have it dun any how in a week say thirty shillings for mysel, and a guina for
 “ tim, thats 2-12..9 and say too more for the blok which is as chape as it would be
 “ betwixt 2 brothers that would make in all 4.18.3 which is chape inuff in all
 “ Conchance if your hounours approves of this proposial plase to send to me to
 “ No 13 Patrix cloths 3 pare back and if i or tim are out Mrs Casee a very descent
 “ Woman that tim and mysel diets with well take any message for your hounors
 “ humble sarvent

“ to Command James Mecay

“ If any other person will doo the gob chaper perhaps some thing else might lie in
 “ your hounors way and ill be glad to make a Head stone or a tom stone for any of
 “ your Hounours.”

1842.—FEB.

L

dutiful, generous son. One on whose affectionate attention in his declining days, the good old father had by anticipation, so confidently rested his hopes and his pride. Our great sculptor died in the latter end of the year 1812, aged sixty three, honoured by those who could feel his great power, and loved by all. We part for the present from the memory of our honoured friend, with undiminished feelings of affectionate remembrance; but ere we close this we would say that there is no nation on earth, that boasts more loudly of the genius of their countrymen than the Irish, yet no people under heaven do so little to perpetuate their memory. Where, we would ask, stands the tomb to tell us that "Smith rests here"? Where are we to look for the grave of Goldsmith? Who can point to the shrine of Grattan? or tell where the remains of Stevenson are laid, who conjointly with our own Moore, restrung the long neglected harp of our country?

Were these the sons of Scotland, their ashes would have been honourably inurned. Scotia is worthy of her Burns, and her Scott. We wish we could say as much for our own country; and we the more ardently wish it, because we feel assured, that we shall not have secured the respect of other nations, until we shall have exhibited a respect for ourselves.

M.

POSTSCRIPT BY THE EDITOR.

In reference to the following passage, "*we love Ireland because she is our country; not the country, because it is Ireland: and we honour the genius of our countrymen, because it is genius, not because it is Irish genius.*"

Our esteemed correspondent will pardon us; but is it not rather because it is both—genius—and Irish? This is no place to discuss the theory with him or with our readers; and indeed we are generally averse to all theories whatsoever of the higher feelings. But as our friend, whose lively patriotism is, we trust, as little open to misconception as our own, has yet felt himself in some degree entangled in inconsistencies, we will add a very few words; as we fear the logical portion of his argument might be misinterpreted by some of our readers. Apart from all theory or plausible impartiality, we conceive the fact to be this:—That, *ceteris paribus*—aye! and *ceteris imparibus*—the genius,—of whatever order, or manifested in whatever art—which has sprung up among a people, and belongs to them, is incalculably more beneficial to them than any importation whatsoever of extra-national inspiration. To take a familiar instance, we would not exactly assert, that Thomas Moore is comparable in genius and power to Milton, the Englishman; Burns, the Scotchman; or Beranger, the Frenchman; whom we regard as the greatest *national* and *characteristic* authors of their respective countries. And yet, expatriated as he has been for two-thirds of his lifetime, and withdrawn too much from national influences, Moore is of more importance, and has already been of more service to us—to Ireland—than any of those illustrious *foreigners* can ever be, in the whole course of time. For, casting aside the fashionable filagree of Anglicism in which it has occasionally pleased him to wrap himself, all that is real and hearty in Moore,—his pathos and passion,—his wit and waggery,—his sorrowing nationality,—all his heart-thoughts,—all his natural graces,—are ours, were born among us, and are properly appreciable by no other people. His thoughts and feelings—all of them that are genuine and unsophisticated—are the brethren of our own; their soil, their sky, their atmosphere, their memories, their joys and sorrows, their origin and history the same: and therefore our sympathies with them, and their consequent influence upon us, more thoroughly penetrating, extensive, and enduring, than anything foreign; be it never so exciting and dazzling, and cosmopoli-

tically great. Again, we should like to know, what would be to us the value and significance, the mighty admonition, of the glorious "Monument of Bishop Doyle," if an Englishman or Scotchman, or even an Italian or German, had conceived and executed it,—supposing it possible for any foreigner so to have seized the leading idea of Doyle's life and character, and embodied it in imperishable beauty,—so grand, so true, so simple, so purely and directly sublime; a sempiternal lesson to the Irish heart, which will, we trust, in twenty thousand years, speak not less forcibly than now. Entertaining for one moment the blasphemy that any foreigner could have produced such a work *for us*—we ask,—What would it be in that case? How much better would it be than a covert insult,—a charitable mockery,—a smiting our cheek with the open palm, instead of the closed fist? No! such works as that Ireland must produce for herself, or not at all. Or, turning to works of art not national in subject, who but an Italian can dare to say he fully feels the charm, or appreciates the worth of Raphael's Madonnas? Who that in infancy has not been nursed in the lap,—who in youth has not basked in the smiles of Italian beauty, can claim to feel in all their might and majesty—in all their truth and tenderness, and reality of etherial homeliness—the ineffable loveliness of those celestial creations. As to architecture, in which we admit there is a greater scope for imported genius than in other branches of art, we are not exactly aware at what period of life, or maturity of professional experience, Gandon or Sir Edward Pierce arrived in Ireland; but it is—not very extraordinary; for we do not think it so, but—a very remarkable fact, that, by the acknowledgment of all with whom we have ever conversed on the subject, there is no *English* work of architecture (that is, nothing done in England since the times of Henry VII.)—that there is in England no grand work either of those artists or of any other, which, for unity of idea, simplicity and harmony of details, adaptation to purpose and position, and in short all the great essentials of architectural excellence, can for one moment be compared with the Custom House, and the Four Courts by Gandon; or the Parliament House, and the College Library, both of which we believe we are correct in attributing to Pierce. The last is not so well known or so generally admired as the others, but it is perfect in its way. It is the only complete triumph over the difficulty of many windows (unfortunate concomitant of modern utilitarianism)—and that too without pillars or pilasters or incrustations of any sort,—that we have ever seen or heard of. In conclusion, may we not say that Pierce and Gandon were, even as the De Burgos, Butlers, and Geraldines of old, *Hibernicis ipsis Hiberniores*. And in so saying, do we not give them all the praise and gratitude they are entitled to, or can claim from us? 'Tis the only merit that foreigners working in Ireland can ever claim. If they are not that, their very presence among us is an intrusion; their services a mockery; and their influence a curse.—ED.

* Our authority for attributing the Parliament House to Pierce:—a matter often disputed—is a very rare and curious pamphlet, of which we give the title in full. "Four Letters, originally written in French, Relating to the Kingdom of Ireland, Accompanied with Remarks. To which is added, A Fifth Letter by the same Author, containing a computation of the Number of Inhabitants in all the Kingdoms and chief Cities of Europe, with a conjecture concerning the Number of all the People that have lived upon the Face of the Earth, from the Creation to the Present time.—Dublin. Printed by R. Reilly, for Edward Exshaw, Bookseller at the Bible, on Cork Hill, over against the old Exchange, M,DCC,XXXIX."—We have our doubts that the letters were ever written in French. Be that as it may, the author says, speaking of Dublin:—p. 24. "The most remarkable buildings here are, the Parliament House. It is a very large and massy structure, has been a-building these six years, and is now on the matter finished, it is all of Portland stone, and has cost (*blank in the original*). The new Play-house in Aungier-street is of brick; it probably yields to none in Europe, and surpasses those in London. Sir Edward Pierce, the King's Surveyor General, was the architect to both those buildings." What became of the Theatre we do not know: there are no traces of it now to be seen. We presume it was burnt, after the usual fate of theatres.

Our authority for attributing the College Library to Pierce, we cannot at this moment point out; and we are quite willing to leave the matter open to an Irish claimant, if such can be found for it. It is a subject worth enquiring into. The archives of the University, and the journals of the House of Commons ought to afford satisfactory information. But the former are not easily come at; and we have not at this moment time to ransack the latter.

THE TEMPERANCE REFORMATION.

WHILE other chronicles are busily engaged in recording for the edification, or it may be for the warning of future ages, the events which are now passing in vivid succession on the great theatre of the world; while the Chinese war, that deep and indelible blot on Britain's fame, is being set forth in ably perverted colours, so as to deceive if possible even the "very elect;" while the career of conquest is still sweeping wide over India's fated land, and the standard of Britain is floating not only in the "far east," but on the mountains of Himalaya themselves; be it ours, in the present instance, to record a nobler triumph far than aught of these; even a triumph of reason over sense—of moral power over sensual appetite—a triumph of the people over hard taskmasters—a glorious proof of the omnipotent power of the masses, when they band themselves together for the promotion of a good and righteous cause. Need we say that we allude to the Temperance Reformation,—that mighty movement, which has spread itself as it were with invincible power through the land?

And all has been achieved in a brief space—in a mere speck of time, as compared with Time's vast span. Ten or twelve years ago Temperance Societies were first broached on this side of the Atlantic. Our American brethren had a little the start of us, Beecher's six celebrated sermons bearing a somewhat earlier date; but seven years ago—five years ago—the Temperance Reformation was laughed at by the bulk of mankind, and set down as one of those off-shoots of a well-meaning but visionary philanthropy, which was to have its promised consummation only in the brains of its originators and upholders.

It may be well, however, to glance for a moment at some of the early movers in this great cause, and enquire whether such men were likely to have engaged in a visionary speculation.

Doctor Beecher, the father of the cause, is a man noted for his learning, and stands, we believe, at the head of one of the largest of the American colleges. Six sermons preached by him on the sin of intemperance, and its remedy, were, as far as we know, the first public enunciation of the temperance principle. Stray copies of these sermons appear to have accidentally—probably *we* should say, providentially—found their way into Ireland, and fell into the hands simultaneously of Doctor Harvey of Dublin, George W. Carr of New Ross, and Professor Edgar of Belfast. We are not in possession of the data by which we could draw an accurate delineation of the feelings that stirred in the breasts of these worthy men. Of Dr. Harvey, however, we know that the result was in his case an immediate and vigorous course of

action ;—of George W. Carr, the second “man of Ross,” that he at once exclaimed, “this is the very thing for Ireland,” and forthwith established a temperance society—the first in Ireland—in his own town ;—of Professor Edgar, that it awoke feelings in his breast, that soon found vent in pages full of vigorous thought.

Those individuals speedily coalesced as soon as they knew that similar views were held by them in common—and were soon reinforced by able allies. Amongst these stood prominent the late lamented and estimable Doctor Cheyne, Mr. (now Judge) Crampton, and a few others. They held their committee meetings in the back parlour of a printer, No. 10, William-street, and from thence were fulminated many of those early documents which awoke a slumbering public to the vast importance of the subject in which the “Hibernian Temperance Society” were engaged. It may be well to say a word more particularly, as to the exact time in which the first measures were broached to spread an interest in the new theory. Doctor Cheyne’s earliest published letter, on temperance, to Doctor Harvey, bears date 15th August, 1829, about a week previous to the formation of the New Ross society. It appears, however, by a notice in the Dublin Morning Post of July, that Doctor Harvey acknowledges the receipt of the manuscript of that document during that month, (July) but it is evident that Doctor Harvey himself first called Doctor Cheyne’s attention to the subject, as the published letters are in reply to queries put by the former. We have also before us in the Morning Post of June 10th, 1829, an excellent essay on the evils of intemperance ; and previous to this, a letter, signed Pro Patria, appeared in the same journal, in which was embodied a remarkable document, on the national cost of intemperance in America. Both of these we shrewdly suspect to be the productions of the modest and unassuming Doctor Harvey, and they, so far as we know, are the first public promulgation of the subject in Ireland.

We have said the three originators of the system in Ireland speedily found co-operators, amongst whom perhaps the first was Doctor Cheyne, who in his first and second “Letters on the Effect of Wine and Spirits, by a Physician,” and “A Statement of Certain Effects to be apprehended from Temperance Societies,” awoke considerable interest for the cause. Mr. Crampton about the same time entered the field. There are more than a few who can call to mind the crowded meetings, held at the Tailors’ Hall, Back-lane, in this city, in which his powers of eloquence awoke the multitude to a contemplation of the evils of strong drink, and of the blessings of the system he was engaged in promulgating. Rumours also were rife, that he had been found actively engaged with other coadjutors in more humble places as chairman of similar meetings, in which an inverted empty beer barrel—an appropriate device—formed the seat of office for the embryo Judge. Mr. Crampton also wrote some valuable pamphlets on the subject, amongst which “A Reply to Objections to joining Temperance Societies,”

stands prominent. The labours of this early champion in the cause of temperance, of which we have a lively recollection, were of the most energetic kind, while his pecuniary assistance was most munificent. Amongst the first publications on this subject, Doctor Harvey's "Political Evils of Intemperance;" Doctor Doyle's Two Letters on Temperance Societies, addressed to George W. Carr, and dated December 28, 1829, and November 8, 1830; Doctor Edgar's "Address to the Temperate," and other equally able pamphlets from his pen, claim a prominent place. Reinforced by several others, the committee proceeded with their labours, held large public meetings at the Rotunda, and in July, 1832, commenced the publication of a monthly journal, entitled the Dublin Temperance Gazette, which continued to be issued for a considerable time. It was succeeded by others, amongst which the Temperance and Literary Gazette, commenced by Messrs. Dowling and Shea in 1835, continues under a different name to the present time, and, strange as it may seem, is the only regular temperance publication now *alive* in Dublin.

But we pass on, and for the illustration of a new era in the temperance cause, must glance for a moment at the sister isle. The formation of temperance societies there pretty speedily followed the movement in Ireland; but it is necessary to bear in recollection, that all those hitherto formed, only prohibited the use of distilled liquors, while all fermented drinks were recommended to be used in moderation. But in the manufacturing districts in England, almost all the drunkenness arose from fermented drink; consequently it was soon found that the pledge against ardent spirits alone, was but as a rope of sand. This fact sunk deep in the minds of some individuals in England in various classes, but principally amongst those who had tried and found the utter inefficiency of a pledge against ardent spirits only, to remove their besetting sin.

A remarkable change now took place in the promoters of the work. The time had come when public opinion could be safely braved in banishing distilled liquors from the table of the middle and upper classes; but to go farther involved a departure from many of the established conventionalities of society. This could not be borne; most of the leading advocates withdrew—nay, some of them became the bitter persecutors of the new system. It was denounced as irreligious—as contrary to scripture—as anti-christian—and passages of holy writ were used in able hands for the purpose of urging the use of that which multitudes of the labouring population in England felt to be their bitterest curse. What was the consequence? That some unlettered individuals, feeling that fermented drink was to them their veriest curse, declared that no matter what the Bible said, they would abstain—if it commanded them to drink, they would not obey it. Expressions such as these, and some even still stronger, to which unlearned advocates of the cause were driven, by the unwise opposition to the new system, soon induced the unjust charge of infidelity against

the society ; but we shall not hastily forget the account we heard of the joy of one of the reclaimed ones, who, racked between these contending views, stumbled on the chapter in Proverbs which says—"Wine is a mocker ; strong drink is raging," &c. But the charge of irreligion has long since passed away, as one of the idle accusations which it is only matter of wonder were ever heeded.

In Ireland the new system had much to encounter. The Hibernian Temperance Society, which still held fast to its own pledge, gradually became curtailed in its influence, limited in the sphere of its exertions, and lowered in public estimation. One or two of its members, who were convinced of the superiority of total abstinence, long made fruitless endeavours to prevail on the committee to abandon the old for the new system. The Port of Dublin and the Juvenile Total Abstinence Society, afterwards the Dublin Total Abstinence Society, were meanwhile in active operation. The Hibernian Temperance Society was soon no more, and at a later period the Irish Temperance Union was formed by Messrs. Haughton, Corkran, Webb, M'Clure, Allen, and a few others, as a central association. Mr. Corkran accepted the office of assistant secretary and general agent. In this capacity he travelled extensively through the country, holding public meetings with much success.

Men's minds were thus, by a course of training extending over a period of nearly ten years, prepared to admit the value of the principle of abstaining from all strong drinks ; and there needed but a popular leader to cause thousands and tens of thousands to flock to the standard. That leader soon appeared. The Rev. Theobald Mathew, better known by the name of "Father Mathew," came into the field, which was, indeed, white unto harvest. Of this remarkable man, his fame is so widely spread, we need say but little. His history—his extraordinary career—is before the public. We understand that he attributes his adherence to total abstinence mainly to a worthy and unassuming citizen of Cork, a member of the Society of Friends—William Martin ; who, knowing the high character of the worthy priest, and feeling that the time was come when the people only wanted some individual in whom they would place unlimited confidence, to induce them to flock in masses to the standard of total abstinence, prevailed on him to sign the pledge, and place himself at the head of the Cork Total Abstinence Society.

It was soon noised abroad that Cork was rapidly taking the lead in the temperance cause ; that the people there, and from all the country round, were joining, first in hundreds, then in thousands and tens of thousands. People flocked from far and near, and the worthy Apostle of Temperance was fairly overwhelmed with the extent of his labours. Subsequently, as our readers are aware, he has adopted the plan of travelling through the country—to the credit of our coach proprietors, be it told, in almost every case free of expense—so that there is scarcely any part of Ireland that has not felt the blessing of his presence.

It is needless, as we have already remarked, for us to be the trumpeters of Father Mathew's fame: it is on every lip. It is equally needless, for us to repudiate the oft-repeated charge brought against him of "money making," by the sale of medals. It is now notorious that in consequence of his unavoidable expenses, his liberality, and the vast number of medals for which he is never paid, he is all but an embarrassed man. We now, therefore, hasten to give a few statistical facts, showing the result of his labours, in the altered condition of the country, both as regards crime, and the general conduct of the people.

A few extracts from charges of the judges at the assizes will establish our statement of the orderly state of the country during the last two years, attributable in a great measure to the spread of abstinence from intoxicating liquors.

1840.

WEXFORD.—Baron Richards "was most sincerely happy at being enabled to state, that the duties which they had to perform in connexion with the administration of criminal justice, would be extremely light. This reflected the highest honour on the county."

COUNTY WATERFORD.—Judge Crampton:—He had no observation to make to them except to congratulate them on the lightness of the calendar.

CITY OF WATERFORD.—Baron Richards stated, "that only two cases would come before them: one where a person was charged with having a forged receipt, and another by whom goods had been obtained under a false pretence."

LIMERICK COUNTY.—Mr. R. Moore, Q.C.—"I am informed there is less crime than generally appears at the Spring assizes."

LIMERICK CITY.—Judge Perrin:—"It affords me much pleasure to offer you my congratulations on the orderly and tranquil state of your extensive city and liberties."

KERRY.—Judge Perrin:—"The generally tranquil state of your county is highly satisfactory, highly creditable to the inhabitants at large; to the gentry and magistrates of the county, as well as to all those persons engaged in the moral and religious instruction of the people."

CLARE.—Judge Perrin:—"I have great satisfaction in stating, that from the appearance of the calendar your labours are not likely to be heavy. The number of cases in custody for trial is twenty-eight, a number unprecedentedly low, when we consider the extent of the county, and the time that has elapsed since the last assizes; of these there are but two homicides."

MAYO.—Sergeant Greene:—"I am happy to say, that the offences which appear on the calendar are not of a particularly serious or aggravated character."

FERMANAGH.—Baron Pennefather said, "he had to congratulate the grand jury of the county Fermanagh, upon the lightness of the calendar which he had before him. It would appear from it that the amount of crime committed in the county since the last assizes was comparatively insignificant; in point of fact, there was nothing on the face of the calendar but cases of the most trivial and common-place character, none of which required any observation from him."

The Tipperary Free Press, speaking of their county assizes, says,

"Only one whiteboy offence has been proved, and that of such a nature as to call from the learned judge, (Crampton) the most unqualified expression of his regret that he could not reduce the punishment to something nominal. * * * There was not a single case of homicide."

At the opening of the Commission in Dublin, November, 1840, the Lord Chief Baron made the following statement:—

"We are now assembled after an interval of more than two months from the period of the last sitting of the court; we are assembled to decide on the graver classes of offences committed in a district inhabited by, I believe, nearly four hundred thousand persons, and comprising a large and crowded metropolis; and it is gratifying to observe that after that interval, there is not presented for trial here a single case of homicide—not a single case of assault affecting the public peace—not a single case of assault endangering life, or a single case of malicious injury to person or property."

To follow up this interesting exposée, we give a few extracts from the Judges' charges of the Summer Assizes of 1841.

CLARE.

"Judge Ball said—I am happy to announce to you that the calendar of the present assizes is *one of unusual lightness*. Gentlemen, there are but *ten cases* returned for trial; of these *five are for larceny, and that of such a petty description, that they might have been easily disposed of at sessions, so that five can only be considered as properly belonging to the assizes*; and from inquiries made of the official gentlemen, I understand that some of those are not likely to come to trial. Under such circumstances, I have merely to congratulate you upon the state of the calendar, which, from the great population and extent of this county, is indeed *unparalleled*; it is a matter which can be referred to and spoken of with equal pride and satisfaction, and I sincerely trust that such a state of things will long remain amongst us."

CITY OF LIMERICK.

"Judge Ball said—On my arrival here, I have been presented with a calendar of *seven larcenies*, which comprises *all the crime* to be tried at this assizes. Out of those seven there are two that ought to have been tried at antecedent sessions; so that the *calendar properly triable is only five larcenies*—and this announcement is quite enough to ensure the ready assent of every one to its being a matter of very great congratulation for the residents and magistrates of the city of Limerick. Whatever be the cause of this state of things, we have only to hope that it may be progressive, and continue a subject of congratulation at each succeeding assizes."

WATERFORD CITY.

"Mr. Justice Torrens addressed the jury as follows:—Mr. Foreman, and gentlemen of the grand jury of the city of Waterford, I have the satisfaction of stating, *that there are only three cases on the calendar for trial*. These cases you will investigate with accuracy before you find the bills.

WATERFORD COUNTY.

"Baron Pennefather addressed the grand jury. He congratulated them on the quiet and peaceable character of their county. There appeared *but three cases of moment* upon the calendar, and those three related to females. These would be sent before them, and he should remind them of the great caution necessary in the examination of this description of offence. They should be well satisfied of the guilt of the accused party, before they found the bill, for carelessness on their part gave but too much encouragement to this description of prosecution. His lordship adverted to the indelicacy of exposure where it could be avoided. The other matters were not of much moment, and they, he was sure, would give them their best attention. He would not trouble them with further observations, nor longer keep them from their duty."

ROSCOMMON.

"The Chief Baron addressed the grand jury as follows:—Mr. Foreman, and gentlemen of the grand jury, it is very gratifying to me, on this, my first judicial visit to your county, to be able to congratulate you on its state, as evidenced by the official record—the calendar of prisoners now before me. *The numbers on it are few indeed, and there is nothing in the cases appearing to require any particular observations*. I have not the

means, from experience, of judging of this calendar by comparison with the past ; but I hope and trust that future judges will, at succeeding assizes, have the like grounds that I have now to congratulate the county on its *peaceful* condition. *This state of things, gentlemen, to my mind, bears testimony to the improving moral habits of the people, and to their just observance of their relative duties by all classes of society, which is the best guarantee for the peace and good order of the community.*"

SLIGO.

"The Chief Baron—I am happy to say that it will not be necessary for me to make more than a few observations on the calendar of prisoners for trial at the assizes. The persons amenable for trial *are not many, and of these several stand over for crimes alleged to be committed previous to the last commission.* I therefore feel happy to congratulate you and your county on the appearance of the calendar, *so far as it is indicative of the peace and good order of your district :* and I trust it will always be in the power of the going judges of assize to offer you their congratulations on a similar state of things."

MAYO.

"The Chief Baron—The number of cases on your calendar, with the exception of *one homicide standing over from the last assizes,* and which will not come before you, appears *exceedingly light, and small also as regards the character of crime.* I do not, therefore, think it necessary to occupy your time by offering any observation upon it."

In Down Judge Crampton remarked, "that, from the lightness of the calendar, the labour of the grand jury would be proportionably light." In Louth, Judge Perrin stated that the calendar was *unprecedentedly* light, and reflected great credit on such a large and populous county. In Leitrim, Baron Richards bore similar testimony, there being *only six* persons altogether for trial. In Wexford, we find Judge Torrens declaring that the number of cases was few, and, generally speaking, not of a serious character ; while in Wicklow, Baron Pennefather supports his learned brother in congratulating the grand jury "on the state of repose enjoyed in their county, and *the calendar was no doubt a good index* from which to judge of the peace which prevailed. It was very pleasant to observe such an absence of crime." In Kildare, Baron Foster "was happy to say that the calendar afforded just cause for congratulating the county on the good order and tranquillity it enjoys at present." Out of the many, these are only some of the instances which we could enumerate.

We shall now turn for a moment to the state of our prisons. They are another sure index of the state of crime. On the 19th of November, 1840, the Freeman's Journal states :—

"Smithfield Penitentiary is closed ! There was no longer any pretext for keeping it open. The steady declension of committals to Richmond Bridewell—twelve hundred less this year than last—has left one hundred cells empty. Here is one of the many savings arising from temperance ; the citizens of Dublin are relieved from the entire expense of one prison."

In a previous article in the same journal, the following statement was given of the state of the prison previous to, and since, the Temperance Reformation had taken effect in Dublin. We append to it a similar statement for the past year, up to the 9th November, 1841. It will be observed, that Smithfield Penitentiary was closed since the period when

the statistics which appeared in the "Freeman's Journal," up to the 9th November, 1840, were made out, so that we have deducted from 143, the number which was in the old prison on the 9th November, 1841, 70 boys; the class who were inmates of Smithfield Penitentiary on the same date in the previous year when the return was made.

The statement therefore stands thus:—[We should add, that the older part of Richmond Bridewell is devoted to long committals, the new wing to short ones.]

1839, September 1st.		
In the old compartment,	177	
		In the New.
	No. 1 29
	2 29
	3 84
	4 19
	5 19
	6 Hospital	6—136

We now quote the numbers on the 9th of November, the period from which our return extends.

1840, November 9th.		
In old compartment,	128	
		In the New.
	No. 1 6
	2 0
	3 0
	4 0
	5 14
	6 Hospital	3—23

1841, November 9th.		
In the old compartment, } (deducting boys) 73	
		In the New.
	No. 1 14
	2 10
	3 0
	4 0
	5 0
	6 Hospital	9—33

Thus we see, that there are immense reductions between 1839 and 1840, in the number of prisoners; while between 1840 and 1841, although there is a slight increase in the number of those in the prison on short committals, those in on long committals are down to nearly one-half of what they were last year, and little more of one-third of what they were the year previous; a triumphant proof of the effects of temperance in lessening crime.

The following is a comparative statement of the numbers committed to this prison for the same period in three years:—

Committed to November 9, 1839	3202
Ditto to November 9, 1840	2018
Ditto to November 9, 1841	1604*

* NOTE. The real number committed to Richmond Bridewell to the 9th November, 1841, exclusive of drunkards, was 2139, but from this 535 boys have to be deducted. The Smithfield Penitentiary, where that class were formerly confined, having been open up to that period in the preceding year, when consequently they were not included in the return. It will be observed that the committals to 9th November, 1841, are down to one-half of those in 1839.

The following is another statement illustrating the decrease of crime in 1841 over 1840 :—

Total number committed to Richmond Bridewell in 1840, deducting boys and drunkards, both of which classes were, from the closing of Smithfield Penitentiary, sent there for about the last six weeks of the year	2295
Total number committed in 1841, deducting boys and drunkards	1873
	<hr/>
Decrease,	1422

We now pass for a moment to another large prison—Maryborough county jail. We quote the following extract from a letter addressed to the Secretary of the Irish Temperance Union by the Governor :

“ Maryborough Gaol, 13th November, 1841.

“ MY DEAR SIR—In reply to your letter of the 11th instant, I can truly add my testimony to the many proofs already given, that temperance has had the most desirable effects on the peasantry in this part of the country. Peace, in all places of public resort, such as fairs, markets, &c., has taken the place of disorder, riot, bloodshed, and murder. Your enquiry goes further than those places of public resort—you ask what effect it has had on crime? Very few crimes of a serious nature are now heard of; and in minor offences there has been a great decrease.

“ The number of prisoners in gaol on the 13th November, 1837, was, ... 128

“ The number on this day, 98

“ Difference, less now in prison, 30

“ This is a great saving :—At £15 each, it amounts to, annually, £450.

“ There is another point of view in which this may be taken. We are aware that in this part of the country the Roman Catholic part of the population were formerly most addicted to intemperance, and, consequently, there was always a majority of them in the gaol.

“ In 13th November, 1837, there were Roman Catholics in this gaol, ... 122

“ At the same time, Protestants, 6

“ Total, ... 128

“ This day, November 13, 1841, there are Roman Catholics in gaol, ... 73

“ Protestants, 25

98

“ There has been a decrease, owing to temperance, of 49 Catholic prisoners daily in gaol, which saves the expense of £15 each, per year.”

We pass now from the subject of prisons to one of an opposite character, but not less indicative of the improved habits of the people. We allude to the increase in Savings' Bank lodgments in Dublin.

The following is a return of the amount of deposits in the “ Meath Street Savings' Bank Association,” for the months of July, August, and September, in the year 1838, 1839, 1840, and 1841.

It is necessary to explain that the Association has three branches, viz. one in Meath-street, one in Abbey-street, and one in Linen Hall-street :

	1838	1839	1840	1841
" Number of Depositors in Meath-street,	<u>2323</u>	<u>2409</u>	<u>3019</u>	<u>3025</u>
" Abbey-street, late Marlborough-street,	3419	3504	4036	4667
" Linen Hall-street, 	<u>1522</u>	<u>1520</u>	<u>1904</u>	<u>1893</u>
" Total, 	7264	7433	8959	9585."

Our readers will remark the small increase between 1833 and 1839, and the great one between those years and 1840; while, in 1841, the increase over 1840, is abundantly sufficient to prove the permanency of the saving habits amongst a large class of the people. The reason is obvious; the people do not spend their money on whiskey, or other strong drink, but are saving it for useful purposes. A still further proof of the progressive improvement in habits of providence and economy amongst our population, is evident in the respective amounts lodged and withdrawn during the same three months, in 1840 and 1841. We may add, that July, August, and September were, we believe, amongst the most trying seasons on the poor, and that in January, 1840, the receipts exceeded the repayments upwards of £3,600; and in January, 1841, upwards of £5,700.

1840.

Lodged in July, August, and September—£31,057 18 3; Withdrawn, £32,652 19 6

Amount <i>withdrawn</i> over amount <i>lodged</i> ,	£1,595 1 3
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1841.

Lodged in July, August and September, £39,596 14 6; Withdrawn, £34,925 19 0

Balance lodged over withdrawals,	£4,670 15 6
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Our readers will not fail to remark the striking improvement in the latter year, viz., a balance of upwards of £6,250 in the latter period over the former to the credit of the depositors.

It is also highly gratifying to state, that on the closing of the books of the Meath-street Savings' Bank, at the conclusion of 1841, there appeared an increase of 1178 depositors, and a balance of £32,086 4s. 5d. over the previous year.

But habits of saving, valuable as they are, are nothing compared with other and higher traits of character; and if we seek for proofs of the increase of virtue, and all the more ennobling feelings amongst our population, the evidence is so abundant, that it is as it were wandering in a vast and fertile garden, without knowing where to cull from the abundance with which we are surrounded. The testimony is alike satisfactory from judges, assistant-barristers, government commissioners, engineers, and gentry. We shall at random select two or three specimens; but must first quote, as another index of the improved habits of the people, evidence of the decline of public houses in Dublin, which, we doubt not, will apply to most parts of the country. Indeed, we have seen it stated that, in an Irish provincial town, the total sum received by fifteen publicans on a certain Saturday evening was seven shillings and six pence.

The following is the return of the number of public houses closed during the year 1840, as shewn by the tables of the metropolitan police :—

District A,	80
B,	48
C,	34
D,	47
E,	16
F,	12—237 Total.

We now turn with delight to the most gratifying part of our subject, the improved conduct, the increased respectability, the greater ascendancy of mind over matter, virtue over vice, amongst our people. Where is the country that can compare with Ireland in the moral regeneration which has taken place in the last two or three years?

We take a few testimonies, leaving our readers to *add* thousands more which are in every one's mouth; nor are these confined to the Irish in Ireland alone. No! America is now rejoicing in the improved habits of our countrymen there—her adopted children. The flame of temperance is springing up too amongst the Irish in New South Wales. Irishmen everywhere seem to be rising in character, as it were to take the lead in the moral regeneration of mankind.

But to proceed with a few quotations.

John Tappan, Esq., of Boston, U. S., a gentleman of high respectability, President of the Massachusetts Temperance Society, says :—

“ I had the privilege of being in Ireland last season. *I went through the length of Ireland, and saw but one drunkard in all my travels.* I saw they had got one drunkard, to shew the people the strange sight of an intoxicated man. What has been done there is perfectly wonderful; and the work will, I believe, hold on, unless Satan steals in, and deals out his potions, in the shape of root beer, or some other pretended temperance specific.”

In a late report of the Mining Company of Ireland, in which the profits of the half year amount to upwards of £23,000, the directors state :

“ A considerable part (of the profit) however has arisen from the increased productions of the mines, and additional economy in working them; *which latter has been greatly facilitated by the more sober and industrious habits of the men employed, who have thereby participated in the Company's profits, as well as by an increase in the market value of mineral produce.*”

The following is a testimony borne by the Recorder of Dublin, on opening a quarter sessions some time since :—

“ He was delighted to be able to trace its smallness to a more satisfactory and permanent cause—he alluded to the improvements in the habits of temperance, and consequent morality among the poorer classes of this city. He had often had occasion to observe, in addressing the preceding grand jurors, that the great proportion of crime which came before the court was to be ascribed, either directly or indirectly, to the excessive use of ardent spirits, and it afforded him great satisfaction now to be enabled to trace its diminution to their disuse. At the last sittings the number of prisoners for trial was not above one-half what it had usually been, and this was attributable to the happy change to which he had already alluded; and he felt confident, that if this system of temperance was persevered in steadily and permanently, which was most devoutly to

be desired, he trusted it would produce, and he doubted not it would, a great national benefit, and contribute, in an almost incalculable degree, to the improvement of the habits, condition, and character of the population of this country."

Richard Griffith, Esq., Government Engineer, in a report to the Commissioners of Woods and Forests, on the state of the model farm on the estate of King William's Town, County of Cork, bears the following testimony:—

I should here observe that during the last two years a great change has taken place in the character and conduct of the carters who chiefly frequent this inn. Formerly, owing to the pure quality of the spirits sold there, the house became a favoured night resting place; but latterly the use of spirits of any kind has been altogether abandoned, and the same individuals who formerly partook largely of spirits, now confine their libations to milk or coffee, with bread and butter. At present the milk of eight cows is found insufficient to supply the demand of the carters, and the innkeeper is frequently obliged to apply to the dairy of the model farm for assistance to supply his customers. This is a great and most beneficial change in the habits of the people, and particularly of the carter class, who formerly were rather inclined to excess."

The following important statements were made by T. H. Fitzgerald, Esq. Mayor of Limerick, in a letter addressed to the Rev. Theobald Mathew, dated 2nd September, 1839.

As Coroner, the numerous instances of sudden and awful deaths, arising from intemperance, which came under my observation, were most appalling. I have held about one hundred and forty inquests since the first of October, 1838; and I can safely affirm that one half that number were caused, directly or indirectly, by intoxicating liquors. There were eight cases of death by drowning, several by burning, and many from apoplexy, while in a state of intoxication; and within a short period four individuals committed suicide while under the hellish influence of strong drink. But, thank God, a brighter prospect is now dawning.

Your unparalleled exertions in the cause of temperance have been, under God, crowned with the most signal success, and I believe in no place more so than in Limerick. A moral regeneration has taken place among the people of this city, which is really most astonishing, and truly gratifying to every philanthropic mind. Our police reports are much lessened, petty sessions business considerably reduced, and even summonses in the Court of Conscience have fallen off one-third. Our streets and places of public resort are regular and quiet; and that which must be most gratifying to you is the fact, that although reports have, at different times, been industriously circulated, of members of your society having broken their Temperance Pledge, I have not been able to make out a solitary instance of such being the fact.

Here we must pause, having quoted, as it were, "one in the thousand" testimonies which abound on every side, as regards the wonderful effects of total abstinence. Having shown that the people are morally regenerated, and greatly raised in the scale of virtue and intelligence, we have now a few words to say about ulterior measures.

Great as are the blessings derived from total abstinence, there is surely no reflecting individual who for a moment feels it to be otherwise than the commencement of a good work, which, to attain its consummation, must go forward till the people are really and substantially disenthralled; till the light of intellectual improvement spreads far and wide; till the people are mentally and politically free.

For our part we have no fear that the improved habits and peaceable demeanour of the people can be taken an unfair advantage of, to retard the progress of true liberty and equal rights. A sober people are eminently entitled to political freedom; they must and shall have it! Under what circumstances is liberty dangerous? In the hands of a drunken and licentious population; but a sober and virtuous community can never be too free. Let every man who loves his country, cherish the feeling that, in carrying forward, with a high and steady hand, those measures which he feels are for the good of his country, he is now working for a people who eminently deserve an extension of their rights. Let him feel that he is now backed by a community who are able to appreciate freedom, because they are disenthralled from a galling and crushing bondage.

IMPROMPTU.

TO * * * *

ON BEING TAXED WITH ABSENCE OF MIND WHILST CONVERSING TETE-A-TETE.

Did I seem absent—whilst my heart-strings hung
 On the least whisper of thy silv'ry tongue?
 Did mine eye wander—whilst my soul's fixed gaze
 Drank up the flood of love-inspiring rays
 From thy bright orbs?—'Twas then *thyself* that didst
 Thyself eclipse. *Thou*, planet-like amidst
 Thy starry satellites—didst still outvie
 Thine own dear charms—and thy soul-beaming eye
 With moonlike magic of attraction drew
 My love's deep tide—to thee its magnet true!
 My gladdened ear the witching music drank
 Of thy sweet voice—each gentle accent sank
 Into my heart—waking each inmost thought,
 Each pulse of life—with thee—thee only fraught!
 Whilst each sense glowed 'neath the fond impress
 Of thy soft words and gentle loveliness—
 Whilst mine eye gazed on *thine*—watching each glance,
Thee only did my soul behold in its deep trance!

M.

THE NATIVE MUSIC OF IRELAND. .

Positively, a man ought *not* to holloa whilst he is still in the wood. We ventured in our last number—a parlous thing—to pass the censure of our opinion upon Moore—

—*clarum et venerabile nomen*,—

for the mis-spelling of certain Irish names; and lo! *eo instanti* that we were doing so, we were ourselves in the act of publishing a work, with errors of as bad a kind, whereof some editor of the sixteenth century might have cried—had he lifted up his head from his grave—*editio sanè vitiosa et spurcatissima, quæ, in inculto illo et superstitionum et ignorantie plenissimo sæculo contaminata, multis et insignibus erroribus, undè cum frivolis in margine notulis indiciisque intempestivis, et uberrimâ mendorum aliorum segete, scatebat.*

Now may a typographer cry, “Oh, that mine enemy would *print* a book!”

But, in sooth, let it not be said of us, that we are an enemy; and truly, we aver, that although our book hath recoiled on our own “defenceless pate,” ~~we~~ were not guilty of committing the blunders, nor can we allow it to be said that they occurred *indoctorum hominum et Celtica saltem nescientium scriptorum inscitâ*.

We do not seek to disguise them, being *in no collusion* with the delinquents; for we here openly acknowledge the fact to be, that the very sentence wherein we vented our sorrowful exclamations upon Moore for his spellings or misspellings, pronunciations or mispronunciations, of Irish names, there appeared in our early impressions *leac̃t ʒlaʒ̃cam̃na*, which ought to have been *leac̃t maʒ̃cam̃na*.^{*} It is to the crime of negligence alone, (and we think we could mitigate even that charge,) that we plead guilty.

^{*} Behold, in addition, “the list, the complete list,” of the other blunders, by misprint, in the Irish of the January number of the *Dublin Monthly Magazine*:—

Page 81, for *bealaʒ̃*, read *bealaç̃*;

—— *an ʒeoɿn* — *an ʒeɿon*, the Nore;

—— *Orpuɿʒe* — *Orpuɿʒe*, Ossory;

Page 82, for *meaça* — *meaða*;

We take this early opportunity of remarking on the forms of the CAPITALS for the Irish letters *m* and *n*, in the fount of types which we are now using. We vehemently
1842.—FEB.

As candid confession is good for the soul, we wished to disburthen our conscience of this sin, before we should proceed further in our business. Now for work.

No. IV.

Here is an air, familiarly known as household words, in every quarter of this country, north, south, east and west, in Ulster, Munster, Leinster and Connaught—a universal favourite with our people,—fascinating in its strain, we might say catching at first hearing, and adhesive,—clinging to the ear and the heart, when it is thrown on the waters and found again after many days—and yet we have not seen it anywhere published before.

In its structure it is extremely simple, being in the primeval Celtic form, so many samples of which we have already helped to rescue from oblivion, as in our Music for 1841, in *The Citizen*, Nos. 10, 14, and 29,—that is to say, the first and fourth, and the second and third *phrases* of the strain are similar. We apply *the axiom* which we announced last month, and direct the second *part* to be repeated. By this, the variety capable of being educed from materials so simple as the two phrases of these airs is fully attained. Look at it, even drily, as if you were exploring combinations in the DOCTRINE of CHANCES; and you find, that as the first part differs from the second by the inversion of the phrases, so the second part takes fresh life on this repetition, because, in the first instance, it succeeds the close of the second phrase, but now, with a new effect, it succeeds the close of the first phrase. Thus you attain three varieties from two elements.

disapprove of the form “ŋ” for a capital m, because it too much resembles “n.” We prefer the form given in *Vallancey's Grammar*, Dublin, 1781, p. 31; *the Rev. Paul O'Brien's Grammar*, Dublin, 1809, p. 5.

Another excellent form is that used by O'Reilly in his dictionary, letter “M,” in the initials of the words there collected. Strange to say, he uses in the letters which head his columns, this objectionable form, “ŋ” nearly. The confusion proceeding from this source is well exemplified by the fact, that Hardiman, in his *Irish Minstrelsy*, London, 1831, appears to have used this form “ŋ” for a capital “n” throughout, and not for “m” anywhere.

At the same time, and upon the same principle, we very much approve of the form “M” for the capital “n,” in “this here” present fount. It may not be so classic as the form given in Vallancey and O'Brien *ab. supr.* which O'Reilly also adopts in the initials of his words, whilst he uses in the headings of his columns a figure less M-like and more N-like. Here again we bring up Hardiman's book to illustrate the inconvenience; for in it this M-like figure, a little better developed, is actually (and very naturally) used for the capital “m.”

The Germans are blamed, and justly we think, for too rigid an adherence to antique forms of letters, which, from mutual resemblances, may readily be mistaken one for another. The great object of printing ought to be *understandibility*. Where that is sacrificed to fanciful elegance or mystified correctness, the public of this age will find too much reason for applying the old adage—

*Si non vis intelligi,
Debes negligi.*

The “emphatic sixth” reappears here with all its native freshness and beauty.

In all the traditional versions of the Song which has come down to us with this air, there is a cponan; according to some of them in three long lines; according to others in four.

We have a setting of this air in two-four time, of which we do not approve.

The version of the air which we now publish, (as well as one copy of the words, of which we have made some use,) we owe to our friend Paddy Coneely “the Galway Piper,” concerning whom we shall presently have more to say. The following stanzas are formed upon the old song and its various readings, as they have reached our hands from sundry quarters. We shall endeavour by our notes, to make our song serve the purposes not only of a “new edition, with emendations,” *ad fidem optimarum (et pessimarum) editionum diligenter expressa, et cum purioribus (tam cum corruptissimis et violatissimis) exemplaribus accuratè collata*, but a complete *Variorum* copy and as it were *Lectionum Variarum Index Locupletissimus*.

IRISH MOLLY O!

I.

Oh! who is that poor foreigner that lately came to town,
And like a ghost that cannot rest still wanders up and down?
A poor unhappy Scottish youth;—if more you wish to know,
His heart is breaking all for love of Irish Molly O!

CHORUS.

She's modest, mild and beautiful, the fairest I have known—
The primrose of Ireland—all blooming here alone—
The primrose of Ireland, for wheresoe'er I go,
The only one entices me is Irish Molly O!

* Oh! who is that?] *Omnes ferè membranæ et editiones aliter hic, et in carmine et in choro, hæc loca habent. Vulgatam lectionem vir doctus, poeta noster, spernit; proculdubio tñ “guinea” tolerari non placet; locum tamen restitui, si cum bonâ typographorum gratiâ potuisset fieri, optamus. Igitur reponatur,—*

As I was a-walking one morning in May,
I met a pretty Irish girl by chance upon the way;
I put a hand in my pocket as it happened to be so,
And I pulled out a guinea for to treat my Molly O!

CHORUS.

She's my valentine, the beautiful, the fairest one I know,
The primrose of Ireland, or England also,
The primrose of Ireland all for my guinea O!
And the only one entices me is Irish Molly O!”

Codex Coneelianus omnino sic habet; at in MS. Corkagensi legimus,—

“She's a gallant, she's a beauty.”

Alii melius sic,—

“She's handsome, she's beautiful.”

Notat tamen codex Waterfordiensis (typis Kelliensibus expressus),—

“She's my *ḡallaḡḡḡḡ* of beauty.”

II.

When Molly's father heard of it, a solemn oath he swore,
That if she'd wed a foreigner he'd never see her more.
He sent for young Mac Donald and he plainly told him so—
"I'll never give to such as you my Irish Molly O!"

CHORUS.

III.

Mac Donald heard the heavy news—and grievously did say—
"Farewell my lovely Molly—since I'm banish'd far away,
"A poor forlorn pilgrim I must wander to and fro,
"And all for the sake of my Irish Molly O!"

CHORUS.

IV.

"There is a rose in Ireland—I thought it would be mine;
"But now that she is lost to me I must for ever pine,
"Till death shall come to comfort me, for to the grave I'll go;
"And all for the sake of my Irish Molly O!"

CHORUS.

V.

"And now that I am dying—this one request I crave,
"To place a marble tomb-stone above my humble grave;
"And on the stone these simple words I'd have engraven so—
"Mac Donald lost his life for love of Irish Molly O!"

CHORUS.

When Molly's father.] *Nomen patris nusquam apparet, atqui senem fuisse codex Waterfordiensis testatur:—*

"When Molly's old father he came for to know,
That she was in love with a Scotch laddie O!
He sent for M'Donald, and thus to him did say,
If you court my daughter Molly, I will send you far away."

Mirificè sudat in hoc optimus Drakenborchius, mutuum fuisse amorem inter juvenem puellamque; sed frustra; ex P. Coneelio transcripta editio melius habet,

"That she was loved by a Scotch laddie O!
He sent for young M'Donald, thus for to say."

Mac Donald heard.] *Multum molestia hic locus doctis viris præbuit; quibus codicis Waterfordiensis suspecta erat auctoritas, nec immeritò, ubi legitur,—*

"Since Molly has deceived me, all by her father's means,
Through lonesome woods and vallies I mean to spend my days."

Satis hoc absonum atque abhorrens Jac. Gronovio videtur; Hibernicum tamen sonat; Sed nodum hunc solvimus ex MS. Coneelian. in quo scriptum invenimus ferè ut suprâ.

Farewell.] *Secundum MS. Coneelian.*

"Adieu my lovely Molly dear, if that may be the way,"

A poor forlorn pilgrim.] "Like a poor," &c. *Omnes Codd. Vett.*

Wander.] "ramble." *Cod. Waterfordiens.*

Must] "will," *MS. Coneelian.*

And] "Tis." *Ibid.*

Ireland] "Dublin." *Omnes Codd. Vett.*

It] "She." *MS. Coneelian. satis lepidè.*

But now that she] *Variè hic MSS. et Codd. Vett.*

"Let her }
If you } come to my funeral, 'tis all I do require.

My }
For my } corpse it will be lifted by the dawning of the day,

'Tis }
And its } all for the sake of a bonny Irish maid."

No. V.

We cannot introduce this fine composition of *Coimdealbác Ó'Leap-
ballán* to our readers better than by giving to them *verbatim* the following
communication, transmitted to us from the north of Ireland, an effusion
warm from the heart of an ardent friend of our common cause.

Belfast, December 17, 1841.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE CITIZEN.

SIR,

Although differing from you in regard to some points of national
policy, I have nevertheless about me so much of Irish national feeling, as to
estimate, at its proper value, your laudable attempt to rescue from oblivion
a number of our Irish Melodies. In this respect you have done good service
to our common country, and I sincerely hope that you will persevere in the
laudable undertaking which you have so auspiciously begun, as there are still
scattered throughout the country myriads of magnificent airs which have
never seen the light, simply because no man cared for their preservation, or
was perhaps aware of their existence, except the uneducated peasantry, who
have for ages been delighted by their heart-thrilling inspiration. So much
by way of preface, and now for a word or two of comment.

From circumstances personal to myself, I did not see your December
number until this day; and on procuring it I was not a little surprised to
find you ascribing to Curran the song of the "*Irishman*." Genius, however
humble, ought to have its due; and in accordance with this equitable maxim,
I beg to assure you most positively that Curran was *not* the author of the

That] "as." *MS. Connelian.*

To place] "to have." *Cod. Waterfordiens.*

Tomb-stone] "stone." *Codd. Vett.*

Above my humble grave] "At the head of my grave." *Codd. Vett.*

And on the stone] *Variè hic MSS. et Codd. Vett.*

"In the { centre }
 { middle } of the stone, the inscription to be so,

That young } McDonald lost his life for { Irish
Young } the sake of } Molly O!

Molly O!] *In Cod. Waterford. extant versus, inter primum et secundum horum versicu-
lorum quaternarium, et sub finem, alii hi versus, quos sic egregiè restitui volumus. Scotice
loquitur Mac Donald.*

II.

"I said my pretty fair maid, if you will gang with me,
"I will show you the straight road across the country;"
"Oh no, kind sir," this fair maid said, so quickly she replied,
"For my parents would be angry if I would be out at night."

VII.

O, all you pretty fair maids, a warning take by me,
Never build your nest on the top of any tree,
For the green leaves will wither, and the roots will decay,
And the beauty of a fair maid will soon fade away."

exquisite ballad in question. Its author was the late James Orr, popularly designated the "poet of Ballycarry"—a little village on the leading road between Carrickfergus and Larne—and amply did poor Orr merit the title so flatteringly bestowed upon him. He was originally a common weaver, but his genius burst the shackles with which poverty had confined it, and he first appeared before the public as one of the poetical contributors to the *Northern Star*—the organ of the United Irishmen. In this vocation he laboured till the fatal period of 1798, when he marched with his companions to the battle of Antrim; and after the disastrous issue of that conflict, he emigrated to America, justly fearing to remain in his native country, in consequence of his activity in the cause of what he conceived to be patriotism. In America he remained only a short time, and then returned to his native village, where he remained unmolested till the period of his death, viz:—the 24th day of April, 1816.

His song of the "*Irishman*" had been communicated many years before to his friends—it had found its way to the press, after which it instantly became popular, and formed a staple commodity in every street ballad collection in almost every town and village in the North of Ireland. James Orr was universally recognized as the author, and a solitary doubt as to the fact never was started until the publication of this month's *Citizen*. After the death of Orr, his posthumous productions were edited and published in the year 1817, by Mr. A. McDowell, of Ballycarry, and in this volume the song of the "*Irishman*" is contained at length,—I say at length, because only the two first stanzas have been communicated to you from the manuscript of "Aunt Bess." It is quite possible that this lady may have picked up the stanzas in question, either from a street ballad version of Orr's National Lyric, or from oral recitation, and may thus have transferred them to her commonplace-book; but it is utterly incredible that a poor Ballycarry weaver should have obtained access to the private manuscripts of Curran—a gentleman with whom he had no acquaintance whatever, and that he should for more than thirty years have succeeded in robbing him of the honour of a composition not unworthy even of Curran's powers. Were it necessary, the question could still be set at rest by living testimony; but the circumstances which I have adduced will probably be deemed sufficient.

The air to which Orr composed his lyric was "*Vive la*"—a favourite strain amongst the United Irishmen—but the air to which it is popularly sung amongst the peasantry, without exception, is a slow, majestic, and, in some passages, peculiarly emphatic adaptation of "*Neil Gow's Farewell to Whiskey*," and the effect is much more striking than might at first be anticipated. As only two stanzas of Orr's song have been communicated to you, I transcribe the entire, leaving you to the exercise of your own critical judgment as to the propriety of its insertion.

THE IRISHMAN.

Time—"Vive la."

I.

The savage loves his native shore,
Though rude the soil and chill the air;
Well then may Erin's sons adore,
Their isle which nature formed so fair.
What flood reflects a shore so sweet,
As Shannon great or past'ral Bann?
Or who a friend or foe can meet,
So generous as an Irishman?

II.

His hand is rash, his heart is warm,
But principle is still his guide—
None more regrets a deed of harm,
And none forgives with nobler pride.
He may be duped, but won't be dared—
More fit to practise than to plan,
He dearly earns his poor reward,
And spends it like an Irishman.

III.

If strange or poor for you he'll pay,
And guide to where you safe may be;
If you're his guest, while e'er you stay,
His cottage holds a jubilee.
His inmost soul he will unlock,
And if he should *your* secrets scan,
Your confidence he scorns to mock,
For faithful is an Irishman.

IV.

By honour bound in woe or weal,
Whate'er she bids he dares to do;
Tempt him with bribes, he will not fail,
Try him in fire you'll find him true.
He seeks not safety; let his post
Be where it ought in danger's van,
And if the field of fame be lost,
'Twill not be by an Irishman.

V.

Erin, loved land! from age to age,
Be thou more great, more fam'd and free,
May peace be thine, or, should'st thou wage
Defensive war, cheap victory!
May plenty flow in every field,
Which gentle breezes softly fan,
And cheerful smiles serenely gild
The breast of every Irishman!

(*Orr's Posthumous Works*, pages 132, et seq. 1817.)

I need add no more than a single observation, which is that the reference to "past'ral Bann" in the first stanza, seems to indicate pretty plainly the northern authorship of the song, even in the absence of the conclusive testimony which exists on the subject.

The fine lively air marked No. III. in your January number, (1841) and which you set down as "*unknown*," was formerly in the county of Down associated with a semi-romantic ballad entitled the "*Girl that sold her*

Barley." The words are now nearly forgotten, but the melody still remains in various districts, and retains all its primitive popularity.

In the hope that you may think it worthy of notice, I send you an unpublished air of Carolan, called his "*Rambles to Teague*," and as you may naturally wonder how a relic of this description should have been preserved in the "Black North," I deem it incumbent upon me to state the circumstances under which it came into my possession. In the townland of Lissize, near Rathfriland, there lived, during my early days, a family named McFadden, who had for several generations been celebrated for their musical skill, especially in violin-playing, and in this family the air in question was handed down as a kind of hereditary heir-loom. From the existing representative of the family, the leader of the Belfast quadrille band, who has himself composed and published several admired pieces of music, I received the set which I herewith transmit, and which is *notatim* the set habitually played by his predecessors. In Crosby's "*Irish Musical Repository*," (page 129—London, 1808) there is a bad version of the same air in six-eight time to the words "*Let other men sing of their goddesses bright*," &c.—a song brought out by Mr. Shaw at the Edinburgh theatre in "*Love a la Mode*," but it is in every respect a miserable imitation of the original, which in its native dress has never found its way into any published collection, so far as my limited information on the subject extends. It forcibly strikes me that the air of the "*Laird of Cockpen*," has been quietly borrowed from "*Carolan's Rambles to Teague*," but being no scientific musician myself, I must leave this point to the determination of your superior judgment, merely remarking that if my surmise be correct, it throws an additional ray of light upon the appropriative propensities of our Caledonian neighbours, as well as on the culpable apathy of Irishmen in neglecting to reclaim their own.

I am, Sir, yours, &c.

JAMES MC NEIGHT.

It was not a little singular that on the day when the number of *The Citizen* for last December was published, we obtained a copy of the ballad here referred to, printed in *Waterford*, and containing the additional stanzas of "the Irishman;" it is not a correct copy, and it is anonymous; but it agrees in substance with the original, the ownership of which has now been so well vindicated for James Orr by our correspondent. Of course we immediately felt grave doubts as to the rectitude of the position we had laid down in editing No. XXXVI of the music for 1841; and we concluded that "Aunt Bess" had been led into the mistake by having heard Curran repeat the first two stanzas, and thence, from the spirit and vigour of the style, concluding at the time that they were his. We have to mention also, that the "other" whom we had heard named as the author, was not James Orr, but the Reverend Father Keelan, a man of singular talent.

We look at the admirable setting of the melody now immediately before us, so fortunately preserved by Mr. Mc Neight, as upon a rich treasure. We had before no proper note of it. That in Crosby's 3d volume is poor

and imperfect. We have also found it in "A New Selection of most admired original airs never before printed, arranged for the Piano Forte, Violin, or Flute, Dublin, published at Mac Lean's Musical Circulating Library, No. 10, Bachelor's Walk;" we know not in what year.* It is the tenth of twenty-two airs, whereof the collection consists; and is called "Teague's Rambles." This also is erroneously set in six-eight time; and it consists only of the first part of the air which we now publish. It is not quite so ill set as that in Crosby.

In Hardiman's Memoir of Carolan, *Irish Minstrelsy*, p. lvi. n. the "Ramble" is mentioned as one of those tunes and songs which do not bear the names of the persons for whom they were composed, but have generally his own prefixed.

No. VI.

We find this air in our "Miscellaneous Collection," without note or comment.

The strain, and the name, *Ḷḁḁḁḁḁḁḁḁ*, or "Kitty Scott," at this moment, alone help us to aim at its origin or history. We find no trace of it in any published collection which has yet reached our hands.

Shall we be over-presuming in inferring from the slender evidence before us, that this air is to be attributed to one of our celebrated Westmeath harpers of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, whose surname is identified with it. And, if we may go so far, may we venture further to award the honour of its composition to Harry Scott? Let our readers judge.

That the Westmeath family used the double form of stiling themselves according to the source whence their family was considered to have sprung—that is, when speaking English, "Scott,"—when speaking Irish, *Ḷḁḁḁḁḁḁḁḁ*—we have the evidence of Bunting, who, in the Irish Index to his 3d collection, calls "Scott's Lamentation" *Ḷḁḁḁḁḁḁḁḁ ḁḁ Ḷḁḁḁḁḁḁḁḁ*.

Bunting (p. 69,) mentions our bards as follows:—"Contemporary with O'Cahan were JOHN and HARRY SCOTT, two brothers, born in the county of Westmeath, both eminent composers and performers. They were particularly distinguished for their *caoinans* or dirge pieces. In this line they have produced pathetic movements for Purcell, Baron of Loughmoe, and O'Hussey Baron of Galtrim, respectively."

JOHN, it appears, was the author of *Ḷḁḁḁḁḁḁḁḁ ḁḁ Ḷḁḁḁḁḁḁḁḁ*, already noticed. O'Reilly translates *Ḷḁḁḁḁḁḁḁḁ*, [s. m.] "sorrow, grief, lamentation," and *Ḷḁḁḁḁḁḁḁḁ*, or *Ḷḁḁḁḁḁḁḁḁḁ*, [s. m.] "a dirge; Irish cry or lamentation for the dead; bewailing, mourning." Bunting gives two arrangements of this piece; the one as performed by Hempson, on the Irish Harp, with the ancient graces, &c. opposite to p. 89; the other, No. 8 in the

* We wish we had been in possession of Mac Lean's collection before our last number was in type; we should gladly have referred in it not only to "Port Gordon," the 9th air; but also to "Squire Jones," the 19th. Of Bumper Squire Jones, there is also a bad setting in Crosby, p. 55.

collection, with his own accompaniment for the piano-forte. In both places he indicates it as composed in 1599; yet, by some inadvertence, he has given it a place in his notices of what he calls, "airs of the first class—very ancient," observing that it is set "with the original bass and treble as played by Hempson, precisely as he learned it from Bridget O'Cahan." He adds, accounting possibly for his classification, "This specimen probably belongs to that highly finished school of performance which so much excited the admiration of *Giraldus* in the twelfth century." Immediately after, (p. 90,) he again enumerates this lamentation, placing it among his "Airs of the second class—ancient," and fixing its date by the fact, that Purcell, "Baron of Loughmoe," died about A.D. 1599.

HARRY, to whom we attribute our air, is mentioned by Bunting at p. 91, and in his English Index, as the composer of *Lumha an deibhínní*, "The Lamentation of Youths," which, he here says, was "composed in memory of Hussey, Baron of Galtrim, who died A.D. 1603." And this brings us to our reason, be it good or bad, for preferring to assign the authorship of our present air to Harry, rather than to John. John was particularly remarkable for a rigid adherence to the *fashion of his time*, the omitting of the fourth tone of the diatonic scale; in the Baron of Loughmoe, as Bunting remarks, it "never once occurs;" whilst the Baron of Galtrim, by Harry, as he says, "differs from the preceding Caoine by its embracing all the intervals of the diatonic scale." Now the melody before us has all the intervals, although the seventh is not very emphatic and the fourth still less so.

The following words, which exactly adapt themselves to this air, are by J. J. Callanan, a Munster Poet, author of "The Recluse of Inchidony, and other Poems," which were published in 1829, a short time only before the death of their lamented author:—

THE NIGHT WAS STILL.

The night was still, the air was balm,
Soft dew around were weeping;
No whisper rose o'er ocean's calm,
Its waves in light were sleeping;
With Mary on the beach I strayed,
The stars beam'd joy above me;
I prest her hand, and said, "sweet maid,
Oh! tell me do you love me?"

With modest air she drooped her head,
Her cheek of beauty veiling;
Her bosom heav'd—no word she said;
I mark'd her strife of feeling;
"Oh speak my doom, dear maid," I cried,
"By yon bright heaven above thee;"
She gently raised her eyes, and sighed,
"Too well you know I love thee."

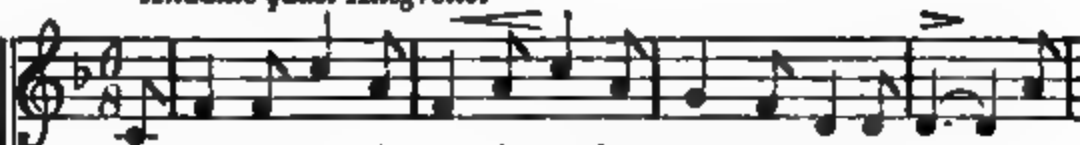
Irish Molly, O!

4.

Maestel's Metron. $\text{♩} = 60$.

Andante quasi Allegretto.

Voice.



1. Oh! who is that poor fo-ruign-er That late-ly came to town? And
2. When Mol-ly's fa-ther heard of it A so-lemn oath he swore, That
3. M' - Don-ald heard the hea-vy news, And gris-vous-ly did say, "Fare-
4. "There is a rose in Be--land, I thought it would be mine; But
5. "And now that I am dy--ing, This one re-quest I crave, To

Chorus. She's mo-dest, mild, and beau-ti-ful, The fair-est I have known, The

Piano-Forte.



Legato p



more you wish to know, His heart is breaking all for love of
plain-ly told him so, "I'll ne-ver give to such as you my
wan-der to and fro, And all for the sake of my
so the grace I'll go, And all for the sake of my
have en-gra-ven so, "M' - Don-ald lost his life for love of
where-so-e'er I go, The on-ly one en-ti-ces me is

IRISH MOLLY. O!



Tutti. p

pp

Carolyn's Rambles to League.

Maazel's Metron. ♩ = 88.

5.

O'Learyballan.

Andante.

Factors.

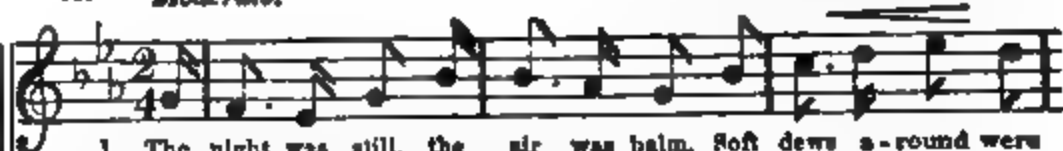
Piano-Forte.





Maelzel's Metron. ♩ = 92. *Moderato.*

Voice.



1. The night was still, the air was balm, Soft dew a-round were
2. With mo - dest air she droop'd her head, Her cheek of beau - ty

Piano-Forte.



Sempre Legato e Pieno.

THE
DUBLIN
MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

MARCH, 1842.

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DUBLIN:
SAMUEL J. MACHEN, 8, D'OLIER-STREET.

MDCCCXLII.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

All communications for the EDITOR of the DUBLIN MONTHLY MAGAZINE must be addressed to the care of Mr. MACHEN, 8, D'OLIER-STREET.

Advertisements and Books for Review to be forwarded to the same.

We cannot undertake to return *short pieces*, either prose or poetry.

Contributions intended for insertion in the succeeding number must be forwarded on or before the *first Saturday* in the month.

We have been obliged to postpone the continuations of the "Life of Brougham," and of "Reveries of a Fire-worshipper."

From the length to which some of our serial articles have run, we fear we shall not have it in our power, for a month or two, to make room for "Gerald Kirby," "The Widow's Daughter," and several other pieces which we have accepted. Their authors may rely on the earliest insertion consistent with our previous engagements to others.

"Major Sirr and his Services," next month.

"The Joys of Saturday" is capital. It shall appear next month.

"Tales of Mercantile Life" we could not possibly commence before July next; if even then.

We have every disposition to gratify our poetical correspondents, some of whom write to us in a most despairing strain; but unless they can persuade our publisher to undertake a journal for their especial use, we see little hope for them. It is entirely out of our power to insert in our Magazine one-tenth of the compositions whose merits would sufficiently entitle them to such a distinction. This statement will, we trust, retrieve our character with our despairing friends, and induce them to mitigate that sentence of "insensibility, bad taste, &c.," which, murmured inaudibly though it be, has occasionally reached our ears.

"Rhymed Rambles," "The Stranger's Nook," "The Poet's Heart," and several others, have considerable merit; but they must await the chances of space and time. We can promise nothing in their behalf.

E. H. L.—J.—M. B. O'R.—J. P. B.—M. J. M'C.—F * *—J. T. F.—P. M.—L. S. M.—P. J. O'K.—E. J.—T. E. C.—W. H. B.—do not suit us.

We do not exactly understand what particulars "Monos" wishes to know. Every thing must depend on the merit of his compositions, none of which has he yet submitted to us.

The following MSS. have for some months been lying at our publishers; the authors may have them on application, viz:—"Thoughts on Humbug,"—"Poems; The Emigrant, &c."—"A Lawyer's Recollections,"—"Traveller Tramp's Wager,"—"The Willi's Dance,"—"The Baron's Vengeance,"—"Power of the People,"—"On Language,"—"The Love of Lorna,"—"The Attack,"—"The Two Chancellors,"—"Henrietta Stuart."

We are much obliged to those friends and others, who have sent us various works for review. We had intended to give Monthly Critical Notices; but we find they would encroach too much on the space allotted to more valuable objects. Works of importance we shall always be happy to receive; and we intend to give separate reviews of such as may appear likely to interest our readers.

8, D'Olier-street, Dublin, February 21st, 1842.

THE CLANDESTINE MARRIAGE.

CHAPTER V.

EARLY on the morning after his visit to the lawyer, Tim went to the jail for the purpose of learning who the person was that Owen had employed to carry his message to Mary. He had also another motive in going. He had been very much surprised, the night before, to find that Mary's doubts were not yet entirely removed; and though he would not believe that Owen had acted a false part, he was satisfied that she must have very strong grounds for supposing he had done so. When he entered the cell, he found a young lad with the prisoner.

"God save you, Tommy," he said to this person, without saluting Owen; but then, as he turned towards the latter, it would have been curious to have observed the contending feelings in his honest face. He was evidently moved by the worn and melancholy appearance of his poor friend; but he was determined, before he would evince any interest for him, to be satisfied that he was worthy of it. "Well, Owen," he said, "is this thrue what I hear o' you?"

"What's that, Tim," said the other?

"Why I'm tould you're only a desaiwer afther all."

"Who tould you that?" said Owen, the hectic colour deepening in his pallid cheek. "Was it Mary M'Clernan?"

"Oh! it was them that had a right to know."

"Was it Mary?" repeated the young man, impatiently.

"Well it was, if you must know," said Tim.

"That's what I was afeard of," murmured the poor prisoner, dropping his head on his hand; for though his life was at stake, there was no subject which, during his imprisonment, had occasioned him so much anxiety as the unaccountable change in Mary's feelings towards him. He had tortured his mind to discover what could be the cause of this change, but he could only account for it by supposing that her love and confidence in him were weaker than he had imagined, and had yielded to such injurious reports as a really "loyal" heart would never have given credit to.

Tim, as he looked at him, felt all his doubts vanish. "Well, Owen," he said, "just tell me what were you and Lucy Connor talkin' about th'other evenin' in Reilly's boreen?" The young lad that was with Owen seemed uneasy, and walked over to the window of the apartment.

"Why," said the prisoner, "I was sendin' word with her to Mary to be ready to come off."

"The very thing I said in my own mind!" cried Tim in delight, for now he had not a shadow of doubt as to his friend's honesty; "but tell me, avick," he added, "was there nothing more than that? I have a *raison* for axin' you."

"Why, Tim, what do you mean?" said the other. "Tommy Fitzpatrick here knows all that passed; and do you think if I said a word to the colleen, that I might care for the whole world hearin', would he be with me this mornin', like a friend as he is?"

"Whilliloo!" cried Tim, "is that the way of it? Oh, Tommy, you villian o' the world, is it goin' to steal the purtiest colleen in Tullyconnel you'd be, unknownst to the whole of us?"

Tommy laughed, but he was a good deal confused; and if Tim had much penetration he might have seen that he was not a little annoyed.

"Oh well," said Tim to the prisoner, "it's all right, only there must be some one seen yez talkin', and put bad notions into Mary's head, for it's the only thing she has again' you."

Owen thought with himself for a few minutes. "I mind," he said, turning to Tommy, "I kissed Lucy when I was partin' her, for I thought it would be long till we'd meet again."

"I know that," said Tommy, hastily; "she tould me all about it."

Tim looked at him with a roguish grin. "By my sowl, Tommy," he said, "if ere another man in Tullyconnel done that, you'd make small mate of him."

"By my sowl I would," said Tommy—"if he done it again' her will; and if he done it with her will, the divil a second word ever she'd hear from me about it." He had never spoken so harshly of Lucy before; but he was vexed both with her and with Owen, and probably more with Tim than either of them, for forcing the subject on his mind. As he could not, under all the circumstances, express displeasure for the actual offence, he vented his irritation on an imaginary transgression, which he knew in his heart Lucy would have put her right hand in the fire sooner than have been guilty of.

"Tommy," cried the prisoner angrily, "aren't you ashamed of yourself to go even the like to the little girl? but I see you're vexed with me," he said.

"I'm not vexed with you," said the boy.

Owen looked at him, and shook his head.

"Upon my sowl, Owen, I'm not vexed with you—Now! and I swore my sowl."

"You have no right, any way," said the other; "though I'm sure I wouldn't have spoke to Lucy at all, if I thought it would give you any trouble."

"Well, do you hear this?" said Tommy. "My God, man, don't I tell you I'm not vexed with you—do you want me to take my oath of it?" If he had taken his oath of it, there is no doubt in the world that he would have perjured himself; but though he really was a little vexed, that did not weaken his friendship for Owen.

"Well," said Tim, "it's what I'm goin' to tell you—I was with a counsellor last night, a fine clever young gentleman, that'll get you through with flyin' colours, or my name's not Tim Hanratty."

Owen shook his head. "Oh there's no use for a counsellor, or any one else," he said. "I know what's afore me, and I'm prepared for it."

"Whoo, Owen, that's all nonsense," said his young friend. "What's the use o' the law if it doesn't give a fellow a chance? they might as well take and hang you at once, without judge or jury, if that was the way of it."

"The divil a thruer word ever you spoke," said Tim; "sure, Owen, it's only a folly for you to be talkin' that way, avick. But Lucy must appear as a witness," he added.

"Must she?" said Tommy, hastily, and in evident alarm.

"Oh! iv course she must," said Tim; "she'll have to prove that he thought Mary was willin' to go with him."

"By dad, sure enough!" said Tommy. "Why, Owen, that'll save you."

"It'll give me a chance," said Owen, his face brightening a little; for when we take into account the natural intelligence of our peasantry, and their knowledge of criminal law, it is not so surprising that Owen and his young friend at once perceived the importance of this point, as that it had not sooner occurred to them.

"Well, keep up your heart, avick," said Tim; "the counsellor has great hopes for you. You'll come off with me, Tommy, for we'll have a power to do afore the thrial comes on." They accordingly left the jail together.

"I'm sorry," said the young lad, when they were in the street, "that Lucy must appear on the thrial."

"Why," said Tim, "what harm will it do her?"

"Oh! them thieves o' lawyers will be cross-hacklin' her so," said Tommy. "Couldn't the fellow have gone to the house, and tould her quietly what he wanted; but it can't be helped now," he added. "I hope we'll get the poor chap off, any way."

"God grant," said Tim; "but they're desperate bitther again' him." Tommy then, in reply to Tim's enquiries, told him that his reason for keeping his own love affair secret was, that he was afraid of his uncle hearing of it before he had told him himself, and procured his consent. He had now done so, however, and there was no further occasion for secrecy.

CHAPTER VI.

The court met, and after the ordinary county business had been gone through, Owen Coonan was placed at the bar. The sympathy which his appearance first excited, was greatly lessened by the speech of the crown counsel. The prisoner, according to his statement of the case, was a most unredeemed ruffian; and though he went into some matters, which not being essential to the charge, but only connected with it, could not be sustained by evidence; still they were calculated to produce an unfavourable impression on the minds of the jury, and if true, would have

greatly aggravated the moral guilt of the offence. There had been an attachment, he said, of old standing between the parties, or at least on the girl's part; for the prisoner, as his subsequent conduct proved, was influenced only by mercenary motives, and the most sordid views of self-interest. He admitted that the girl, though in opposition to her father's will, had received his addresses, till convinced of this fact, and of his attachment to another; and it was while he was deceiving this other with false promises, and while he was himself a fugitive from justice, that he endeavoured to involve an honest family, and the woman whom he professed to love, in his own disgrace and ruin. His motive for choosing this particular time was very obvious, as he no doubt calculated on the girl's father being reconciled to him from necessity, and using his influence for his protection.

After dwelling at great length on these and various other topics, he proceeded to call his witnesses. Mrs. M'Clerman proved the abduction, and Mary herself corroborated her testimony. Her evidence, as Hardy had foreseen, was more serviceable to the prisoner than otherwise; for, on her cross-examination, she fairly admitted the encouragement she had given his hopes, even so far as to have almost consented to a private marriage. Her evidence produced a strong feeling in the prisoner's favour, as it was evident she was still devotedly attached to him.

The other witnesses having been examined, the old couple-beggar among the rest, the case for the prosecution closed, and our friend Hardy rose to make his maiden speech. He commenced by saying that he would not attempt to rebut the evidence that had been adduced. He freely admitted the fact of a forcible abduction; but this fact, he contended, was not in itself sufficient to sustain the indictment. It was hardly necessary for him to remind the jury, that there could be no crime apart from the will and intention of the perpetrator. In fact he might say that it was in the criminal intention alone that crime consisted, and it was therefore that the meer abortive attempt might be in itself a felony, while on the other hand the most deliberate homicide required malice pre-pense to constitute it murder. If it were otherwise, the laws would be at variance with morality,—accidents and crimes would be included in one common category; and it would be no longer the moral and properly responsible agent, but the unwitting instrument of evil who would be the object of punishment. But this would not be justice—it would be tyranny of the worst and most wanton description. The infliction of punishment, where there was no moral delinquency or no intentional violation of the laws, would reduce us from the state of free subjects to the miserable and uncertain condition of those, who, living under the will of a despot and no established code, could never know at what moment or by what act they might be incurring the severest penalties. He was advancing no new theory. His lordship would tell the jury that this was the universal principle and practice of all criminal law. He admitted that the intention of an individual seldom admitted of direct proof—that

the intention was to be inferred from the act; but he was prepared in this case to prove, that there was no felonious intention on the part of the prisoner. If he could satisfy the jury of that, they must acquit his client, for the indictment charging him with felony would fail. As to the charges brought by his learned brother against the motives of the prisoner, that was all gratuitous assertion unsustained by a shadow of proof; and he begged of the jury to forget the eloquence of the learned gentleman, and attend only to the evidence brought before them. He admitted that his client had chosen an unfortunate time for the accomplishment of his project; but it could not have been for the purposes assumed by his learned friend, in as much as it would appear in evidence, that it was the conduct of the prosecutor himself, which had forced his client to act at once on a resolution formed, as the young woman had admitted, long previous to that unfortunate occurrence. He said a great deal more, which it is not necessary for us to dwell on, and then he bid the crier call Lucy Connor.

Lucy came on the table, and her appearance excited a general murmur of admiration through the court. Her hand trembled as she received the book, and her face, which was at first crimson, became as pale as death, or rather it was "fair, not pale;" all but her lips was of the purest and most transparent white. However, her natural colour soon returned, as her examination proceeded. Hardy asked her several questions about her acquaintance with Mary and the prisoner, till he came to the evening of her interview with the latter.

She said it was by accident she met him as he was going up to her father's cabin. He was only just returned to that part of the country, and begged of her to go and tell Mary to be ready to go off with him the following night. It was for that purpose he was come.

"And why did he not go himself?" asked the lawyer.

"Because, sir," said Lucy, "he was afeard of Mr. M'Clernan knowin' he was in the counthry." For it appeared that a friend of young Ryan's had told Lucy, and had communicated the same thing to the prisoner himself, while he was "on the run," that the father of the former was most unwilling, now that his son was recovering, to prosecute Owen; but that he was kept up to it by old M'Clernan, who had great influence over him, and who was determined on having the young man transported or imprisoned, or removed in some way or other, that there might be no obstacle to his getting his daughter quietly married to the old widower.

"Do you think," said the lawyer, "did Mary know that her father was acting in this way?"

"Oh, no, sir," said the girl; "I don't think she knows it yet." "Owen," she continued, in reply to another question, "wasn't for me tellin' her at first, for feard it would fret her; but I thought it was betther for her to know it at once, and then he allowed it was." She then gave an account of her visit that night to Mary, and how she had failed

in her object. She did not see the prisoner afterwards to tell him of this, as he was obliged to keep concealed, and did not venture home to his mother's house ; but she was the less uneasy about this, as she saw his friend Tim Hanratty leaving old M'Clernan's the next day, and she concluded that he had been speaking to Mary on the subject. It was this that prevented her from calling on Mary that day as she had intended, and as she was about to do when she saw Tim. She was afraid of exciting the old man's suspicions, and besides she did not know whether Mary would be in any better humour this day, than she had been in the evening before. She would have spoken to Tim, however, if she had been near enough ; but it was at a great distance she saw him, and he was going on in his old dog-trot, so that she could not have overtaken him even if she had tried.

The crown counsel proceeded to cross examine her, which was very injudicious on his part, for it only served to explain the grounds of Mary's suspicions, and consequently to establish the prisoner's innocence, in this particular, more fully than Hardy's hasty and limited instructions enabled him to do ; for it was remarkable that the circumstances, which to Mary appeared such conclusive evidence, were really so trifling and unimportant, that both Owen and Lucy forgot them altogether. The crown counsel, therefore, might have acted differently if he had been properly instructed ; but it happened in this case, as it generally does when the feelings of a party are much excited, and when they represent every thing in the light in which they view it themselves. Accordingly the prisoner's attachment to this young girl, which would have greatly aggravated his guilt, if not in a legal, at least in a moral point of view, was represented to him as a matter of undoubted fact. If this had been a subject to be brought before the jury, Lucy was the very person whom he would have cited as a witness ; and though the clear and evident candour of her entire evidence might have saved her from such a suspicion, he could only suppose that from her youth and devotedness to an unworthy lover, she had been induced to come forward and give such evidence as might be calculated to save his life. This conclusion argued no great quickness of apprehension on the part of the learned counsel, for it would have been a much more satisfactory way of solving the difficulty, to suppose that he had been misinstructed in the first instance ; but at all events this was the conclusion he came to.

"How old are you ?" he asked Lucy.

"Seventeen last Lammas, sir," said the girl.

"And you have known the prisoner a long time, you say."

"Yes, sir."

"All your life ?"

"Yes, sir ; we're neighbours' childhren, and, of course, I know him as long as I know any one."

"And you were very fond of him, I suppose, as being neighbours' children ?"

"I was, sir; every one that knows him is fond of him."

"Oh, I dare say," said the lawyer. "Now, you remember you are on your oath?"

"I do, sir," said Lucy, colouring, for she felt that she did not require to be reminded of this.

"Well, now, tell me, like a good girl, was there never any thing more than friendship between you and the prisoner?"

Lucy stared at him in utter amazement; but when she understood his question, her natural timidity yielded entirely to maidenly spirit. "There never was, sir," she said.

"He never spoke to you of making you his wife?"

"No; he never did. How could he, when he and Mary were engaged from before I was ten years old?"

"Oh, such things have been," said the lawyer. "How long were you walking with him that evening in the boreen?"

"About a quarter of an hour, I think; or from that to twenty minutes."

"And did it take him all that time to give you a message to Mary?" Lucy was confused at being so hard pressed, but her examiner was determined to give her no quarter. "Come now, my good little girl, didn't he tell you that night that he loved you better than his life?"

"No, he did not," she replied.

"No!" said the lawyer, looking sharply at her.

"Oh! yes, he did," said to the girl, blushing up to the eyes; "but I'll tell you," she added hastily, "how that was."

"Take your time, my dear," said the judge encouragingly.

"Well, my lord, this is the way it was. He was wantin' me to go and make Mary come out to meet him, and I was thryin' to persuade him again' goin' near the place at all, 'till Mary and I would have settled everything between us; 'for,' says I, 'if the ould man comes to know you're in the counthry, it's as much as your life is worth.' 'Well,' says he, 'I won't go, if it was only for your askin' me not.' 'So,' says I, jokin, 'you love me better than your life;' and he said he did, for he had that kind way with him, because he knew I was a throe friend to him and Mary."

"And so I'm sure you are," said the judge, who was greatly pleased with the girl's candour—"I'm very sure there is nothing false about you. I think, Mr. —," he added, "you may let her go down."

"I believe so, my lord," said the other smiling, as he resumed his seat.

Tim Hanratty was the next witness called. Tim leaped lightly on the table, and there was a briskness in all his movements, as if he was willing to please every one. He stood after he was sworn 'till he was desired to sit down; and then, as he did so, he slipt his *caubeen* under the chair, and placing his hands on his knees, seemed ready to meet attacks from every quarter.

"What's your name?" said the judge, who had been taking notes when Tim was called up.

"I'm a boy o' the Hanrattys, please your lordship," said Tim, bending forward, so that from the position of his hands and his shaggy head stretched out, he seemed just ready to pounce on the bench.

"What's your name?" repeated the judge in an angry tone.

Tim looked round, as if he thought his lordship must be very deaf.

"Hanratty, my lord!" he replied almost at the top of his voice.

"Have you no Christian name?" asked the judge.

"Oh sartinly I have a Christian name. Tim's my Christian name."

"Tim Hanratty?"

"The same, my lord—Tim Hanratty. That's the name that's on me;" and Tim looked round in evident satisfaction that this point was so easily settled. Tim then deposed to having met the prisoner by appointment in a certain lonely place, when the latter informed him that he intended to take Mary off the following night, and bring her to his sister's house, who was married, and living in another province; but Tim persuaded him to put off the business for a day longer, as the old man would be leaving home, and there would be less likelihood of immediate pursuit. He told of his being sent by the prisoner to apprise Mary of this change, and how, supposing that she had received the former message, he thought one word enough.

"Well," said the opposite counsel, in the course of his cross-examination, "did it not occur to you to ask her whether she had received the former message?"

"Why it did, sir," said Tim, "but I thought there was no use; and anyway, that ould M'Clernan has the eye of a hawk, and if he suspected what I was at, I'd never have left the place alive."

"I understand," said the lawyer. "You were greatly afraid of him, I'm sure. Did you see the prisoner on the night of the abduction?"

"I did."

"Where?"

"Don't answer that question," said Hardy; and hereupon an argument ensued between the lawyers, 'till the question having been referred to the bench, the judge told the witness that he might not answer anything that would criminate himself.

"Thank you, my lord," said Tim, winking at the same time at the counsel, as much as to say, 'I have baffled you.'

"Well," continued the other, "did the prisoner tell you what mode of conveyance he intended using?"

"I won't answer that," said Tim, who was determined to keep on the sure side.

"You must answer me, sir," said the lawyer.

"Oh the devil a word more I'll tell you, good or bad. Sure *he* wouldn't allow me," he said, pointing to the judge; "sure his lordship there wouldn't allow me if I was willin' itself."

The judge however told him he would have to answer it.

"Well, he did," said Tim.

"He told you it was in a car he intended to bring her?"

"He did; and more betoken it was myself borry'd the horse for him. Now!—you can't say but I'm willin' to please you."

Tim had a motive in making this apparently reckless admission, which the lawyer easily saw through.

"Now," said he, "if he thought the girl was willing to go with him, would it not have been better for him to have arranged to bring her behind him on a pillion? I should suppose that would have been a more likely way of escaping pursuit?"

"Do you mind that?" said Tim, with a wink to the rest of the bar. "By dad, counsellor, I'm afeard it isn't the first time yourself had a hand in the like."

"Will you answer my question, if you please," said the lawyer; "that won't discover anything on you."

"Oh, the sarra hair I care, said Tim; "there's nothing to be discovered, if it goes to that."

"Do you say that on your oath?" rejoined the other.

"Oh, whisht, and God bless you, counsellor," said the witness. "What's this you were axin' me about the pillion?"

The lawyer repeated his question.

"Why, then, it would have been a dale handier, there's no doubt; and it's what he was goin' to do at first; but then, you see, the sisther lives a wondherful ways out o' this; and poor Mary was so dawny in herself, he was afeard she'd never be able to make the journey on horseback; and any way, he thought the ould man would be longer away than he was, and that they would be out o' reach afore there would be any one to folly them."

The lawyer asked him a great many more questions, which Tim thought irrelevant, or at least by no means calculated to serve either himself or his friend; so he lost his temper by degrees, and it was with a great deal to do he could be got to give a civil answer. At last, he asked him one question which seemed to imply a suspicion of his general character. Tim could stand this no longer. "Hut, tut! where's my hat?" he cried, leaping up. "Lave the way here," he shouted, as a policeman opposed his descent from the table. "It's enough to make a dog sthrike its father to hear him."

"Sit down, sir," said the judge, in an angry tone.

"Arrah, my lord, sure it's only makin' a hare o' me he is. Does he think a fellow has nothin' to do but sit here crackin' jokes with him the whole dig o' the day?"

"Sit down, Hanratty," said his own counsel, in a low voice, though he as well as the rest of the bar were convulsed with laughter at Tim's unceremonious method of putting an end to the examination.

"Oh, of course," muttered Tim; "anything for pace; but in troth," he

added, turning with a flushed and angry countenance to the prosecuting counsel, "you may as well give me up. The divil a hap'orth you'll make o' me;" and Tim was quite right. The lawyer soon found he could make nothing more of him, and at last desired him to begone.

There were no more witnesses called: and the crown counsel in his speech made sad havoc of poor Hardy's arguments; but the judge, in charging the jury, took a different view of the case; the same which had been taken by the counsel for the defence. He said it seemed impossible that the prisoner could have contemplated a felonious abduction; for, leaving out of account altogether the evidence given by the two last witnesses, it appeared from the young woman's own admission, that she had given him reason to believe that she was willing to elope with him; and that until the night in question he could not have been aware of the change, which, owing as it appeared to an error on her part, had taken place in her feelings. It was for the jury, however, to determine whether the opposition she offered on that night was or was not sufficient to convince him of this change, making every allowance, as they must, for the peculiar circumstances under which he was acting, and the excited state of his feelings at the time: though there was no doubt of the fact of a forcible abduction, still, if they were satisfied that the prisoner had acted under an erroneous impression all through, they would be obliged to acquit him on the grounds urged by his counsel.

The jury then retired, and after a short consultation, returned a verdict of NOT GUILTY.

CHAPTER VII.

It was a soft spring morning; the sun had not long risen, and the fields were still white with dew, when our friend Hardy, who had left his inn at an unusually early hour, was walking along an unfrequented road, which, being moreover a very hilly one, afforded him a view of a rich and most picturesque country, and enabled him occasionally to look back on the town, which lay half concealed in mists below him. He could enjoy the beauty of the world, for his heart was light. He had nothing to trouble him, but a great deal of very agreeable subject for thought. He had saved a poor fellow's life; and, what was far beyond his hopes, earned golden opinions for himself: and he was now going to assist at a marriage, which but for him would never have been accomplished, and which he knew would make two grateful hearts even more perfectly happy than his own. This should be a very delightful consciousness at any period of life, but it was intensely so in his case; for he was still in the morning of manhood, and had not that miserable experience of the world, which, as some one or other has said, makes us regard all happiness as delusive; and in every good we confer on a fellow-creature, causes us to doubt whether we have rendered him a real service or not.

Owen had called on Hardy the day before, to invite him to his wedding, which was to be solemnised that morning in a regular manner by the parish priest. Mary's father, as he saw there was no help for it, had received the offenders into favour; and all errors and misconceptions having been cleared up, it was thought that he was not sorry after all, at having the properest young man in the country for his son-in-law, instead of an old, cross-grained widower, who, as Mr. M'Clerman himself acknowledged, had nothing in the world but his wealth to recommend him.

The country chapel, where Hardy was to meet the wedding party, was about four miles from the town; but a light heart makes the road short, and he came in view of it before he thought he had gone half the distance. As he drew near, he saw a great number of persons assembled in the chapel yard; but the doors were still closed, and he concluded, of course, that the priest had not arrived. The various groups, assembled on the green, were all talking and laughing very loud;—the old people were seated on the grassy ditch, under the shade of the trees; and a number of young men were on the road, leaping and pitching the stone, which exercises, of course, would not have been proper within the consecrated limits.

Suddenly a joyous shout was raised—there was a general commotion in the crowd—and a number of the boys came forward to meet the counsellor. He shook hands with them all, for there was such delight expressed in their honest faces, that he could not regard them as strangers: but when he came into the chapel yard, his reception by all, young and old, was such as few could have been indifferent to, and least of all a young man of warm feelings, and who had never been the object of such general gratitude before. They crowded round him,—the old women invoking all sorts of blessings on him, and the men predicting great things for the country, when there were such young counsellors coming forward, who were willing and able to take the poor man's part.

But not one of them all felt, or at least expressed, such overflowing gratitude as the widow Coonan, Owen's mother. The tears came into her old eyes, as she took his hand in both of hers,—“God bless you, sir,” she said, with a trembling voice—“may God for ever bless you, my darlint young gentleman. Oh! sir, if there's sorrow afore you—and it's afore us all—may the prayers and blessin' of the widow's heart be heard for you that day.”

Hardy expressed himself sensible of her kindness, but turned away rather abruptly, for he was afraid of appearing ridiculous, by yielding to feelings which he could not entirely suppress.

Lucy Connor was Mary's bridesmaid; and as Hardy shook hands with both the girls, a young man, who was standing beside the former, took off his hat respectfully.

“Is this a friend of yours, Lucy?” said the lawyer, smiling.

“It is, sir,” said Lucy; but the stolen look, and the crimson glow of her cheek, showed that he was much more than a friend.

Mary looked at the lawyer and smiled ; and Lucy, seeing that she was an object of observation, held down her head, and blushed deeper than ever.

"I hope, sir," said Mary, "you'll soon be in the country again?"

"Why?" said the other; "are we going to have another abduction?"

"Oh no, sir," said Mary, laughing; "but we can have a wedding without that. I hope," she added, with a sly glance at Owen, "that Tommy has more sense than some of his neighbours."

"Faith, but," said Owen, "I hope Lucy has more sense than to get a poor fellow thried for his life afore she'll believe he's in earnest. Wasn't it a hard case now, counsellor; I'll lave it to yourself?"

"Oh, indeed, it was," said the counsellor; "only I think," he added, "the prize was very well worth the risk."

"Well, I believe it was, sir," said Owen, whose eyes glowed with pride, as he looked on the blushing and downcast face of his beautiful colleen.

As they were talking, a young man, with his head bandaged up, joined the group. This, as Hardy was told, was young Ryan, the boy whom Owen had nearly killed, but who now seemed one of the happiest of the wedding party.

"Oh, here's Tim Hanratty," cried several voices, as this redoubtable personage entered the chapel yard. He was hurried and heated; his hat was back on his head, and his fine muscular throat "shaded, but not concealed," by the coarse shirt-collar that came up almost to his eyes. "Lay it there!" he cried, throwing out his enormous fist to Hardy. "May I never, counsellor, but you'll be a judge afore there's a white hair in your head."

"That he may," said an old man, who was leaning on his stick; "that he may, avick, I pray God."

"Amen!" exclaimed Tim, with a fervour that seemed to blend strangely with his wild recklessness.

After a while the priest arrived. He was introduced to Hardy, and shook him warmly by the hand. The chapel doors were opened, and they went in; and in about a quarter of an hour more the whole party were on their way to M'Clernan's house. The priest gave his horse to one of the boys to ride, and accompanied Hardy on foot; and what the latter learned from him concerning the character of his client, satisfied him that Mary was much better off with him than if she had married the wealthy old widower.

MEMOIRS OF NATIVE ARTISTS.—No. VI.

WILLIAM STEPHEN MOSSOP, R. H. A., MEDALLIST.

WHEN a writer is about to record the professional and personal merits of a man of true genius and of sterling worth, of whom in early life he had been the companion and friend, he assures himself that the sympathies of his reader will have been extended to him, believing as he does, that other men cherish the remembrance of departed worth as ardently as himself. He, therefore, approaches his voluntary task in a confiding spirit; and in recounting those perfections which first won his admiration and esteem, he surrounds himself with no frozen medium, through which the rays of affection or friendship could scarcely penetrate. He resists not their warmth, convinced that it is both genial and wholesome; and should he succeed in communicating any portion of it, to those who glance at his efforts, he will thereby have enlivened those latent sparks, on which their own reminiscences have so long reposed.

It were alike ungenerous and unjust to departed excellence, to seek to cool down that warmth, which the memory's heart communicates to its cherished records. "Those who feel the coldness of the grave, should not be made to feel any other coldness." That genius which commanded our respect, and that worth which won our friendship, must not now be coldly transmitted by us as biographers, for we are not as the polished lens, whose concentrating powers can pour forth both light and heat, and yet remain darkly cold itself. We would not be the heartless conductor on the occasion.

If we sat down to record the claims of a gifted friend, whose death we deplored, but whose powers had not been publicly developed, or publicly valued, then might we not hope to arrest much of public attention, or excite an interest either extended or permanent; but we are now about to point to the genius of a man, of whom Ireland may well be proud—whose loss she must long lament; and to fill whose place advantageously were such a desideratum, as we fear will not have been within her power for many, many years yet to come. Neither the last nor the present century has produced a medallist superior to him; in fact he has scarcely had an equal. There has been no age, or nation, that might not proudly boast of such an artist.

When we say that years shall pass away, ere another Mossop shall appear among us, we do not crouchingly despair of having genius continued to us in the rising generation. We have no such fears. The affluence of His powers, from whom cometh every good and perfect gift, is inexhaustible; but the qualifications of a great medallist are so various and so rare, and the circumstances so peculiar by which they are to be developed, and effectively matured, as almost forbid such hope: we can more easily imagine eminent sculptors to rise up amongst us, than expect the

appearance of one truly scientific medallist. This may seem passing strange ; yet it is not less the truth.

When great powers and great attainments are both required to produce works, which from their size or character are not estimated by the world, as coming within the conventional acceptance of greatness, and which also, from the infrequency of the demand for them, give not a continuous occupation to the artist ; then is the difficulty felt of producing or retaining such men. Now the great medallist must be highly endowed ; he must, in common with the great sculptor, possess a thorough knowledge of the human form ; his perception of beauty and of grace must be equally sensitive and quick ; his arrangements in composition equally chaste and correct ; his knowledge of the laws of action and of motion, terms too often confounded, should be as perfectly understood ; and in the arrangement and management of drapery, he should possess that rare skill by which he can indicate the forms beneath ; and superadded to all these attainments and gifts, his manipulative powers must be of the most exquisite delicacy, to enable him to express by the slightest and most faint impressments, every possible variety of muscular involution and action. In short, his are the compressions of great and of large powers, which although restricted in their operations within the most confined limits, yet in their effects refer you to objects both ample and grand. This latter achievement would seem almost unattainable, but it really is not so ; on the contrary, that very diminution of his figures and groups, assist him in conveying the idea of largeness. This at first sight wears the aspect of a paradox ; we shall however explain it, and we shall the more fully do so, because in our memoir of our lamented friend Francis Johnston, when speaking of the Castle Chapel, we advanced opinions which, to the hurried reader, would seem opposed in principle to these which we here promulgate.

We there stated, that the sensation of sublimity or grandeur, which the contemplation of large objects produces, would be destroyed if either their height or their volume were much reduced ; that, in short, models of such objects, however skilfully made or however scientifically reduced, conveyed no just notion of their grandeur or size, and would appear to the ordinary eye but as toys ; because, when looked at they subtend not the same visual angle which the original object does, except when placed so close to the eye, as to be viewed with pain and inconvenience ; but it will be recollected that we then referred to the lofty mountain,—the immense ocean—the towering pyramid,—the noble palace,—or the grand cathedral ; objects which, to be viewed with effect, must stand at such a distance from the spectator, as will have brought the visual angle which they subtend, within the focal capacity of the eye. But here we are now speaking of the human figure only, whose volume or size demands no such recession from the eye in order to be seen distinctly. A very few feet intervening between the artist and his subject, will have enabled him to view it with every possible advantage. He can there study all its parts

in detail; and can acquire that thorough knowledge of its general and minuter forms, by which, and by which alone, he may ever hope to express the truth of nature.

Viewed at the distance now stated, all the minuter details of form will have been distinctly visible, and the angle of vision will be about thirty-five or forty degrees. When more remotely placed, those details will have disappeared, and the angle be reduced to twenty-five; and lastly, when seen at a still greater distance, nothing but general forms can come to the eye, and the angle will have been reduced to fifteen. Hence it follows, that when nothing but general forms are expressed—and nothing more can be attempted in a cameo, or medal—the eye unargumentatively adopts it as an object seen at a distance, and its experience will have told it, that approximation to that object will give the just impression of its size.

We have seen Hercules on a cameo and on a medal, not exceeding one inch in height, yet which gave us the idea of a size equal to the hero of Farnese himself; but had it been executed to six inches, and had the medallist been so little skilled in the science of his art, as to have attempted all the minute portions of form, the result then would have been but a muscular pygmy. It is in these exercises of the mind, and in these just distinctions between the real and the visible, that the genuine artist asserts his powers. It was here that our lamented Mossop was the great medallist, and therefore it is, that we are not sanguine enough to expect, in our day at least, either his equal or his rival.

The Mossop family have been for many years distinguished for the possession of genius of a very high order, both artistic and histrionic. The great actor of that name, was the cousin of William Stephen Mossop the elder, the first medallist, and father of him whose memoir we now commence. His medals are justly in high repute. He was born in Dublin, A.D. 1751, and when about fourteen years of age, was apprenticed to Stone, at that time an ingenious die-sinker of letters.

It is quite clear, that under such a man the boy could not learn much of the art of the medallist; but genius will assert itself, and it was strikingly so in this instance. This man Stone was employed by the Linen Board to make their seals, and this department was solely the work of the apprentice, and continued to be executed by him so long as he remained with Stone. However, when about thirty years of age, he first essayed a medal, by producing one of Ryder the celebrated comedian. His next effort in that way was a medallion of Mr. and Mrs. Beresford. This was a most creditable work, the likenesses excellent. He very soon acquired a reputation, and continued in high practice, being employed on every occasion where medals of real merit were required.

The success of his practice, and the admitted excellence of his medals, convincingly prove the talent of the man; but it must not be forgotten that he had a professional alliance, we mean an intellectual connection with the greatest artist of his day, the great Irish sculptor, Edward Smith by whom almost all the designs for his medals were made in sketch models.

No man of his day looked up with more veneration to the genius of Smith, than the elder Mossop, and no stronger proof need be adduced of his own taste, his own judgment, and his own good sense. 'Tis men of genius only, who can feel the genius of others. That profound philosopher, Lord Bacon, has wisely said, that "we can have no idea of excellence in another, something of which we have not perceived in ourselves." In art this is strikingly so, and we would therefore desire no better test of the attainments or genius of any artist, than the judgment by which he had discovered, and the generosity with which he proclaimed the genius and the attainments of others; an inability to do the first, or an unwillingness to do the latter, are not merely the infirmities but the characteristics of mean intellects and meaner minds.

Smith was just the man to lead on to full developement great original powers, which the elder Mossop most assuredly possessed. He knew what a delicate texture surrounded genius, and with an urbanity and mildness peculiarly his own, he sought rather to insinuate his knowledge, than to exhibit the error which he would correct. He was sincerely attached to Mossop. They were kindred spirits, and the result was an unimpeded, unreserved communication of thought and of attainment, honourable to both as artists and as friends.

The elder Mossop died of apoplexy, in the year 1804, aged fifty-three.

The subject of our memoir, William Stephen Mossop, jun. was born in 1788. He was educated by a very able instructor of that day, Samuel Whyte, whose school was more than distinguished, having had on its forms some of the first men of Ireland. It was at this admirably conducted seminary that our own Moore, "the poet of all circles, and the idol of his own," received his first instructions, and in almost infant lisps first wooed the muses. Few instructors have been so distinguished by the subsequent success of their pupils as Mr. Whyte, and amongst the number of clever and distinguished men whom he educated, there were none of whom he might be more proud than of Mossop.

At the age of fourteen he was placed at the figure school of the Dublin Society; but his father, anxious for his further improvement, and being the intimate friend of Mr. Francis West, gave him the additional advantage of private instruction by that distinguished artist. His progress was such as to give ample proof of his talents for the fine arts. He became an excellent draughtsman, and acquired an intimate knowledge of the human figure; by which he was enabled to produce such models, as may have been in a few instances equalled, but certainly have never been surpassed.

At the death of his father, Mossop was but sixteen years of age; and the first medal he executed was completed before he arrived at his seventeenth year.

Success so early, and that too ere he had completed his academic studies, proved alike the vigour of his genius and the steadiness of his

character. But few young artists were ever better prepared for commencing their profession. His father's house was the rendezvous of all the professional talent of the day. Smith was a cherished guest there, and the father, feeling the great want of early and well-directed study, notwithstanding all his talents and success, wisely determined that his son should not be retarded in his progress by any similar want. He therefore most liberally educated him, had him taught modelling by Smith, impressed him with a taste for excellence in every department of art, shewed him the works of every eminent artist of the day, and in fact so imbued his mind with the high feeling for art generally, as enabled him through life to relish with a keen zest every excellence, whether of the pencil, the burin, the modelling tool, or the chisel. Often have we seen him stand before a picture by Gabrielle, feeling all its light and graceful attractions; then turn to the deep-toned sombre poetry of Roberts's Glen Scenery, each of high excellence in their respective classes, but differing as essentially in their aim, as does the awful gloom of Milton from the sunny lyrics of Moore; having felt the perfections of each, he would then view with undiminished pleasure the simple every day nature of Ashford, whose umbrageous foliage gave such shaded coolness to the shepherd and his flock. All this would he enjoy with a pure and discriminating taste. But he was one of the best professionally educated artists of his day. His success, therefore, was but the result of a mind highly endowed and effectively accomplished, sustained also, as it always was, by a just and generous *esprit du corps*, and a sense of self respect which at once secured confidence and won esteem.

In dwelling upon the merits of this distinguished artist, we shall not attempt any thing like a chronological or consecutive arrangement of his various works. We shall rather point to their high perfections, and for the benefit of the future medallists of Ireland, we shall point to the path on which he moved, and shew the mode of study by which he laboriously and honourably earned his high and lasting reputation.

We have already stated what the qualifications of a great medallist are, and he possessed them all in an eminent degree. His knowledge of form, his perception of beauty and of grace, his arrangements in composition, and his perfect mastery over the material in which he wrought, were such as few medallists ever possessed. The painter-like skill with which he regulated the relief of his figures, or groups, was exquisite. The prominence which he gave to those parts which he desired fully to develope, and the delicate indication of that outline which he blended into the ground, gave to his medals a keeping and a pictorial effect, which the mere workman, however dexterous, could never have obtained. His works are characterised by all that softness, yet manly decision, so seldom attained by the medallist. They appear as though the material in which he wrought had become perfectly plastic beneath his touch. His forms are all of the most classic purity, selected with a discriminat-

ing judgment, and expressed with a most felicitous skill. The management of his draperies was quite surprising. There is a grandeur in their general arrangement, and a truth in their various foldings, which conveys the most perfect impression of their largeness and character.

His preparatory models were done in wax, which he prepared in the following manner, through the agency of heat:—he first held the wax in solution with spirit of turpentine, and then by an admixture of powdered flake white, brought it to the desired consistency, blending it into a tenacious plastic substance, with which he wrought on a slab of coarse slate.

One of the finest of his works in this way is now in the possession of an accomplished amateur in this city. It was executed for the reverse of his noble medallion of the Duke of Wellington. It represents victory crowning a warrior. Its form is circular, and the figures are about three inches in height. During its execution we often stood by him, and we shall here give a detailed account of his mode of proceeding.

He commenced by rolling out as much of the prepared wax, to the thickness of a sixteenth of an inch, as he required for the ground of his model. This he laid on the slate, to which he attached it by holding it for a few moments over a gentle heat; when so fixed, he gave to it the intended form, circular or elliptic, and having with a flat modelling tool rendered the surface a perfect plane, he then with a blunt point sketched in the subject. Within the outline so sketched, he placed such embossments of the wax as were sufficient to express that prominence of relief which he intended. He then proceeded to model the figures, but always in nudity; and having satisfied himself as to general form, action, and expression, he then laid it aside to prepare his round figures, on which he was to arrange the draperies.

These round figures, which he now made rough models of, were always larger than those on the bass relief. They were blocked out squarely with the tool, perfectly correct as to action and proportion. On these so prepared, he put the drapery. The fabric which he used was fine cambric, which he steeped in starch or paste-water; he then cut it to the form resembling that which he was about to imitate,—the Roman toga for instance, or any other robe required. On these round rough models he arranged his draperies, and the taste which he evidenced, and the skill with which he expressed the various and intricate foldings, can scarcely be imagined. On a figure of victory, which was not more than four or five inches high, he obtained with this cambric as many, and seemingly as ample foldings, as are to be found on the largest of the antique statues. When so arranged, he placed these we may say lay figures before him, and at a distance, and then resumed his bass relief model, which he then proceeded to finish, and which he did with a depth of artist-like feeling which few men possessed. When his model was completed, he then commenced his die, keeping just as faithful to that model as his exercised judgment and matured feeling on the subject suggested, but no further.

He never permitted his first intention to slumber, nor ever sat down as the mere workman of his own sketch. His mind was always active—even to the last touchings of his die.

Such were the proceedings of this distinguished artist, and we have detailed them the more faithfully, for the benefit of those who may aspire to similar distinction; because had such information been sought at his hands, he would have been found the unreserved communicator of his own practice. He was no secret-monger. He was extended in all his views, great in all his aims, generous in all his communications; he was in the truest sense of the word, an artist and a gentleman.

About seven years before his death, he commenced a series of medals of distinguished Irish characters. He produced six of them, viz.—Usher, Swift, Charlemont, Sheridan, Grattan, Moore. These were his finest productions. He never projected a work with more ardour; but he soon perceived that were he to proceed with them, his reward would be barren praise; there was no nationality in Ireland to reward such labours. However highly those names were valued throughout the scientific and learned societies of Europe, they enlivened nought with the good folk of Dublin but political reminiscences. Every feeling of taste was absorbed in the vortex of mere party. The genius that would not degrade itself by pandering to its low and vulgar demands, could hope for no distinction. He, in short, found no sale for those admirable portraits of the very men of whom, in an especial degree, Ireland should be proud; and therefore, in defeat and disappointment, he abandoned his favourite project.

On the visit of George the Fourth to Ireland, he published a medal; on the obverse, the king's head encircled with a laurel wreath; reverse, the figure of Hibernia, with Irish harp and Cornucopia,—a child stands near her, holding a lighted torch, with which she sets fire to a pile of armour and war weapons. This group was very finely executed, and for a short time had good sale; but by no means enough to remunerate the artist.

About a year after the king's visit, party feeling ran exceedingly high. A letter written by his majesty on his departure, certainly without any intention to mislead, was read by the conflicting parties with very different views and feelings. The one conceived that it emboldened hope for the restoration of long-withheld rights; and the other as stoutly believed that it merely recommended a peaceable deportment as good subjects, without any of those troublesome changes which threatened the discontinuance of long-enjoyed exclusive privileges. The result was an increased energy of demand on the one side, and of resolute resistance on the other. It was evident that a crisis was approaching, and that that crisis, by anticipation, promised very vague and undefined results.

At this tremulous moment, when the night-mare of Party sat upon the bosom of Hope, producing those convulsive heavings more frightful than dangerous, the timid and the apprehensive became alarmed. The

leaders of each party had acquired that importance which the fears of their opponents had invested them with ; each regarded the other as his bitterest enemy. Under such excitement all notions of moderation, either as regarded rewards or punishments, was scoffed at ; nothing but strong measures would answer, and as it very fortunately was not within the power of either party fully to punish the other, it was very sapiently determined, as in some degree an alleviation of impending fears, to indicate their wishes on the occasion. Thus it was that some very moderate persons, we presume, suggested to Mossop, as a most profitable speculation, the sinking of a die, on which he would show how three of the heads of a very importunate party at that time could be severed from the body to which they belonged, and to which they had, in the opinion of those persons, imparted a most dictatorial and mischievous importance.

The figurative infliction of allegorical chastisement not appearing as a cruelty to our lamented friend, and the parties on whom it was intended to fall not standing very high in his estimation at that time, he the more willingly commenced the task.

In the treatment of his subject, he showed how free from any thing like ribald coarseness or vulgarity were even his aversions ; he sank to no unworthy depths of personality. He took up the thought in a classic spirit, by selecting, as the vehicle of his allegory, one of the labours of Hercules.

He placed the god of strength in an attitude of the greatest energy, wielding his ponderous club with all the power of a deity. The weapon was held at its extreme length, thereby giving to it, in its flight round his head, all the accumulated force which strength could impart. Before him the monster hydra rampantly reared its hideous form, its body surmounted by the three heads, whom the frenzy of party had so wildly decreed to decapitation.

The gentlemen selected for this very summary justice, were three of the prominent political agitators in the Dublin arena of that day.

As a work of art, this was one of his very finest productions. The figure of Hercules was a noble impersonation of agile strength. It was modelled in wax ; the figure about four inches high ; it had exceeding boldness of relief, and the vigour of muscular action was never more truly expressed. We have never seen any work of art of that size at all comparable to it. The monster, too, was conceived in a spirit worthy of Fuseli in his most inspired moments ; but the veritable modern air of the heads appeared so wholly out of keeping with the classic character of the group, as to put to flight all that fabulous illusion, which the general arrangement was so fitted to create and to sustain.

But beyond the model the work never proceeded. His demand for the die and for each medal, greatly exceeded any expenditure which the gentlemen, who suggested the speculation, had at all contemplated. The indulgence of party feelings, when they are not expensive, is considered a very proper exercise of constitutional privilege ; but where we are to

pay for the enjoyment, it becomes quite a matter of prudence; even the model was never paid for.

Such precarious and insufficient encouragement would break down the highest spirit. Neglect, or undervaluing, is destructive to all genius. When so treated, it loses confidence in its own powers; and in a spirit of unambitious despondence, sinks to an almost oblivion of its wonted aspirations. It fears all struggle—it loses all strength—and retires in despair and disgust from contests in which it anticipates nought but insult and injustice. Nor are its sufferings deemed of sufficient import to arrest public attention, or secure public sympathy. And in Ireland, if the victim be Irish, he is not only chilled by anti-national coldness, but insulted also by seeing inferior talent imported and praised. That we are neither unnecessarily nor unjustly caustic on this subject, we shall now prove, by the testimony of one whose authority, whose veracity, or whose bearing, few will question.

In the published transactions of that most valuable institution, the Royal Irish Academy, vol. 19, part 1, we find under the head of Polite Literature, “a Memoir of the Medals and Medallists connected with Ireland, by the Very Reverend Henry Richard Dawson, A. M. Dean of St. Patrick’s, read the 10th of March, 1838.”

The good dean, whose recent death we sincerely regret, commencing his memoir with all the fervour of a patriot, and all that well-grounded confidence in the intellectual energies of his countrymen, to which they are so justly entitled, most appropriately selected as his motto those two inspiring lines of Pope:—

“O, when shall Ireland, conscious of her claim,
“Stand emulous of Greek and Roman fame?”

He then proceeded to particularise the various medals, which from the time of Charles the Second down to the present day, have been produced in Ireland; and when he approached the termination, he thus speaks:—

“I have but few medallists more to notice; as they are still living, and
“working in their profession, I should prefer finding that the academy
“was about to take them under its fostering care, to occupying your
“time in criticising their performances. John Jones was employed in
“the establishment of the younger Mossop until the death of the latter,
“and has since produced some works from his own graver, connected
“with the political events of these busy times. They speak for them-
“selves, and I only regret that he has not been more employed, as his
“premium medal for the North East Agricultural Society is, in good
“taste and execution, a very beautiful performance. *His tools and*
“*presses are now rusting in his workshop; and a talented professional*
“*native, educated in an excellent school, has the mortification of finding*
“*himself neglected, and English artists employed to record Irish events.*”

To this passage, so honourable to the head and heart of the late Dean

of St. Patrick's, we feel we need add nothing of our own. It is some consolation to those who love the arts, and would serve their country, to find such men as Dean Dawson addressing the members of that enlightened institution, of which Ireland may well be proud, in behalf of the gifted but neglected artists of this country. It enkindles something like a hope, that Ireland may yet awake to a sense of her own importance amongst the nations of Europe ; and that, fatigued and surfeited by the madness of party, she may turn to the developing of those high intellectual powers so affluently possessed by her sons. Should she wisely commence that good work, she never can find a more suitable locality for the effort than the Royal Irish Academy, embracing, as that admirable body does, so much of the mental aristocracy of the land. We know of no institution now left amongst us, so capable of resuscitating the drooping, because the neglected, energies of the Irish mind, as this our own academy.

We now approach the period at which the lamented subject of our memoir ceased all professional efforts. That fine mind, capable of all that was great in art, laden with inexhaustible treasures of beauty, of grace, of expression, and of thought ; revelling in its own creations, and basking, as it were, in the very sunshine of genius, was, by the permission of Him whose ways are to us inscrutable, clouded even to obscuration ; its powers were suspended, its energies gone ; but all that characterized its mildness, its suavity, its tenderest affections, lingered unimpairedly to the last ; and that tenement, which but yesterday lodged the aspiring intellect of man, was now inhabited but by the docility of the child ! We shall not proceed ; we shall briefly give his character in private life.

It is sometimes a source of deep regret to those who would hold genius up to all honour and to all respect, to find it so encircled with peculiarities and whims ; uncertain in its attentions, peevish in its humours, and wounding even in its playfulness. These weaknesses, however, are not always to be attributed to it as genius ; they are sometimes superinduced by influences over which it had no control.

This high and distinguishing gift belongs exclusively to no one class ; it is occasionally to be found amidst the high and the low ; when found in the latter class, its cultivation confers upon it a painful isolation, which too frequently renders the performance of its every-day duties irksome to its temperament and taste. Hence we always see genius to the greatest possible advantage, when with all its possessions it moves amongst its equals in attainments and respectability ; then it is happy, because it is then understood.

Such was the situation of our dear friend, surrounded, as he was, by an educated and amiable family. Every thought of his was known and valued, and all his desires were to make that family happy. His mother was a woman of great energies of mind ; and his lady was both amiable and accomplished. His politely affectionate attention to every member

of his family was delightful to witness ; it very beautifully exemplified the truth of an observation of a modern authoress, who says, that “the attentions and courtesies which we lavish upon strangers, if reserved for home, would convert relatives into friends.” This is most true, and its observance was quite a feature in his character. We never shall forget the happy hours we have spent in his family circle.

In personal appearance he was most interesting, having all that energy of expression which mind confers. He was above the ordinary size, and in air of head and countenance, bore a strong resemblance to nature’s own poet, Doctor Goldsmith. In conversation he was most communicative and intelligent, playful in his manner, full of mirth, and possessing as quick and as keen a sense of the ridiculous as it was possible to imagine, but perfectly free from the slightest tinge of ill-nature or sarcasm ; he was companionable in the safest acceptation of the term. It is therefore scarcely necessary to add, that he was the object of universal respect and esteem.

He had five children—two daughters and three sons ; they are all living. His eldest son is a druggist in this city ; his second son is a medical student ; and his youngest son is attached to the service of civil engineering. His lady survived him but for a short time. He died in the early part of the year 1827, aged thirty-nine years.

Such is the brief outline of the professional and personal character of one of the ablest artists that our country has ever produced. We shall not trust ourselves to any further expression of our own feelings at his loss ; but we are quite sure that whenever we shall meet genius of the highest order, moral and religious rectitude of the purest description, friendship disinterested and warm, and, with all, a generous appreciation of contemporary merit, we shall then the more vividly remember the gifted, the amiable William Mossop.

M.

STANZAS,

IN REPLY TO THE “MESSENGER THOUGHT.”

I have received thy thought :
The deep recesses of my heart of hearts
Flew open to it. Thence it ne’er departs.
Not India’s wealth had bought
With all her countless gems, her mines of gold,
The place that thought doth hold.

It came to me ; though not
In wing’d and burning power ; but soft and calm ;
Distilling o’er the wounded heart a balm,
Till pain was all forgot ;
And the bruised, broken spirit took once more
The strength it knew of yore.

It came—and with it brought
A soundless whispering, a silent voice,
Speaking unto the inmost soul “ Rejoice ! ”
How was its stillness taught
To breathe such strange, sweet music on this ear
As scarcely seraphs hear ?

Yes !—it hath safely gain’d
It’s destined haven ; and the gentle wing
That swiftly bore it, back again doth bring,
Freely and unconstrain’d,
A host of thoughts of love to dwell with thee :
Thou’lt welcome them from me !

Oh ! it is not a dream.
Thou, but no other, hast the power to bend
This spirit ; it is plastic in thy hand ;
Although I once did deem
It adamant to beauty’s smiles, or aught
Against it could be brought.

Return to thee ! Oh ! no,
Recall it not ! when thou art far away
’Tis bliss to feel one thought of thine doth stay
With me, where’er I go.
A thought from thee is gladsome in the spot,
Beloved ! where thou art not.

F.

MACKLIN ; OR, THE SON'S SACRIFICE.**CHAPTER VII.—A MANIAC'S WANDERINGS—THE THIRST FOR GOLD.**

THE course of our narrative now leads us back to the scene of Tracy's murder, and brings us once more in connection with certain personages, whose relation to the principal events of the story has been hitherto of a mysterious and unexplained nature.

In a small apartment at the farthest extremity of the house, and selected for the wretched tenant on account of its complete seclusion, was spread the couch of a miserable phrenzied patient—the unhappy Mrs. Tracy. As had been predicted by the physician, the stupor in which she was found the morning after the murder, and in which she lay for a considerable time, had eventuated in fever, accompanied by strong and constant delirium. Her life was trembling in the balance held by the future, and well would it be for her, if death would lay his finger on the scale and incline it downwards. But although reason was temporarily pushed from its throne, and madness had usurped the supremacy, she was by no means violent in her paroxysms, or disposed to escape from restraint. On the contrary, she was most patient and submissive, obeying with a childish fear and observance the directions of those about her, and enduring with resignation and composure, the application of all remedies, no matter how painful and severe. The disorder of her brain was chiefly exhibited in wild and fanciful thoughts, but sometimes sadly jumbled together, straying capriciously over the past events of her life, and flitting along the murky plain of memory from object to object, like the fitful meteor of the dark morass. Sometimes they would be madly incoherent, at others with painful accuracy treading the mazes of a tortuous history, and elucidating many of the occurrences of other days, whose dark turbid course, rolling on from rapid to rapid, at last fell into the broad deep sea of guilt she was now immersed in. In early life she had been celebrated for her vocal powers, and for her taste in poetry and music, and she would now occasionally break forth into snatches of old forgotten songs, all in some measure referable to her unhappy marriage with Tracy, and the wretchedness it had brought upon her ; or else she would ramble on in strains, if not of poetry, at least of rhyme descriptive of early days, which were perhaps the production of more rational but not less unhappy hours. They told a tale of one short bright season of enjoyment, followed by a long, long winter of care and suffering—of hopes early blighted—of feelings fine and fervent trodden down and trampled on—of affection wantonly trifled with, and a young, trusting, and faithful heart flung away to the bitter biting winds of the world's

scorn and neglect, as heedlessly as a soiled and crumpled flower. Yet it was evident, even in these delirious developements, that she had been once a being of no ordinary strength and gifts of character, matured and corroborated by healthy and efficient cultivation. Her intellect was evidently of a superior order, and her imagination, ere misery had clipped its pinions and chained it down to a dull area of pain and affliction, must have been one that loved a clear bright atmosphere for its soaring, and a free far stretch for its flight. Be this as it may, she now lay upon the bed of suffering and peril, totally deprived of reason, and, despite her mysterious connection with the death of Tracy, as truly pitiable an object as ever wanted or excited human sympathy.

The room was scantily and meanly furnished; save the bed on which the patient lay, and that was a rude, rough-hewn frame, on which was spread a miserable pallet,—a ricketty table, on which stood one or two vessels containing some drink for her parched lips; and a chair of the same fragile appearance,—there was no other article of furniture in the room. In a corner, placed so as to leave the patient free from its sickly glare, a rush-light was dimly burning, and on the hearth a few sickly and smothered embers were smouldering. Before the latter sat the old woman of the inn, whose singular prophecy concerning Macklin, strange as it sounded when first uttered, seemed now so near its melancholy fulfilment.

For some time a deep silence pervaded the apartment; but at length a light, cautious step came up the long passage which led to it, and the door being softly opened, a voice in a low muffled tone, said—

“Cauthleen,—I say, Cauthleen, do you hear me—does she sleep yet?”

“Iss, iss,” replied the hag, raising her hand as a warning gesture, “and don’t wake her for the love of heaven.”

“Has she not spoken at all?” rejoined the inquirer, entering the room, and advancing towards the old woman with a stealthy pace. “In all the wanderings of her scattered brain has she not said one word of where the money is hid?”

“Och, the dhioul resave the tittle,” answered the hag with a growl of impatience. “It isn’t *that*, that’s in her distracted head. There, you have disturbed her. Hearken to her now, and may be you will make more of her ravings than I can.”

The sick woman rose up in a sitting posture, and first looking vacantly round the room, without taking any notice of those present, appeared to fasten her regards upon some imaginary stranger, to whom she addressed herself with great earnestness.

“Trust them not, I say—trust them not, girl—the fairer the falser. Heed not their winsome looks nor pretty speeches; and if they would swear to you and call heaven to witness,—then, maiden—*then* fly, they mean you false; they would betray you. Words, my sweet one, no matter how honeyed or fair-spoken, are not to be trusted; but oaths,—rot them for oaths! are false as the hell that coins them. Hearken to me,—

He came,—and wherever he trod it grew bright—
 Like a child of the stars on a mission of light.
 He came in the glory and freshness of youth,
 With Lucifer's beauty—but Lucifer's truth.

'Twas the spring of the year, and the fruits and the flowers
 Were blushing in light in their own green bowers,
 Where he lingered to woo me—and ere they were past,
 Every hope of existence around him was cast.

He promised to marry me—promised to come
 When the flowers of the garden again were in bloom ;
 And he bid me of all that were lovely and rare,
 To weave such a garland as brides only wear.

He swore nought should stay him, and looked up on high
 With so kindling a cheek and so trustful an eye,
 That I gave him my faith, for I deemed he had spoken
 A vow to his God that could never be broken.

But the flowers bloomed again and he came not with them,
 Nor yet when the withered leaves dropped from the stem ;
 And the howl of the winter-wind swept o'er the plain ;
 But the false perjured changeling he came not again.

She sung these words to an old air with a plaintive sweetness that was very touching to hear ; and never for a single instance wandered from the connection between the sentiments and the verses. When she had concluded the song, she paused a while in deep thought, which was also melancholy, for the tears trickled down her cheeks. But the impulse was only momentary, for, drying her eyes, she said in a gayer tone, raising her hand at the same time with a gesture to enforce silence,—

“Hush, maiden—don't wake the old man, and I'll tell you the story. Tread lightly, girl, lightly I warn you. Good God ! how your footsteps echo harshly and loudly through the lonely house. Come near me and you shall have the story. It is—let me see, how many long years since I looked upon him last,—one, two, three,” and here the poor maniac endeavoured to count upon her fingers, but the effort was a vain one. “I can't recollect how many, but I know it is a long time back ; yet I remember him well—ah, too well. His lordly look and his gallant bearing—his clear sweet voice that brought melody wherever it came—his bright dark eye that could look love or wrath grandly ; and his lip, the smile became it well, but the proud scornful expression far better,—yes, he was formed to be the idol of a young heart, and I loved him dearly—madly rather, for I darkened a bright home, and broke fond hearts for him. Yet after all he left me—and, come nearer to me and I'll whisper, for I dare not speak it out—he took a brother's blood away upon his hands—and they, the poor old parents I mean, cursed me for the cause.

The wanton threw her lure around him,
 And stole away my gentle love ;
 And, 'gainst the spells with which she bound him,
 Vainly the struggling captive strove.

But long he owned not her dominion—
Her charms had failed to make him true ;
Full soon he spread his roving pinion,
And left the jealous wanton too."

It was curious to see the effect of these words upon the persons present. The old woman grinned a ghastly smile, shewing she felt a malignant pleasure in the allusion made, doubtless from no better motive than the pure love of mischief: and looking up in the face of the other, the hostess of the inn, said,—

"Ugh, but she had you there, mistress. Mavrone—mad as she is, and long as the time is, she does not forget who stole away her bouchaleen bawn."

I may not as readily describe the expression of countenance worn by the person so addressed, for there was more than one dark passion struggling into light there—hatred and revenge long nurtured, and shame deadly and desperate in its workings. She caught the hag by the shoulder, and shook her with a fierceness that left her whole decrepid frame quivering for the space of a moment or two, when the violent grasp was withdrawn, and in a tone not to be mistaken, said—

"Esth—esth a nish eshto, Killoch brean.* What call of yours is it what she thinks or says of me? She knows me not by name or person, nor how much of the past or the present is owing to my working and planning. But if she did she might learn this, that no one yet ever crossed my path to mar my love or hate, but one time or the other had cause to rue it. She fired the shot at random, but it struck home to the mark. I thank her for it. It has given my appetite a new whet. I was beginning to sicken at the feast."

During this dialogue the poor maniac was rather merrily chaunting:

O! never marry an old one,
While a young man may be had,
For the joy of your life will then be gone,
And your heart be ever sad.

The world will lose its charms,
And its pleasures grow dull and cold ;
O! shrink away from an old man's arms,
There's no life nor love in their fold."

When she had sung thus for some time, a sudden thought of a fierce nature appeared to start up in her brain, and scattering all others of a light or gentle kind, to assume the supremacy of the troubled scene. She looked sternly and angrily at some object before her, and shaking her clenched hand at it, said.

"'Tis false, dotard—false as the hell upon whose brink you are tottering—I have not wronged you—no! driveller, base and bad as you are—by heaven, I have not dishonoured you. Cease, slanderer, cease, I bid you, these bitter taunts and foul aspersions, they sting me to madness.

* Silence, silence I say, you foul hag.

What—more! I tell you, minion, to beware of me, I am not one to bear such language tamely. Ha! say you so, you will expose me—bring shame and sorrow on him, my beloved son. On your life's peril be it. Well then, *there*, miscreant, *there*, you would have it. God of Heaven! he is dead. Murder, murder, help! down, crawling idiot, down! hush, Charles! silence, boy! I *do* remember my oath. I will not breathe a syllable of it; no, no, not even a whisper to my own heart—rest satisfied, I have sworn to you.”

She ceased speaking, and for a considerable time sat half upright in a rigid stiffened position, her eye-balls staring wildly, her nostrils distended, and her lips parted wide, the very incarnation of agonized horror. But after a time she recovered herself, and in a low voice, as if speaking to herself, said :

“But his gold—his gold, what shall I do with *that*?”

Both her attendants sprang to their feet, as if electrified at these words, and came to the bedside, and one of them almost touched the lips of the speaker with her ears, in anxiety to listen.

“His gold, his gold, what shall I do with that? Yes, it is a wise thought. I'll bury it down in the earth, deep, deep, where none shall see it. We'll want it yet, mayhap. Who knows but it will bring us safe from the hangman's gripe yet. There, 'tis safe now, and I may go to sleep.”

The poor sufferer then lay back in the bed, and apparently exhausted by the excitement she had gone through, sunk into a deep sound slumber.

An expression of malignant disappointment darkened the features of the younger female, and she drew back from the bed as quickly as she had approached it, and muttered a bitter curse between her teeth.

“Ugh, ugh, didn't I tell you so?” chuckled the hag, “but ye would not believe me. Mad as she is, God help her! she won't let go that secret, no, not if you watched 'till doomsday, and small blame to her for that same, say I. Troth, mistress, if I had gold hid myself, I would be mad indeed if I told the spot. Ugh, that I would.”

“Well, well, Cauthleen,” said the other, after a pause of some moments “perhaps you are right. But the prize we seek is worth a farther trial. With the exercise of some more patience we may chance to be successful, and if I am not mistaken there will be enough to reward us *all* for our trouble. You know you are to have your share of what you love so well. So look to her closely, and I'll come back and relieve you bye and bye. I go now to meet Berkely.”

Saying this, with the same stealthy and noiseless step with which she entered, she approached the door, and closing it gently after her, left the apartment.

“Ugh, ugh,” said the hag, when she found herself completely alone. “My share indeed! a purty share I'd have, between you and the rollicking, rampant soldier. Ugh, curse ye, what a fool ye think me. Ye would dine yourselves off of the fat and plenty, and throw me the bone

when 'tis well picked. By your lave, madam and master, I'll look to myself." And she resumed her crouched position before the fire.

CHAPTER VIII.—WOMAN'S LOVE AND WOMAN'S REVENGE.

When Ellen Connolly—for so the hostess of the inn was called—left the apartment of Mrs. Tracy, she took her way with a quick and anxious step to a small sitting room in the front of the building. Here there was an aspect of light and comfort, which strongly contrasted with the gloom and poverty of the sick chamber. A bright crackling fire was blazing on the hearth, flinging its warm ruddy glow around the room. Before it was placed a table covered with substantial viands, and more than one flask of tempting liquor, and on either side was placed a chair betokening the expected arrival of a guest.

But the solitary occupant heeded little the many comforts that smiled around her. There was the irregularity of nervous indecision, or of a troubled conscience, in her walk, as she paced the room to and fro. Occasionally she would start, as if some sudden sound struck upon her ear, and she would glare wildly around as at some spectral form that haunted her footsteps. At other moments she would pause and listen anxiously at the door, or at the closed windows, putting her ear close up to the interstices of the shutters, as if she expected the arrival of some person, and then again, with a look and expression of disappointment, she would resume her agitated and unsteady walk. And here let me apprise the reader—for there is no undue straining after mystery or effect in this narrative—that Ellen Connolly, like the poor sufferer she had left, was no ordinary being. Her present position was in every way unsuited to her powers and pretensions; but this had not always been the case, and her language proved that at some by-gone period of existence, if she did not walk a very elevated path in life, the one upon which she moved was well calculated to teach her boldness of thought and freedom of expression. Besides, as will be shewn, she was a woman of strong feelings and stronger passions, and these, in their excitement, I have ever found to seek an utterance in tone and style calculated to display their strength and energy. This is not the place in which to say more concerning her, for in due time she will develop her own character and story; but thus much perhaps it was necessary to state, in order to account for that evident superiority of language and manner displayed during the subsequent interview.

After being occupied a considerable time in the manner I have stated, she took a seat by the table, and burying her face in her hands, leaned thoughtfully on it. When some moments of apparently deep thought had thus flown by, she suddenly raised her head, and cried aloud—

"Aye, I will tell him every tittle of it. He shall know by whose agency all this desolation and misery have been brought about, amidst which he moves, so prominent, but yet so puppet-like an actor. He shall

learn the strength of my love for him, and the surety of my revenge upon others. It will shew him my character in another and fiercer point of view, and teach him the lesson, if he requires it, that I am not to be trifled with. Bound up as we are in this dark and perilous transaction, and well aware as I am of the character of the man with whom I have to deal; he *must* understand me—there *must be* a link in our connection stronger even than passion or interest. I have nothing to fear from the openness of my confession. *He* is not—at least was not a man to sicken over a tale of cruelty or persecution, or to shrink from a connection because there was guilt in his associate. Besides,” she added, after a pause, “my revenge would lose half the pay of its fulfilment, if I did not tell *him* fully and freely of the manner of its accomplishment.

“But,” she continued, starting up quickly and resuming her troubled walk, “but he comes not. Can it be possible he means to disappoint me after so earnest a petition as mine was? Can he be growing cold and changeful again; and after all his renewed vows and protestations—his show of love and rejoicing at seeing me once more, has the sight of Mary Macklin in her ruin and distresses turned from me his fickle affections? It maddens me to think of it. O heavens! how have I not loved this man, and what have I not dared and done for him? Every hope of this world, aye, or, God help me! of the next, I have perilled for him. My whole nature has been changed by my devotion to him. I have become a very fiend in my hate and jealousy where he is concerned. And yet all I have done, all I have risked seems insufficient to secure him. Although I have twined about him a chain of blood, and guilt, and madness, it appears inadequate to hold him. Death! that I should think so. I believe if he knew Charles Macklin to be his child, and that Mary had not proved false to him as I have represented, he would spurn me again for her as he did before. But it shall not be, no, not if I should by the concealment, make him the blind instrument of his own son’s death. Every thing I hold dear or valuable in life depends upon the preservation of the secret, and it shall be kept at every hazard. I know well the aggravated crime attendant upon so doing, but I have steeped my soul in so dark a dye already, I may defy the impress of another stain. Hush! hark! *it is* his step, I would know it among the foot-falls of a thousand.”

She hurried from the apartment, unbarred the heavy fastening of the outward door, and in a few minutes reappeared, followed by the tall and stately form of the dragoon.

The soldier entered the room with the bold confident step which well suited his erect and gallant carriage, as well as his daring and reckless nature; deliberately seating himself at the table, he applied himself at once, and without invitation, to the abundant viands before him, and dealt upon them with a vigour which showed his appetite was not inadequately proportioned to the frame it was destined to supply. When his repast was ended, he drew a capacious vessel to him and filling it to the brim, said, as he raised it to his lips,

"Thy health, old girl, and thanks for this wholesome and plenteous cheer. You keep to the good old habits, Nell, and faith you're in the right of it, especially as they regard good food and good liquor. Here's to thee in a bumper," and he drained the vessel at a draught.

"By mine honour as a soldier, and that implies a good judge, Nell," he continued, after giving one or two smacks of his lips commendatory of the strength and flavour of the potation, "thou art a capital providor, the substantials are unexceptionable, but the liquor! By George, it is fit for a commander in chief. But ho! what's this, girl, sad and silent? the events of these last few days seem to have shaken you terribly. Come, come, try some of this," and replenishing his glass, he pushed it towards her. "It will revive and strengthen you. What a fool you are to let trifles so affect you."

"Trifles, Berkely!" answered the woman, "call you blood, and murder, and madness, trifles? Aye, such no doubt they are to you. But to me—O God, no! sunken as I am—low as sin and shame have brought me, and mixed up as I have been in the horrors of these few days, yet think not, Gilbert, that I am lost to all conscience—all the feelings of a woman's heart. Why man, mad as that guilty woman above is, there are times here when I am little better; and when at night, and in the dark hours I wander, I know not why, through the vacant rooms and long lonesome passages of this dreary house, I think I hear horrid voices whispering in my ear, and frightful bloody shapes stalking after me on tip toe, and grinning maliciously into my face. Sometimes I do bitterly repent I had anything to do with the business."

"But why," demanded the soldier, "since you have grown so nervous and apprehensive of late, were you so ready to undertake the charge of poor Mary?"

"I will tell you, Gilbert," she replied, "and I have more reasons than one to give you. When I heard of the murder, and that you were the person who detected Macklin, as it was said, in the act of concealing the body, and who also brought the unhappy young man to jail, I suspected your hand was deeper and busier in the transaction than appearances disclosed, and I was willing to save you from danger at the hands of prying and ignorant strangers. And lightly as you take it, I have acted wisely; the ravings of Mary Macklin, or Tracy, whichever you please to call her, are not suited for every ear."

"But I have another reason to assign," she added, after a pause of several minutes. "I have been considering whether I ought to tell it to you or not. But 'tis as well to do so. Gilbert, I never upbraided you with the past. Why should I? I was as sinful and as wilful as yourself, and, if I have been punished—if I have been made the miserable outcast I am, so have you; you have lost broad lands, and a proud home, and many a rich and teeming possession that might be yours, and you wear the livery of a servant, when you might write yourself master. So that as we are drifting upon the same current of wretchedness, it would ill

become me to cast reproaches at my fellow-tenant of the wreck. But your connection with Mary Macklin, *that* I never could forget. It put the finishing stroke to my hopes and happiness in this world. I say again, I did not hate *you*—no, I could not, whatever you did. But I made up for it in the intensity of the feeling with which I hated *her*, my gay and blooming rival. Ha! what is she now? Great God, how for years her image has been heating my blood and firing my brain! I hated her for her beauty, because it caught your roving restless eye, and turned its glances from me. Not, indeed, that I ever was silly enough to hope you would be constant and faithful to me. I knew you too, too well for that, nor did I love you the less for knowing it. But I hated her more bitterly for her modesty and her virtue, that would not yield to you without the priest's blessing, though she never asked the father's or the mother's. I thought her in this respect selfish and calculating, and what the world called prudence and rectitude, I termed cold distrustful selfishness. I never sought promise, or vow, or tie, from you. I would not bind you to me, even if I could. No, Gilbert, when I loved you first, I almost gloried in the liberty you possessed of leaving me, and scorning me for another when you pleased; and all, because I fondly believed that, wild and froward and even desperate as you were by nature, and light and false as you were in your dealings of the heart with others, if you *could be* true and trusty to a living creature, you would be so to me."

"And you were right, Nell," interrupted the soldier, with an expression of more feeling than one would have supposed his stern nature capable of. "Throughout my dark and stormy career, through all its incidents of passion and caprice, I never seriously loved a human being but yourself. Even when I wooed and won her who now lies so helpless here, and took her away from home and friends, she was but the fascination of the moment, and never had your place in my heart. There may have been guilt and sorrow enough in our connection, but there was faith also."

"I would fain believe you, Gilbert," said the woman. "But however you may have changed and varied, I never for a single instant forgot the first love of my young heart. Many a knee has been bent, many a flattering speech and golden promise made to me, but I have never forsworn the allegiance of my maiden vow."

"Psha! Nell," impatiently interrupted the soldier, "what boots it thus referring to the past? Sure, girl, I never doubted you. What can your feelings or mine have to do with the case of Mary Macklin?"

"Everything, Berkely," quickly replied his companion. "Your arrival in this neighbourhood—your presence here on the night of the murder—your arrest of Macklin; all the blood and misery and madness which have sprung from your advent in this once quiet and lonely spot, are all referable to the feelings with which I have regarded you and all connected with you. Have you temper or patience for a tale of hatred and revenge, that dark and desperate as your spirit is, and the acts to which it has prompted, may nevertheless startle and surprize you?"

"You have startled me already, Nell," said the soldier, "for there is a fierce meaning in your eye, and a stern expression about your lips, which betoken the working of strong passion within. I will hear your tale both with patience and with temper; there is much in your late conduct I own needs explanation."

"Well then, hearken to me. I told you I hated Mary Macklin for her beauty, because it cast mine into the shade; for her stubborn virtue, because it contrasted scornfully with my pliability; and most of all, because it was her wit and her beauty that cast the shadow of the first estrangement between me and the love in which I was so securely basking. Besides, I felt *she* was to be looked on as the wedded wife, *I* as the light o'love and the wanton. Nay, interrupt me not; I know what you would say, so let it rest. When I heard of your love and marriage with her, I swore a deep and vengeful oath that she should rue the hour that ever unwittingly she crossed my path. It mattered not to me that they called you faithless and worthless, and bade me spurn from me the love of the traitor. I had no hatred for you; all was reserved for her and her fatal gift of beauty. I had plotted many a vengeful scheme, but had no opportunity for working out one, when one night you came to me like a hunted hare, panting and breathless, the wet of the river and the dust of the mountain on your torn garments, and worse stains upon your hands. You told me Mary's brother had fallen by your blow in self-defence, and that his kindred, fierce and sure as bloodhounds, were upon your track.

"Well, I sheltered and saved you, and when your farther security required you should leave the country, alone, and as we thought for ever, I obeyed, and murmured not, though Heaven knows how terribly I suffered at the parting. What matter; if my life was asked for your preservation, I would have given it at the time.

"Years passed on; I thought Mary Macklin sufficiently punished, and forgot her. I myself was tossed strangely about the world; at one time in wealth and splendour, at another in poverty and wretchedness. At last, about two years since, I found myself located in yonder village, the mistress of a miserable inn. I was not long there, when Tracy, the miser of Corrib, brought home his long-expected bride; and all who saw her, spoke of her as a fair and comely woman. Her beauty had unlocked the miser's heart, for the dotard grew expensive and luxurious where he was before mean and penurious. You see what a wreck this place is; why, man, it grew into a little paradise under the witchery of Mary Macklin's charms. Aye, I soon found out that she—she, my early rival, was the old man's darling. Comfort and plenty were about her; wealth and broad lands called her mistress; she was loved and welcomed by all who knew her; and the people, speaking of her, used to say, 'if ever there was a happy woman, it was Mrs. Tracy.'"

"By Jove, the story is a strange one, Ellen. You told me not of this before," said the soldier, with a curious expression of countenance.

"I was biding my time, Gilbert," rejoined the female. "But hear me
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out, and then call the story a strange one. I could not bear this prosperity of Mary Macklin. Every day brought me tidings of her goodness and charity ; the beggars blessed her when they spoke of her ; and the poor tenants, who were before racked and hard-driven by the miser, now prayed for her on their humble hearths for the ease and security she gave them. All this was torturing to me, and woke up into renewed vigour and vindictiveness all the bad feelings with which I once regarded her. I was perpetually asking myself this question, 'shall she be prosperous and happy, he a proscribed and outlawed man, and I a shunned and faded wanton?' I vowed, in the depth of a bitter and vengeful hate, it should not be, and the fiend I invoked managed well that circumstances should aid me.

"Tracy, when he gave way to his passions, was a drunkard and a profligate, and would occasionally come to my house to indulge in secret his love of drinking. He had not paid me many visits, when I observed his eye straying with curious wanton glances over my person, and occasionally raised to my face with a gross and lascivious meaning. At another time, the advances of the odious dotard would have revolted me, but now I saw it would minister to my purpose, and I gave them encouragement. He soon was wholly in my power, and I found him a credulous and suspicious knave. The personal charms of his wife alone attracted him, and they had palled upon his sickly and blunted appetite with indulgence and possession. I had not much trouble to make him jealous and discontented. He was false and unprincipled himself, and he believed human nature to be cast in the same mould. I could make him credit anything, no matter how monstrous, respecting the infidelity of the woman he had sworn to love and cherish. I first poisoned his old ear with stories of the past. I told him I knew all concerning the early life and fortunes of the woman he had wedded, and I made him believe that in the representations concerning her, he had been duped and deceived ; especially that he was imposed upon by the statement as to her former marriage, to account for her having a son. Once having made him a prey to doubt, the ball was at my foot. Having been frail before marriage, it was but a step in belief to deem her faithless after. He trusted as gospel every story of gallants visiting in his absence. He commissioned me to watch her motions, and report my opinion thereon. *Then* I had them both in my clutches, and I spared them not."

"Well, Nell," said the soldier, interrupting her with a scarcely perceptible motion of disgust, "this is a dark business, girl. The devil must have been unusually familiar with you, when he could prompt you to such machinations as you now tell me of. By my faith, they are right who call it a strange and sinful world."

"Nay, if you would moralize," she continued, "wait until I have concluded, and I promise you better and ampler grounds for your discourse. After some time, I so surely and effectually worked upon the passions of the old man, that his whole nature turned into gall and bitterness towards

her. He became madly jealous of her every look and motion, and his suspicions made her life a very hell to her. Then the sad and rueful change came over them. The mansion and the house speedily became as you behold them. The gardens and shrubberies she loved he uprooted, and sold the plants, and in his anger drove a plough over the place they decorated. He himself became a brutal drunkard, and in his intemperance treated her shamefully. And she—I wonder it never smote my heart to look on her—was soon a wretched heart-broken woman. All her matured matronly beauty was faded and gone, her pride broken down by continual insults and ill-usage, and all domestic comfort or happiness vanished for ever. Every one pitied her, and sought to offer consolation, but myself,—I was not yet satisfied.”

During the concluding portion of this confession, the soldier having risen from his seat, was pacing the room with a stride so vehement, that the tramp of his iron heel and spur rung with a sharp echo through the house. When she came to the last sentence I have written, he turned sharply round, and somewhat sternly confronting her, said:—

“And what could Satan himself prompt further, in a business so much after his own heart?”

“I will tell you,” she said, with a strange calmness. “It was believed by Mary Macklin that you were dead; else I will do her the credit to think she would never have married Tracy, even for the wealth he settled upon her and her son. Well, I got positive assurance from the sergeant of a recruiting party, that you were alive and about to return to the country. I had the pleasing news communicated to her. It completed her misery *then*. But I paused not, for my work was not finished. Now I hoped to give my revenge its fill. Oh, how I laboured to discover where you actually were. Night and day the thought was ever haunting me, and my brain never ceased planning and striving to work out means for that end. I thought if I could let you know that she was still living, rich and independent, and the wife of another, that it would stir up your hot blood, if the world had not cooled it, and set your strong heart upon one of those daring deeds it loved so well. And then, if I could but bring you home, and present you before her suddenly and unexpectedly, enabling Tracy, who panted to be free, to spurn her from him, and thus strike one final crushing blow upon her fair fame and relation in the world,—I thought if I could do all this, I would then be satisfied, then have quieted the busy restless desire that was for ever goading me. Well, Gilbert, I have succeeded. My revenge has been deeper and severer than I expected. The ruin I plotted for my victim has been so wholesale, so much beyond my most ardent wishes, that I myself shudder at it, and could wish it half undone. I could ———, but why look so at me, Gilbert? why fix your eye upon my face with such a cold fixed stare? I cannot bear it, man.”

“Listen to me, Ellen,” said the soldier, sternly, “I have done many a bold, bad deed, enough almost to forfeit an angel's inheritance. Blood, and wrong, and plunder,—the dark oath, and the rash hand,—the proud

heart that scorned God's commandment, and broke man's law,—these have been mine—I have shared their crime and their profit. But, Ellen, acts such as you have now mentioned,—revenge so devilish and persevering,—so like hell—merciless, torturing—I could neither plot nor execute."

"O, Gilbert, torture me not by a word of reproach from your lips," exclaimed the wretched woman, as she caught him forcibly by the arm. "Let the world degrade and punish me as it may—let every tongue heap curses on me—let even the lowest and the vilest who crawl earth's surface shrink away from me,—but you, Gilbert, do not look reproachingly or coldly on me ;—I could bear anything but that."

"Hush, Nell, hush ; do not distress yourself so," said the soldier, evidently struck by the wretchedness she exhibited at the thought of his alienation. "It would ill become me to turn moralist—I have neither desire nor pretensions for the character. But the world has not so steeled my nature, that I should not feel some sympathy for the sufferings of one whose only crime was loving me. I never told you the story of my connection with Mary Macklin, nor many passages of my early life you one time wished to learn. What say you to the confession now. It will be a reasonable change of topic, for the last was far from being inviting."

Having expressed her willingness to hear the proposed narrative, the soldier, after a pause of some minutes, once more refilling his cup, and draining it at a draught, related the story which will be found in the ensuing chapters.

TRANSACTIONS OF THE DUBLIN SOCIETY, 1841.

THE Dublin Society was instituted A. D. 1731, by the voluntary union of patriotic individuals, amongst whom Thomas Prior and Doctor Samuel Madden, both authors of some tracts on Irish affairs, were eminent. It was chartered 20th February, 1749-50. From the year 1761, the parliament of Ireland made grants to the Society for various purposes,—to continue their premiums in agriculture and manufactures—for arts, trades, and planting—for their botanic garden, and the payment of salaries to professors and lecturers ; and special acts were passed in each session, directing the application. In the year 1800, the last Irish parliament, while they yielded up their control over their own Exchequer, undertook to mark the extent to which they considered the Society entitled to "imperial" support, in the execution of the international compact which they then took upon themselves to enter into. By the general appropriation acts of the session, they voted sums amounting to £15,500 for the service of the Society for that year ; and by a special act (c. 31,) they allocated the grant in the following terms :—

To the Committee of Agriculture, in maintaining their Botanic Institution at Glasnevin, and paying their Professor of Botany £300 for the year, superintending the institution, and giving lectures on botany, and the application of that science to agriculture and manufactures,	1,500	0	0
To their Professor of Chemistry and Mineralogy, for his attendance on their laboratory and his lectures,	300	0	0
To bounties on manufactures, to be paid on sale of such as were not entitled to any other parliamentary bounty, premium, or grant,	700	0	0
To premiums for promoting agriculture and planting,	3,000	0	0
To procuring agricultural examinations into all or any of the counties of this kingdom, in erecting drawing schools, exhibition rooms for artists, repositories for implements of husbandry and manufactures, buildings for a veterinary institution, and salary to a veterinary professor, and in maintaining a veterinary institution; in maintaining and extending their libraries, mineralogical museum, their other museums, and their chemical laboratory and experiments; or in otherwise encouraging agriculture, planting, manufactures, and arts, and in obtaining and diffusing knowledge respecting the same,	10,000	0	0
	<hr/>	<hr/>	<hr/>
	£15,500	0	0

And in the 7th article of the Act of Union, they stipulated that the “surplus from the revenues of Ireland,” if not met by abatement of taxes, should [“shall”] be applied by the parliament of the united kingdom “to local purposes in Ireland;” and they expressly provided that for twenty years after the union, there should be applied to such local purposes, a sum *not less* than the sum which had been granted by the parliament of Ireland, on the average of six years immediately preceding the first of January, 1800, “in premiums for the internal encouragement of agriculture or manufactures, or for the maintaining institutions for pious and charitable purposes.”

Subsequently to the Union, parliamentary grants were made to the Society as follows:—

From 1801 to 1819,	£10,000	per annum.
„ 1819 to 1830,	7,000	do.
Of late years,	5,300	do.

The inference here is clear, that the British government, whilst under the necessity, during the twenty years, of executing the *express* stipulation made at the Union, found themselves *coerced* by its terms to grant to the Society a sum not less than £10,000 *per annum*; and that, instantly, as soon as *the letter* of the obligation ceased to bind to a specific amount and application, they struck off £3,000 a year.

Two parliamentary committees have since held enquiries into the state of the Society; one in 1829, under a Tory government, the immediate effect of which was to knock off £1,700 a year more. The other—the enquiry of 1836—professed “to enquire into the administration of the “Royal Dublin Society, with a view to a wider extension of the advantages

“of the annual parliamentary grant to that Institution.” But after a laborious examination, a long report and voluminous appendix, as in such cases usual, the Whigs (who composed the majority of this committee,) omitted to do the one thing needful—namely, to require, in the first instance, the *extension of the grant itself*, which would have been the sure step towards their object, if they meant sincerely to pursue it—namely, *to extend the advantages of the Institution*. The committee, too, neglected to recommend the *restoration* of the grant to its amount, (as settled upon at the Union,) which might have been shown by strong arguments to be, in truth and equity, due to the Irish nation.

At the same time, this committee made some excellent suggestions.

They found the *Museum* exceedingly defective, and recommended a system of exchange of duplicates between the Dublin Society and THE BRITISH MUSEUM, &c., for enriching the Museum of the society: also, a very considerable extension of accommodation in point of room. Mr. Griffith had stated that he had in his own house a large geological collection, accompanied with maps and sections, which he intended to present to the Dublin Society, as soon as proper opportunity was afforded for their exhibition. A large and accumulating collection of specimens illustrative of the natural history of Ireland, had been made in the progress of the Ordnance Survey, and was deposited in the Phoenix park, and they recommended that it should be transferred to the Dublin Society, as its most fitting receptacle. The committee considered that there ought to be in the metropolis of Ireland, A GREAT NATIONAL MUSEUM; that this society was the body under which it could be most advantageously placed; and they did not hesitate to recommend that the buildings of Leinster House should be extended, in such a manner as to provide ample room for the reception, arrangement, and exhibition of the objects.

The *Library*, they truly said, ought to be considered as intended not solely for the advantage of the comparatively few individuals who belong to the society, but as A NATIONAL LIBRARY, accessible under proper regulations to respectable persons of all classes, who might be desirous to avail themselves of it for the purpose of literary research; and with this view they recommended, that arrangements should be made by the council for allowing to the public at large the same facilities for study which are provided at THE BRITISH MUSEUM;—and that for this purpose, a room should be set apart for the special use of those who might consult the books of the library—where the same disposition to accommodate students should be evinced, as had been exhibited, so much to the satisfaction of the public, in the reading-room of THE BRITISH MUSEUM.

After going through several matters of detail, the committee reported as follows, that, “Should parliament be convinced by the future proceedings of the society, that it is an institution calculated to secure to Ireland innumerable benefits of the highest character, your committee feel assured that the House of Commons will not refuse to extend to the Dublin Society, the same judicious and *increasing liberality* which

“ has characterised its recent grants to THE BRITISH MUSEUM—an institution in many respects similar, though *not embracing so wide a field of operation.*”

They then put forward a number of “ resolutions,” suggesting alterations in the practice and management of the society ; and in conclusion resolved—“ that, in order to form a National Museum adequate to the public wants, it is necessary to provide larger accommodation for the exhibition of objects, than the present rooms of the Dublin Society are capable of affording ; and that such increased accommodation can with advantage be provided by an extension of the buildings of the Society’s present house.”

To appreciate these recommendations, and the mode in which they have been *carried out*, every Irishman must be anxious to know what have been the grants to the British Museum, about the time at which the committee reported, and to contrast therewith the *encreasing liberality* since displayed towards Ireland. Here is the result which a brief reference to the statutes called the appropriation acts affords, taking the matter up from the year 1834, two years before the session in which the committee sat and reported.

BRITAIN.			IRELAND.	
1834—To defray the estimated expenditure of the <i>British Museum</i> , to 25th December, 1834.....	}	£ 17,017	To defray the expence of the Royal <i>Dublin Society</i> , to 31st March next.....	} £ 5,300
To defray the charge of the new buildings at the <i>British Museum</i> , to 31st March, 1835.....		8,000		
To enable His Majesty to deposit and place in the <i>British Museum</i> , the collection of <i>Egyptian Antiquities</i> of Mr. <i>J. Sams</i>		2,500		
		27,517		
1835—To defray the estimated expenditure of the <i>British Museum</i> , to 25th December, 1835.....	}	17,796	The like..... <i>Ditto.</i>	
To defray the charge of the new buildings at the <i>British Museum</i> ...		16,000		
To defray the charge of certain <i>Egyptian Antiquities</i> for the <i>British Museum</i>		6,000		
		39,796		
1836—To defray the charge of new buildings at the <i>British Museum</i> , to 31st March, 1837.....	}	25,860	The like..... <i>Ditto.</i>	
To defray the estimated expenditure of the <i>British Museum</i> , to 25th March, 1837....		21,974		
To defray the charge of certain purchases of the <i>British Museum</i>		9,250		
		57,084		
1837—To defray the charge of new buildings at the <i>British Museum</i> , to the 31st March, 1838.....	}	14,250		

To enable the Trustees of the <i>British Museum</i> to purchase the collection of Shells belonging to Mr. <i>Broderip</i>	1,575	To defray the expence of the <i>Royal Dublin Society</i> , to 31st March next	£ 5,300
To defray the estimated expenditure of the <i>British Museum</i> , to 25th March, 1838.....	29,400		
To enable the Trustees of the <i>British Museum</i> to purchase certain <i>Etruscan</i> vases, part of the collection of the Prince of <i>Canino</i> ...	1,200		
_____ 46,425			
1838—To defray the charge of new buildings at the <i>British Museum</i> , to 31st March, 1839.....	18,096	The like..... <i>Ditto.</i>	
To enable the Trustees of the <i>British Museum</i> to purchase for that institution, the collection of <i>Etruscan</i> Antiquities belonging to Signor <i>Campanari</i>	600		
For the service of the <i>British Museum</i> , to 25th March, 1839.....	27,469		
_____ 46,165			
1839—For defraying the charge of the <i>British Museum</i> , to 25th March, 1840.....	28,839	The like..... <i>Ditto.</i>	
To defray the charge of Works and Fittings at the new buildings at the <i>British Museum</i> , to 31st March, 1840.....	11,250		
To enable the Trustees of the <i>British Museum</i> , to purchase for that institution Dr. <i>Mantell's</i> collection of geology, &c. and Signor <i>D'Arastase's</i> collection of <i>Egyptian</i> Antiquities	5,812		
To defray the charge of new buildings at the <i>British Museum</i> in 1839	10,250		
_____ 56,151			
1840—To defray the expense of Works and Fittings at the new buildings at the <i>British Museum</i> , to 31st March, 1841.....	25,250	The like..... <i>Ditto.</i>	
To enable the Trustees of the <i>British Museum</i> to purchase Mr. <i>Hawkins'</i> collection of <i>Saurian</i> remains.....	1,800		
To defray the charge of the <i>British Museum</i> , to 25th March, 1841.....	29,953		
For the purchase of property required for the <i>British Museum</i>	28,800		
_____ 85,803			
1841—(Whigs.) To defray the charge of the <i>British Museum</i> , to 25th March, 1842.....	31,786 <i>Nil.</i>	
For Works at the <i>British Museum</i> ,.....	21,202		
For purchase of Manuscripts and Coins for <i>British Museum</i>	3,540		
1841—(Tories.) To complete the sum necessary to defray the expence of Fittings and Works at the new buildings at the <i>British Museum</i> ...	21,202 <i>Nil.</i>	
To complete the sum necessary to enable the Trustees of the <i>British Museum</i> , to purchase certain Manuscripts and Collections of Coins...	3,540		
_____ 81,270			

We say nothing here of the grants so “liberally” made in addition to all the above, in the successive years, for the London “National Gallery,” which may appear to be an institution nearly analogous to the Dublin Society. We shall keep it for another day of reckoning ; but the following appear to be *exactly* so, and we shall here name them :—

In 1836, there had been granted £1,500 “for the establishment of a School of Design, with a view to the improvement of the National Manufactures.” Afterwards in

BRITAIN.

1839—For the School of Design at Somerset House.....	1,300	0	0
1840—For the Museum of Economic Geology	£2,800	0	0
School of Design at Somerset House	1,300	0	0
		4,100	0 0
1841 (Whigs)—For the Museum of Economic Geology	844	10	0
School of Design	795	0	0
1841 (Tories)—Museum of Economic Geology	844	10	0
School of Design	795	0	0
For Schools of Design in the provincial towns...	5,000	0	0
		£8,279	0 0

But notwithstanding that the Dublin Society are the only recipients in Ireland for such grants,—notwithstanding their “embracing a wider field of operation,”—notwithstanding their long existence, the steady exercise of their functions at all times, with greater or less usefulness to the public ; their protection by the Irish legislature ; the continued recognition of them by the parliament in London, as above marked—this society has very nearly suffered shipwreck in the course of the past year, 1841, by the act of the government itself.

A short retrospect is necessary to convey to the reader the exact state of the case fairly on both sides. In 1838, the society adopted a new code of bye-laws, by which they *professed* to adopt the greater number of the propositions recommended by the parliamentary committees ; but, in truth, it must be admitted there was no hearty, honest, or straightforward adoption of the spirit or principle of those recommendations at all.

They paltered with them in a double sense ;
They kept the word of promise to the ear,
And broke it to the hope.

The consequence was at length a collision with the government of the day. We must strongly condemn the conduct of that government, which went to bring the very existence of this national institution into hazard, and altogether to paralyse its exertions during the year ; but, at the same time, we have to deplore another cause of the danger—namely, a certain sluggishness and dogged obstinacy in an influential portion of the members of the society itself, who adhere tenaciously to antiquated forms and old habits of no intrinsic value to the body, while they neglect the weightier matters in their care—the advancement of the arts and useful sciences, by new efforts suited to the increasing wants of the times,

and the extension of the usefulness of the society to the widest practicable sphere of diffusion throughout our native land.

Hence the chronicle of the past year, as regards this society, can be little more than a narrative of the struggles which have taken place between a majority of the members, and the representatives in Ireland of the successive central governments in England. For some time, the members had heard little or nothing regarding the mode in which they had complied with—or in which, rather, they had ingeniously evaded—the requirements of the parliamentary committees. Accordingly, they began to imagine themselves in a state of security; and in the latter part of 1840, ventured to expend, upon some additional buildings, the whole of a small fund which they had accumulated in the following manner. Their main source of independent revenue has been a life subscription of twenty guineas, paid by each new member whom they admit into their incorporation; and, by a kind of logic peculiar to themselves, they have been in the habit of treating the fund thus acquired as in some sort their *private* property, and contradistinguishable in its uses from the public *annual grants*.

But neither the government in London, nor the parliamentary committees there, nor, of course, the government of Ireland, have ever held, or ever will hold, that doctrine. They consider that the public grants are *supplementary* to the income of the Society derived from independent sources, and therefore that any surplus over the year's expenditure is to be credited to the government, and not to any private account of the Society; and indeed we do not well see how that conclusion can be gainsaid by anything like legitimate argument.

But—this so-called private fund having accumulated, no matter how, the Society found themselves in this dilemma. If they continued to hoard up their reserves, the rapacity of a Chancellor of the Exchequer, or the supposed necessities of the state, would have led to its confiscation, *un beau jour*, as soon as it reached an amount sufficiently tempting. If, again, they applied the fund, they became almost utterly dependent upon the government of the day. They thought there was less danger in the latter alternative, and precipitately proceeded to spend the money. They still conceived that all was right, and opened their session in November, 1840, according to their use, re-electing their four eminent professors and lecturers, announcing their Spring Cattle Show, and taking everything *comme à l'ordinaire*, when lo! on the 17th of December,—

— *Verbosa et grandis epistola venit*

A Capreis,—

there came a fine long letter from the Castle; ripping up the whole question of the unfulfilled recommendations of the committees of 1829 and 1836, and observing (*inter alia*) upon “the prevalence of a very general feeling, that the Society does not tend to the attainment of its professed objects, in a degree commensurate with ITS LARGE ANNUAL GRANT.”

This letter had two principal objects. The one was the discontinuance of a NEWS-ROOM, which the rulers of the Society had contrived to set up in the concerns, to their own very great private comfort, and which had made in the Society a very agreeable lounge for a number of idle gentlemen, politicians and else, who collected together to read the news, and talk it over, *for the purpose of advancing thereby the interests of the Society*. The two committees, the Tories of 1829, and the Whigs of 1836, had unfortunately both condemned this well-placed prop to the scientific and literary pursuits of the members. The other main object of the government letter was a reduction of the cost of admission for members, which it was alleged remained so high as necessarily to exclude many of the zealous cultivators of science and the arts; and as a mode of attaining the end, a series of propositions was annexed for dividing the Society into *two sections*, and making either of them accessible to those who might not find it convenient to join more than one, at less than half the cost previously incurred in becoming a member generally; viz. at *one pound per annum*.

The Society—instead of manfully grappling with the subject, and showing to the government that the pittance which was annually doled out to them was in no sense a “LARGE annual grant;” and that the failure of the Society to achieve its professed objects was attributable to nothing so much as the crippling of its income, whilst the grants for similar purposes in Great Britain were made upon the amplest scale—lapsed their time and opportunity; and wasted both in a correspondence which turned out in part unavailing, in part injurious to them. In the early portion of it there was preserved a markedly polite and deferential tone towards the government; and a laborious endeavour was made to show that the government officials had mistaken or misapprehended several matters in the minute detail as to the affairs of the Society, into which they had entered much too largely, and with more of zeal possibly than of sound discretion. Even in this part, however, the Society assumed an air of offended dignity and aggressive expostulation, little justified by the actual facts. They “quoted” at every step, and flung back the language in which they had been addressed, in a stile of controversial disquisition, hardly to be admired; and they sneered, because the lord lieutenant had professed to have held communication with persons qualified to inform and advise him, without mentioning their names; saying that he had acted on the evidence of witnesses unknown, or not avowed; on evidence not communicated, but yet, they said, erroneous and partial—the Society, as a body, not having been a party—

—— *Sed quo cecidit sub erimine ? quoniam
Delator ? quibus indicis ? quo teste probavit ?
Nil horum !*

In a subsequent stage, a still more objectionable tone was introduced into the correspondence. Indeed, on the part of the Society, a new pen seems to have been employed, displacing, with something like *nisi prius* slang and wrangle, the language of respectful remonstrance which had previously been assumed.

The injudiciousness of the course thus pursued was in vain protested against by a minority in the Society. Opposition was borne down by clamour. The committee of 1836, in recommending alterations, had intimated that a modification of the existing charter might be requisite ; and as arguments had been resorted to upon a former occasion on account of its restrictions, Earl Fortescue, the Lord Lieutenant, gave an assurance that there should be no difficulty in obtaining such modification or renewal of the charter as might be found necessary. Hereupon the council of the Society, with more pomp than good sense, exclaimed to the members, already sufficiently excited—"While the adoption of the recommendations of the select committee of the House of Commons left your charter intact, the propositions of his Excellency render necessary, and indeed contemplate, *a surrender* of that charter!" This was received as a signal for a cry of "No SURRENDER" amongst those to whom it was addressed, and never was that well-known party cry more zealously yelled amongst the 'Prentice Boys of Derry themselves.

However desirable it may be that societies as well as men should preserve their independence, and should not be either led at the beck of the executive of the day, or dragooned by the force of authority, or the insolence of official dandyism, it is yet miserable to see a spirit of this kind working and wasting itself in a bad cause, and, finally, to find men truckling to mere power, and without the manliness to avow themselves to have been mistaken. For what has been the first issue, and what the final result?

On the 11th of February, 1841, 129 members against 59 had vaporingly resolved—"not to yield to the command of excluding newspapers "from the conversation room, not being sustained by any solid grounds, "being arbitrary in its nature, and derogatory to the character of the "Society as an independent body!" whereupon Lord Fortescue, referring to the resolutions of the 'two parliamentary committees, expressed his regret "that he could not recommend to parliament *any further continuance* of the annual grant to the Society." The Whigs went out; the Tories came in; and on the 18th of November following, the Society, at the suggestion of the new government, *voluntarily* surrendered the news-room, "in obedience to the resolution of the parliamentary committee, and in compliance with the wishes of the government."

Small sophistry, and snipe-shot arguments, of the kind with which they struggled to sustain their club or news-room—(we shall not trouble our readers with much about *that*)—had also been resorted to, to sustain "things as they were," upon the other subjects brought into discussion for the better regulation of the internal affairs and conduct of the Society. These were comprised in two documents, compiled during the Whig *régime*; viz. the propositions appended to Lord Morpeth's letter of the 17th December, 1840; and the report of a commission appointed by Earl Fortescue, to consider "in what form, and under what regulations, the parliamentary grant of £5,300, hitherto voted to the Dublin Society,

might be most effectually devoted to the advancement of science, and the diffusion of useful knowledge for the benefit of the Irish nation." The report of the commissioners was dated the 26th of May, 1841, and bore the eminent names of Sir William Hamilton, Professors Lloyd and M'Cullagh, besides those of the Duke of Leinster, Lords Rosse and Adare, Sir John Burgoyne, and Captain Larcom. The Council also, on the 11th of November, upon opening the session following the advent of the Tory administration, submitted their scheme in a series of resolutions; and thereupon the Society went so far, on the 22d of November, as to adopt the principle, apparently, of dividing into "sections," and sent the rest of the subject back to their council for reconsideration; with a view to the preparation of new bye-laws, to be founded on that basis, which will require the sanction of two Stated General Meetings of the Society, which, at the earliest, can be held only in March and June, for final confirmation.

As they have now betaken themselves in good faith (we would presume) to the work of re-organisation and regeneration—(not before change had become indispensable)—let us exhort them to enter upon their task, and perform it earnestly, honestly, and heartily. Although their proceedings, for some time past, have entitled them to little of popular support or sympathy, yet it must have been obvious to them, and even to the governments, that the great and sound portion of the Irish press and public, throughout the struggle, never lost sight of their claims as a National Institution; for the popular party never joined the Whig Executive in the petty warfare carried on to the imminent danger of the existence of the Society. The news-room was not at either side a subject whereupon to have staked the existence of an eminently and practically useful public institution. The course taken was, in truth, inexcusable in both. But now the questions for discussion are of great importance, and we trust that no persons in the Society will on this occasion be suffered again to peril the existence of the establishment, or to impede the march of its improvement.

The main thing to be ensured is, to recruit the Society with a numerous body of men zealous in the cultivation of the useful arts, to which the institution is devoted. We do not seek to advocate any one of the three plans now before the Society in particular. Lord Morpeth's letter said, divide into "*two sections*"—the College Commissioners said, form "*five*"—the Council said, let us embrace "*seven*." The *number* is not the thing. The *principle* is, to obtain *some subdivision* amongst the members, whereby every body will not be left to intermeddle in every thing, the result of which must be, as it has been, that a few "Wise Men" manage all. If gentlemen, really skilled in any one branch—botany, for instance,—meet for the purposes of their department, they find before them the "Wise Men," who *must* know every thing best, because they are continually at every thing. The "Wise Men" are found to be more numerous than any one class by itself, and the botanists, of course, are

defeated. The chemists come up; the discomfited botanists have retired; the "Wise Men," who are always at hand, remain; they rout the chemists, and again remain masters of the field. Then appears a detachment of connoisseurs hot about the fine arts, and they try their hand; but they also are defeated in their turn. The "Wise Men" are ever the victors. They master the whole Society in this way. In fact, they are Captain Bobadil's band, only that they *do* what the Captain merely *undertook*.

"Say the enemy were forty thousand strong; we twenty would come into the field the 10th of *March*, or thereabouts; and we would challenge twenty of the enemy; they could not in honour refuse us; well, we would kill them; challenge twenty more, kill them; twenty more, kill them; twenty more, kill them too; and thus would we kill every man his twenty a day, that's twenty score; twenty score, that's four hundred; four hundred a day, five days, two thousand; forty thousand; forty times five; five times forty; two hundred days kills them all by computation."—*Every Man in his Humour*.

But by a still more effectual course, that of overpowering in detail by *superior* numbers, do the one or two score of the "Wise Men" in the Dublin Society easily rule the eight hundred other members, "for the public benefit of the state." Let them now be *relieved* from so onerous a duty. Let each member attach himself to some one section or department, (or to *two* at most, as has been recently agreed upon,) and there let him meet those who will fairly be his match; for then will the working men, who each zealously cultivate some particular branch, be upon a par with the "Wise Men" taken in sections, when their *wisdom* will be distributed fairly amongst the departments. The men of each section, by their experience, if not by the long heads and heavy brains of their helpmates, will know best what ought to be done with the funds allocated for the benefit of their respective departments.

We hope, too, that each section or department will be allowed to elect its own committee; and that the general council will be formed from those committees, without general elections by *the whole* Society. It is quite enough that 1 president, 7 vice-presidents, and 2 honorary secretaries—in all 10 individuals—are placed on the council by the general body. When you add to those 9 others elected in like manner, you give so great preponderance on the council to the nominees of a majority attending at an annual meeting, that the due weight and influence of the sections or departments is destroyed. And further, as *the best* men in each department are selected for the committees, those *less eligible* must be placed on the council, or else (as has happened) men must desert the committees, in order to qualify themselves for obtaining office in the council. The adoption of the present system was, in this respect, one of the widest departures by the Society from the spirit of the recommendations of the committee of 1836, which they have so often, but so fallaciously, boasted that they had followed out implicitly. The committee proposed a system of representation far different from that which was adopted.

The amount of subscription and price of admission is another important consideration. The original annual subscription to the Society was so low as thirty shillings *per annum*. Afterwards, for many years, it was two guineas per annum, as recognized in a series of acts of the Irish parliament,—5 Geo. 3, ch. 12 ; 32 Geo. 3, ch. 14 ; 33 Geo. 3, ch. 13 ; 34 Geo. 3, ch. 15. None of the present eight hundred members, who are members for life, have been admitted at a less fee than twenty guineas, that is, ten years purchase upon the ancient admission fee. It is now agreed to admit associate members of sections, who are *not* to have the *full* privileges of the life members. We think that those, with only *half* privileges, ought to be admitted to any single section *at one-half the cost*, viz. *one guinea per annum* ; and to this it must come at last.

But the matter has been the subject of too much blundering to make such a result readily attainable; and the old members having all paid their twenty guineas, many of them, of course, entertain a strong prejudice in favour of keeping up the price, and dread lest an alteration, in any way, to a lower standard, should let in upon the society a class of men “different in grade” from those who at present possess it. But neither this feeling, nor the arguments by which the existing state of things is defended, can, we apprehend, long be sustained.

In 1801, the annual payment was raised to three guineas per annum, and an entrance fee of five guineas was imposed. After this, life subscription became almost exclusively the method of admission. The committee of 1836, considering that “there are probably in Dublin, among persons in the receipt of small incomes, a great number of individuals whose participation in the administration of the society would be most valuable, but who would find it more convenient to pay an annual subscription than a life composition, recommended a return to the annual subscription of two guineas ; but had the short-sightedness to add, “with an entrance fee of five guineas.” The society fastened on this, and passed a bye-law in terms sanctioning it. How many have availed themselves of it?—**ONE** gentleman! In the Irish Academy, there is an entrance fee of five guineas, and an annual payment of two guineas ; and many subscribe at that rate. But there, first—the life composition is twenty-five guineas ; and, secondly, the entrance fee to annual members *includes* the first year’s subscription ; so that it is, in truth, but three guineas. The Whig government, mistaking the matter, twitted the society for not fulfilling the recommendation of the parliamentary committee. The society exposed the blunder pretty triumphantly. The society was then required *to reduce* the entrance fee from five to three guineas, not, as ought to have been done, to abolish it. The society did exactly what was required. Still **NOT ONE** person has availed himself of the change. Why?—Because, whilst the life composition is twenty guineas, by all experience and calculation *any* entrance fee, upon an annual subscription of two guineas, is too high.

An annual subscription, then, of two guineas (to be paid in advance) ought to entitle a man to *all* the advantages of a life composition of twenty guineas. To offer him a part only of those advantages for a price *as dear* is unfair. If the life members, whose payment is only of the value of *two* guineas a year, be permitted, besides their rights at general meetings of the whole society, to join *two* sections; a man who pays *one* guinea a year (in advance) ought, at least, to be admitted to *one* section; and if he pay *two* guineas, he ought to be admissible, not merely to two sections, but also to the general meetings of the society.

But further, the society have before them evidence that a fee of two guineas per annum, with limited privileges, will not produce to them, as subscribers, any "great number of individuals," by whom either the influence of the society may be extended, or its independent revenues increased. They have at present a class of *general* associates, admitted at that rate of subscription (two guineas *per annum*) with privileges about as extensive as those which they now speak of attaching to the *sectional* associates. And how many, since 1838, have joined under that arrangement? About ONE SCORE!—A "great number of individuals!" And how long on the average do they continue to subscribe?—Not *two years each*!

But the apprehensions that the sections, or the society, may be swamped, if opened to subscribers at the *low* subscription of One Guinea per annum, are idle. Guineas are not so plenty. We would they were. Besides, one design of the sections is to unite with the Dublin Society, as the endowed recipient of the parliamentary grants of this nature in Ireland, those minor societies in Dublin, (such as the Zoological, Geological, Horticultural Societies, &c.) which may appear to stand in need of such aid. We do not say that we see the great use of *absorbing* other useful and independent associations into the central vortex of Leinster House; but we say that those societies generally *do* sustain themselves by annual subscriptions of One Guinea; that the members are zealous and efficient, and, unquestionably, that their respectability is sufficiently "tested," (to use the phrase of fashionable slang) by becoming liable to an annuity of One Guinea *per annum*; and we no more apprehend that the sections of the Dublin Society will be overrun by hordes of guinea-paying vagabonds, than we expect to see that result take place in the bodies over which Sir Philip Crampton, Major Portlock, and the Duke of Leinster happen at present to preside.

Beyond these points, the details of the various plans are little calculated to excite public interest. They all contain more or less of what is idle or objectionable. The "court of visitors," composed of *ex officio* personages, recommended by the college commissioners, is about as great a humbug as ever was proposed. *Ex officio* personages a Board at this time of day! We will not say it is a *wooden* thought; but we will ask any body what is this Board to do? What are they to be *bored* with? Or how are they to *bore* others?—We cannot make it out. No less

absurd, but more mischievous, is the proposal of these same commissioners, to transfer the drawing schools of the society to some of the painters' academies in town. The records of the institution are full of memorials of the advantages which these schools have diffused. Many eminent artists have risen from them. They are now in full vigour, and nothing but a prurient uneasiness to be at something—never “to let well alone”—added to some blindness as to the facts—could have induced a recommendation, the adoption of which would be fraught with danger to the culture now afforded to the rising genius of our people.

There is one small matter upon which all, we believe, are agreed, and which we may expect soon to see adopted, we care not how soon; namely, to substitute for the present “printed minutes” of the society's proceedings, a periodical publication of important reports and communications from the society and its sections, together with translations from foreign papers. Nothing can be duller than the “minutes,” and their perpetual long lists of members' names, votes of thanks, motions of adjournment, &c. All the members need require on this point is, free access at all times to examine the minute book itself at the society's house. Under improved management, the periodical journal may be made most interesting.

To conclude,—our readers will see that we have had little to record of the society's proceedings for the past year, beyond the unhappy dissensions by which it has been torn and shaken almost to its foundations; but there is yet one fact to which we must allude. It is the greatest honour the society has had to boast of—a triumph, which though not immediately their own, has been, at all events, achieved under their auspices. We refer to the publication of PROFESSOR KANE's “Elements of Chemistry,” a splendid work, upon which we shall not dwell here, as we hope one day to do it justice in an article devoted to itself alone; but we think we cannot better conclude our present observations, than by quoting the terms, so complimentary to the society, which that able professor used in presenting the completion of his laborious task to the society, as they show the estimation in which *he* holds the institution.

“ROYAL DUBLIN SOCIETY,

“*Natural Philosophy Room,*

“*November 11th, 1841.*”

“MY DEAR SIR,—I shall feel much obliged by your having the goodness to present the accompanying Third Part of my work on Chemistry to the Royal Dublin Society, and to express my hope that it will be found on examination not unworthy of their notice.

“The kind manner in which the presentation of the preceding Parts was noticed by the Society, mainly contributed to support my flagging industry through the mass of experimental and literary labour necessary for the completion of the Organic Chemistry in this present (Third) part. As Professor to the Society, I am proud to place in their hands the first complete and systematic work on Science that has been published by one of their officers; and I trust that the Society will receive it as an earnest of my, on all occasions, using my best exertions to increase the popularity and advance the scientific character of so noble and national an Institution.

1842—MARCH.

P

"The 19th chapter, '*On the Chemical Phenomena of Vegetation*,' contains some views of the relations of chemistry to agriculture, on which I should be most desirous of obtaining the judgment of the Council, and of the Agricultural Committee of the Society. I have with this object had printed a few extra copies of that chapter, which I enclose, and which I beg of you kindly to present to the Council and the Committee in my name. A department of science of such vast importance to the country as agriculture, deserves and requires for its advancement the co-operation of all interested in our domestic tranquillity, and prosperity; and though I cannot pretend that the sketch given in that chapter, of the phenomena of the growth of plants, can present any but the most ordinary interest, I should be most happy if, by future and more specific investigations, I could in any way aid so good a cause.

"Hoping that I shall be excused for trespassing at such length on your time, and on that of the Society,

"I beg to subscribe myself,

"Most sincerely and respectfully your's,

"ROBERT KANE.

"ISAAC WELD, Esq.

"Hon. Sec. to the Royal Dublin Society."

NORWAY AND IRELAND.—No. I.

UDALISM AND FEUDALISM.

"Who was the happiest of men," said Croesus to Solon? "Telloe," answered the sage; "he was an Attic yeoman; he lived a good neighbour, and a good farmer, till his children had grown up strong, and comely, and honest, and then he died, fighting for Athens. The Athenians honoured him greatly."—HERODOTUS, Book 1, s. 30.

THE world has had great lights; Athens and Thebes, and the constellation of the Peloponessus, Lombardy, Switzerland, Holland, and America. Norway is a new planet—new and old. Older than history, new to us. A few years ago, men spoke of Norway as the half-savage province of Sweden, wrapt in they could not tell what rudeness and gloom. At last, a wise and honest man got some inkling of her. He went and saw her, and told us of her. We all wonder now, why we did not know her before. She was long since as she is now, and, therefore, we doubt the account, which implies our ignorance; yet after all, the secretness of Norway is no wonder. Seldom can we hear, save from a nation's own voice, what its heart is full of, and how it lives; and yet the very happy talk most to themselves. He who has a comfortable home stays in it, but misery comes out into the thoroughfares, noticeable, and screaming. "Pity us," cries Italy; "help us," cries Ireland; "just God! is it thus thou scourgest the brave?" cries Poland. Circassia which wars, and Norway which lives at peace, yet all busy and godlike, weep not, ask not, tell not. There is no missionary like the wailing exile, and far nations listen to the clank of the slave's chains. Again, the gaudy tribes who hire themselves to oligarchs and triumphant kings, and live for fame and appearance, have a thousand busy tongues and pens to tell of arts, and arms, and subservient muses. France, and Scotland, and England have empire or letters, or both, and console themselves by fame for the loss

of virtue. But Norway sits alone, self-revering, not dependant upon fame, nor urged to complaint—nearly silent. She can keep herself from slavery, yet not from fame—it will come upon her unsought. Fame is one of the sorest temptations which the very good must suffer for the sake of others. May her unsought renown not corrupt Norway.

Greater part of the globe is not private property. The sea, with its fish harvests, has few and partial laws, such as national rights to certain fisheries, and the prohibitions on some coasts against catching pregnant or half-grown fish. Of land, the most is still in the hands of nomade and hunting tribes—for instance, the huge oval of Asia, whose long diameter reaches from Kamtschatka to the Black Sea, also the larger part of Persia, Arabia, Syria, Africa, Australia, and the Americas.

Europe,* China, India, and much of America are split into private holdings under more or less stringent laws of property.†

In the change from either a nomade or a hunter to an agricultural state, the soil *remained* the property of the tribe, though the crop was the property of the tiller. The patches of tilled land in Germany and Persia were, we know, possessed only until the harvest was reaped by him who sowed it. It is easy to see from what principles of our nature, how, from strength, from habit, from foresight, from policy, land came to continue first for years, and then for life in the possession of one man. At this stage, property remained in Ireland to a late period; where, on the death of the head of a family, his land returned into the common stock of the clan, and at the same time land was distributed in such quantity as was convenient among his children.‡

Thus was the first great code of property completed; the seed was always sown, for he who sowed was always to reap; while the re-distribution on the death of every generation preserved the equality of conditions.

The next stage of landed property is to become divisible among the family of the possessor at his death. It still remained, and *ever does remain* subject to the will and wants of the tribe or nation; but except in cases of gross abuse and monopoly, or of the want of heirs, few nations (having once sanctioned inheritance,) exercise their still undoubted right to resume possession. Much about the same stage, certain rights of

* There are many remains of Nomadism in Europe; the Transhumante system of Spain, and the summer emigration of the Norwegians to their "scaters" or hill pastures, are instances. The Laplanders are still mere nomades.

† The tyrannous and unsocial extent to which the laws of trespass are now carried in England, are among the barbarities of what is falsely called civilization.

‡ Vallancey, *Collectanea*. The state of property here described, united with a high civilization, led to the quantity of corporate lands; such were the mensal lands of the Chief, the Corbes and Erenach's Lands, the Bard's Lands, the Hospitality Lands for the Ballybetaghs, (the hotels or caravanserais). Such institutions seem to confer many of the benefits of an aristocracy, without some of its dangers and evils. It is a mistake to treat the Irish chiefs as forming an aristocracy, for each clan was a nation, and each kingdom of the Irish Pentarchy was a confederation.

mortgage, and even of sale, appear to have been given, or assumed. But in *allowing* inheritance, incumbrance, and alienation, society *limited* them.

Thus, as to inheritance, history tells that a custom which we may call gavelkind, (as opposed to primogeniture) was universal. The details were certainly various. In some, sons and daughters inherited equally; in others the sons only; in some, the eldest son had a little more than the second, and the second than the third. In others, the whole household, including uncles, aunts, &c., took shares; but in all laws, the Indian, the Jewish, the Greek, the Celtic, the Roman, the Persian, and the Teutonic, subdivision amongst the family was the rule, and such it remained in them all till *conquest* changed it.*

The rights of sale and mortgage too, were subject not only to the principle of national ownership, but also of family inheritance.† In many cases the restraint on alienation was unqualified.

In others, the land (as among all the Teutonic tribes) might be pledged or mortgaged, but not absolutely parted with; for either the family resumed possession on the death of the mortgager, or they had, in the order of their relationship, a right of repurchase.

Among the Jews this right of re-purchase was never barred (save in case of houses in walled towns not belonging to Levites, where the redemption should be within a year), and moreover, on the 50th year, the trumpet of liberation sounded, the year of jubilee arrived, and each family resumed, without any payment, the lands of their fathers.‡

Looking over all the early codes, it is safe to say from induction that land (where parted with by the tribe) was given as a strict inheritance for the support of a family in *all* generations, not the enjoyment of *one*; and also that, though a slight preference was sometimes shewn to the *grown up* sons, yet gavelkind is the true name for the national rule of inheritance. Such remains in a great degree the law of India, China, Norway, Biscay, Switzerland. Such, in some measure is that of France. Such was the law of old Germany, and such its *first* principle of distribution, when it conquered Gaul, England, Spain, and Italy. But in con-

* See Numbers, c. 26. Deuteronomy, c. 21. Plutarch's Life of Solon; Sir W. Jones' Attic Law; and Bœckh "Economie Politique des Atheniens." Laws of the Twelve Tables of Rome, in Terrasson: see also Plutarch's Numa, and Arnold's Rome. For the Chinese, see the Ta Tsingleu Lee, and Davis's Chinese, p. 137. Zendavesta, in Anquetil, and Heeren. Institutes of Menu CIX, Articles 100 to 200. Sale's Koran, and Sir W. Jones on the Sirajiyyah, s. iii. 4. Tacitus de Moribus Germanorum. Sismondi, Palgrave, and Turner on the Anglo-Saxons. All go to establish the assertion here made.

† See Mirabeau's Speeches (Paris, 1792) vol. v. p. 498, for a very clear and able argument for *compulsory* gavelkind. This speech settled the adoption of that law in France. It was not delivered by Mirabeau, but given by him, when on his death-bed, to Talleyrand, who read it the day after Mirabeau's death, amid the tears and shouts of the National Assembly.

‡ Leviticus, cap. xxv.

quests, as in other great bursts of mind, the law of present impulse is the prevailing law. The Jews on their irruption into Canaan, gave the lots according to the numbers in the family ; yet we find the children of Joseph complaining that they were straitened, while other tribes had wide borders.* And in the Teutonic conquests, merit in war strove with the settled customs of the tribes ; and though Chief Clovis could not get the vase of Soissons from the soldier to whose lot it fell, nor take from the meanest Frank a share of Gaul, yet he dared afterwards to slay that soldier, and reserved for himself and his allied chiefs, mighty domains not thrown into the common stock.†

Few corners of Europe belong to the first possessors. Helvetia, Lapland, Biscay, are perhaps the only lands, the conquest of which never transferred the soil, and, therefore, conquest must be looked to as the origin not only of the governments, but of the ownership of land in Europe. The relative numbers and condition of conquered and conqueror before the conquest, regulate their state after it.

Where the numbers of the vanquished do not much exceed those of the victor, actual slavery is their usual lot, unless they leave their country to the new comer, as the Indians are doing before the Anglo-Americans, instead of submitting, as the Mexican and Southern Indians did to the Spanish.

The Kelts seem to have retired in a similar way before the Teutons, and also the Laplanders before some tribes of the same Teutons under Odin or his successors.

The numbers of the Visigoths, and Franks, and Burgundians in Gaul compared with the Gauls and Romans ; the proportion of Saxons to Britons, and afterwards of Normans to Saxon and Britons, were so small,‡ that in neither England nor France did the victors seize the lands nor enslave the people on their first inroad. The Visigoths and Saxons appeared as allies ; the Franks were “ guests ” of the Gaulish farmers ; the Normans, friends of England.

Not but there was prædial slavery before Clovis and William the First. The Romans found it in Gaul,§ and left it there when the Germans

* Joshua, chapter xvii.

† The account of the Barbarian conquests in the Spirit of Laws, Books 28, 30, and 31, is excellent, but contains some errors which Mr. Hallam has well corrected ; but incomparably the best narrative is Sismondi's, in his History of the French, a work accurate, graphic, and profound.

‡ See Mr. Turner's Anglo-Saxons ; also the Table of the Saxon Population, calculated from Doomsday Book, at the back of the first vol. of Sir James Mackintosh's History of England ; also p. 97 in the same vol., where Mackintosh agrees with Sismondi, in estimating William's army at 20 or 25,000 men, instead of 60,000. See also Thierry's Letters on the History of France, and his inimitable History of the Norman Conquest.

§ Sir James Mackintosh well contrasts the polity and social state of Gaul, as described by Cæsar, with Tacitus's Germany. Theocracy and prædial slavery existed in ancient Gaul, which shows us that the Gauls were conquerors, if the Gauls were Kelts.

rushed in. The Saxons and Danes had reduced the remaining Britons to personal or prædial slavery long before the battle of Hastings, and east of the Severn, the Welchman was a fettered serf, though to the west of it, the descendants of Caratach, aided by the Irish, maintained their Keltic tongue and aboriginal freedom. But we repeat, it was not the first conquest which made the bulk of the French and English the serfs we find them in the middle ages. Udalism was the law of Frank and Saxon. The necessity of military rules, where the conquered were so outnumbered; the constant wars, wherein the prisoners became slaves; the perpetual insecurity of property from the private feuds, and from Danish, Norman, and Saracen invasions, introduced feudalism into France, parts of Italy, and the Low Countries. The Goths carried it from Asturias over Spain. The causes which had produced it in France, had nearly produced it in England before the eleventh century, when the Normans re-emigrating from France landed in Sussex.

The struggles of the Saxons and Danes with these Normans, and the confiscation of the greater part* of England in consequence, also the long baronial wars under the Plantagenets, completed the villenage of England, even at the time when by the introduction of municipal rights, and the parliamentary constitution, principles were brought in which were one day to destroy that villenage. Yet stubborn was the battle fought by udalism. The readers of Sismondi† and Hallam‡ will see for how many centuries of violence and fraud, allodial or udal properties still appeared scattered among the feuds. Kent and Southern France retained, even through the worst times, some relics of better days. But by the twelfth century it might be truly said of France and England, there was "no land without a lord." The noble classes, to the number of a few thousands, held these kingdoms by military service. The first distinction, indeed, between noble and commoner was exactly the same as that between the Turk and the Christian rayah§—namely, the former, with their households, freedmen, and mercenaries, bore arms, but were not subject to taxation; the latter paid the taxes, and were not allowed to carry arms. But the peasant was in a worse condition than any rayah; he was a *thing* belonging to the baron, even like other beasts; he had no property; you might call his cabin, his, as we say, the cow house belongs to the cows; his wife and children were as the mate and young of a domestic animal; he might be slaughtered in rage or sport, like the hound or the deer.

Such was feudalism as taught, as admitted; but it would be treason to human nature to suppose that it was always as bad as it might be. Peace, law, religion, tenderness came often, no doubt, to restore and to heal.

* "The territory won at the battle of Hastings was not a fourth part of the kingdom; but most of the remainder was won by confiscation following the unsuccessful struggles which the Normans called rebellion."—*Mackintosh*.

† History of France.

‡ Middle Ages.

§ See Urquhart's "Turkey, and its resources."

It is not for us to trace how religion and knowledge, how commerce and policy, how the dangers of kings, and the increasing numbers of the serfs, led to their emancipation. France, which was the first to renounce absolute slavery, retained the worst ills of feudalism till the revolution came, with its tremendous legislation, to repeal the deeds of *all* the conquerors of France, Keltic, Roman, and Teutonic; came with torch and sword, to enlighten and destroy, to smite and save; came with confiscation to the noble, and udalism to the peasant. Strange unconscious antiquarians were Mirabeau and Danton, who treated primogeniture and landlordism as vulgar novelties, and restored the land to the people.

In England, the feudal tenants constantly aspired to the allodial or udal rights; and the socman grew into a freeholder, the villein into a copyholder; their rents were trifling, their inheritance sure. The state of the tenantry of England, from the time feudalism relaxed, to the end of the 17th century, was the pride of England, the envy of Europe. This was the age of the "yeomanry of England."

Never had an aristocracy a nobler heritage, than the fearless love borne to them by that yeomanry. It was a stern and enormous power; it had carried the banner of England through every province of France; Scotland broke her spear against it, and Spain assailed it vainly with the power of three empires. Could this modified feudalism have afforded security against royal power, and resisted the temptations of luxury, it had been (if not the happiest,) a very noble state.

We have described three states; first, udalism; second, the rank feudality of the dark ages; thirdly, the modified feudality which in England, and we may add in Germany, succeeded it. The fourth state remains,—landlordism.

The Revolution of 1641 was a victory of the modified feudalism, animated by religion, over the crown; 1688 was another victory of the aristocracy, after it had lost its religion and honour, over the same crown. Here landlordism begins. Mercenary troops had succeeded militia; arts, commerce, and gold-worship succeeded military virtues and religious passions. Gold in his purse, not vassals at his back, was the desire of the gentleman. The aristocracy began to make head against the initiative udalism, into which freehold and copyhold were naturally rising in times of peace. Commerce, which from the accidents of naval genius—and trade, which from the security of property, and their mechanical turn, the Saxon English were beginning to acquire, did, by giving a vent to the ejected tenants, enable the landlords to succeed. The village was deserted, and the town filled; waged labourers were preferred to stiff-necked tenants; and thus the English yeomen, struggling hard against landlordism, as their fathers did against feudalism, were ultimately overthrown. Farms have become huge manufactories of grain and cattle, for the benefit of the landlord. The people of England have lost all hold of the soil. The bulk of them are artizans in towns. Their agricultural population, which, taking the whole people, ought to be two-

fifths more than the Irish, or taking the produce, ought to be three and a-half the Irish agricultural population, is much less. The few agriculturists of England are not landholders, but depend on daily wages, working for hire on rich men's lands, without the rights or feelings of yeomen.

The English invasion of Ireland began in the twelfth century, when feudalism was at the worst, and towards the close of the sixteenth century, the Pale consisted of parts of five small counties. The rest of Ireland, Keltic and Norman alike, adhered to the old gavelkind of the country; villenage was never known, and primogeniture was regarded as a sin. From the time that Mountjoy defeated Hugh O'Neill, in the beginning of the seventeenth century, the Pale ceased, and England pressed upon all Ireland. Ever since, a constant war was waged against the property, religion, and nationality of Ireland; 2,836,837 acres were confiscated from the Reformation to James the First's death; 7,800,000 acres from thence to the Restoration; and 1,200,000 acres under William the Third. The long wars, which Cromwell's sword and Ormond's treason ended in 1650, were renewed at William the Third's usurpation, and were followed by the penal laws, more vicious and cruel than any war. Thus has it happened, that while the extension of the modern English laws to all Ireland, Catholic as well as Protestant, has substituted the rules of landlordism for those of gavelkind, the events which happened in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, have produced a feudalism closely resembling in its evils that of France under the old regime.*

To complete this sketch, let us return to Germany, the cradle of all these conquerors. For five centuries after Clovis, Germany sent fresh hordes from the right bank of the Rhine, whenever a weak monarch reigned on the left. And when a great king held the French sceptre, he hurled his legions into Germany. Witikind crossed swords with Charlemagne; but the tempestuous genius of that predecessor of Napoleon levelled the Saxons. Such mutual wars, the system of granting immense territories to royal officers, (who in troubled times became independent princes, and rallied under their flags, or reduced to slavery by their lance, the once free inhabitants,) the Hunnish wars,—in short, causes parallel to those which introduced feudalism into France, established it in Germany. There was this difference; Hugh Capet, Philip Augustus, Philip the Fair, and Lewis the Eleventh, manufactured France into one kingdom; but partly from the superior fierceness of the German tribes, partly from the late period at which Germany was

* It is a mistake to search for causes of Ireland's woes, when the facts of her history and state plainly account for them. The origin of the Irish aristocracy is in confiscation. The nature of that aristocracy results from their alienage,—first, of country, then of religion. Their power was founded on conquest; and though penal laws, carrying out what confiscation began, increased their sway during three-fourths of the last century; and though ejectment acts and insurrection have continued their legal sway, yet their real power rests, as it originated, in the force of British regiments, recruited by inconsiderate Irishmen.

separated from France ; from physical circumstances in the country ; from inferior genius, or ambition in its emperors ; and lastly, from the quarrels with Rome, Germany retained the most valuable part of feudalism—the multiplication of small states. The German boor remained a villein, long after villenage was abolished *by law* in France ; but his condition, from causes which we cannot at present examine, was greatly superior to that of the freedman of France, and resembled that of the English yeoman.

Thus have we sketched the progress of feudalism, till modified in Germany and England, rejected by France, rotted away in Italy and Spain, and lastly, imposed in modern times (in the seventeenth century) by war, confiscation, and penal laws, upon that Ireland which had retained its primitive institutions until then.

Scandinavia has never suffered feudality. There the Teutons remained pure. “The Norwegians have been always freemen.”* In the ninth century we find among them the manners which Tacitus found in Germany. They were republican, yet hero-followers. The Vikingr, who dwelt on the Norwegian coasts, had their wooden halls full of free and fierce warriors. The Scandinavians were in absolute possession of the soil. Like their brethren on the banks of the Danube centuries before, they had domestic slaves, the captives of their sword, not hereditary serfs. Under its native chief, each tribe held its own. Each freeman had his land, which on his death was divided among his children ; ’twas his own to use, his children’s to inherit. The conquest of Harold the Fair-haired, in the ninth century, was over the more turbulent of the sea kings, who bore away their manners and freedom to Iceland and Greenland ; but over the nation Harold made no conquest, nor assumed its rights. Nor amid those changes of central government, which alternately gave Norway, Denmark, and Sweden supremacy over the other, were the social institutions of Norway destroyed. Sometimes they were encroached on, as by Christian the Second and Christian the Third of Denmark, in the beginning of the sixteenth century ; sometimes aided, as by the judicial institutions of the late Danish government. And after all, Norway remains almost alone, an unbroken experiment from time immemorial of the original and once universal law of udalism.

“The social order in Ireland is essentially bad, and must be changed from top to bottom” is the emphatic summary of Sismondi,† and every peasant from Antrim to Cork says the same. Every one of every party confesses that something must be done. Everything that benevolence, everything, that atrocity could suggest, has been recommended. But away with this probing, and irritating, and fiddling with Irish grievances. We must deal with the master-grievance. Ireland exists, and her millions toil for an alien aristocracy, her soil sends forth its abundance to

* LAING.—How glorious, how happy a victory !

† *Economie Politique*, p. 273.

give palaces, equipages, wines, women, and dainties to a few thousands; while the people rot upon their native land. What trifling, what madness, what crime, to talk of prosperity from railroads, and poor laws, from manufacturing experiments, and agricultural societies, while the very land, aye, *Ireland itself, belongs not to the people, is not tilled for the people.* Redress this, and your palliatives will be needless, your projects will be realized. Leave this unredressed, and your "prosperity" plans may amuse or annoy the public, may impede or assist one or other of the foreign parties who alternately afflict us, but cannot make the sick nation well. But we pray attention to this, that all the plans, legislative and private, whereby it has been sought of late years to serve Ireland, proceed on this common falsehood, that it is desirable and possible to assimilate Ireland to England. Nay, more; we were said to be in a "transition state," and poor laws and public works were supported as helpers, midwives to the change. The English farms were large, and to make the Irish so being assumed to be desirable, gave rise to the two great plans for making consolidation of farms easy, viz: emigration and extermination. The agricultural societies came in the rere of these.

England's population was chiefly manufacturing; hence the benevolent galvanism which thought to enable the hand-loom of the Liberty to compete (without legislative protection) with the steam engines of Manchester, fed as they are by the richest coal mines on earth, sustained by the accumulated capital and skill of centuries, commanding the markets of the world.

If the condition of the Irish must be changed, there seem but two states at all desirable. One of these is Udalism, which at once meets and conquers our ills. The other is a sort of pious Feudalism, which Mr. Blacker, Mr. Sadlier, and others have imagined. In this vision, the once absentee appears resident in his Irish mansion, superior to the temptations of luxury and power. At present he has neither inclination, nor (minded as he is) inducement to live here. He is of a different creed from the people. Is it possible to change *his* religion or *that of the people*? If not, how can that thorough sympathy arise, without which a good *aristocracy* is impossible? Different sects may dwell kindly together; nay, without different sects, there will neither be religious activity, nor religious freedom; but, without common religious sympathy, the tie of *vassal and lord* is fragile and uneasy. This alone seems an insuperable difficulty. But is not the whole design chimerical? The recollections, blood, and habits of the Irish landlords are utterly alien, they despise the people; the people hate them. Is it not flat nonsense, to represent the absentee recalled to this contentious and uncomfortable *province*, rejecting his religious and political prejudices, giving up London notions and Paris habits, and dealing out justice, economy, and seed oats to his *wondering* tenants, who (safe in their low-rented possessions, by the kindness of their chief) learn from him farming, quiet, loyalty, and Church-of-Englandism. You will easier make bread of our granite mountains, than

reclaim the alien landlords of Ireland. Their own bold resolve is more reasonable, to keep things as they are, and to coerce the people.

Ere we turn to the other alternative, which, hopeless of reclaiming the lords and squires, would cashier them, let us show that all the ordinary proposals which drive at assimilating us to England are worthless.

Now let no man take refuge in the details of his little plans. By the end and object of the "Irish-improvement" people, we must judge them; their emigration, their works, their poor laws, are all meant to be so many precursors of Anglicism. For the present, we deal only with the economical condition of England; though we are even more ready to reject with scorn the notion of assimilating our morals, manners, or passions to those of any other people on the face of God's earth: least of all would we wish to change the faithful, pure, natural, affectionate Irishman into that animal, John Bull.

England's progress for the last two hundred and fifty years has been towards manufactures and large farms, each aiding the other. The village and cottage were deserted from the landlord's oppressions, while the increase of trade, by giving the people support, prevented that agrarian war which is the natural and just consequence of driving the peasantry from the land. Yet statesmen and poets, from Sir Thomas More to Goldsmith, lamented it with sorrowful speeches, and warned England in vain. The vengeance seems not far off. The wrongs of Ireland and India, the wrongs of England herself, have appealed not in vain against the aristocracy; and in this the hour which they think triumphant, they are in peril. This generation shall hear "the howl in their halls, and the cry from their ships." The large farms are maintained, but trade can support no more. Expedients may delay revolution, but they will be expedients giving the aristocracy a foretaste of their doom. The repeal of the Corn Laws will straiten their means, and may enable England to force her goods farther than ever, and support another million of artisans; but once that burst is over, she will have used her last reserve, and the people will fall back on the land, their native property and ultimate resource.

But men still murmur, "assimilate us to England." Is it possible or desirable to do so? How are you to establish large farms? Emigrate, say the quacks. Exterminate, say the squires. To the latter our reply is short, *try it*. "Clearing" has been tried every four or five years for the last century and a-half. It was tried when our population was under three millions; when we were bowed by the memory of unsuccessful war, and weighed down by religious tyranny. "Clearing" was tried then in the hour of our weakness, and it utterly failed; levellers, and hearts of steel, right boys, white boys, terry alts, ribbonmen, rose against the clearers, encountered them, quelled them. It was a desperate internecine war, in which the peasants should slay or be slain. Who shall judge them? Ask Michael Sadlier, the great hearted Tory, whom England sneered into his grave? "If they persist in this course, let them do so, but let it be at their proper peril." Ask Gustave de

Beaumont, who tells you "all your efforts will be sterile." If you seek to "clear," the people will resist. Resistance is the shield against oppression. But you will put down the resistance. Will you? What code more fierce, what army more numerous, what union amongst yourselves more close, will you procure, now than you ever had before? The deliberate and repeated attempts of the English government to destroy your intended victims failed. No, no, give it up; give it up. The day even for *attempts* of the sort is past. The whole world gazes upon your iniquities.* England herself blushes at the horrid services she has done you, and is almost ready to bid you begone, and tempt her not. The consolidation of farms by "clearing" is a subject not for argument but execration,—turn we away from it.

Send them to Australia; let them be shipped to America, says some emigration quack. We are not quite sure whether a cool project for unpeopling a country does not merit reproof without further inquiry. But why emigrate? Is the produce too little for the people? No. We export annually millions worth of food, and this while our country is agitated and miserably farmed. Just read too what Mr. Blacker says:—

"It appears that the county of Armagh contains 212,755 acres, and a population of 220,653 souls, and that the entire kingdom contains 17,190,726 acres, and 7,839,469 souls. Now, in the county of Armagh, by a recent survey, more than *one-seventh* of the surface is taken up by lakes and unprofitable land, and the remainder is, for the greatest part, indifferently cultivated; and yet the peasantry are better clothed, lodged, and fed, than they are in most other counties in Ireland. I cannot therefore be accused of taking away from the comforts of the rest of this kingdom by taking the county of Armagh as a standard; and its proportion of unprofitable surface is not very remote, I believe, from the average of the others. If then, 212,755, the number of acres in Armagh, give a population of 220,653 souls, 17,190,726 acres, the entire contents of the kingdom, ought to give a population of 17,828,888, in place of 7,839,469, the population at present. It therefore appears, that supposing the other parts of Ireland to be as well cultivated as Armagh, it would support two and a-half times the number of its present inhabitants, and be able to export provisions largely beside; for Armagh, notwithstanding its population, exports pork, butter, and grain, in great quantities.

"But before deciding finally upon the population which the kingdom could support, it ought to be examined how far the county of Armagh (the standard taken) has arrived at its full complement; and in regard to this I would say, from a pretty general knowledge of it, that under an improved system of agriculture, and a regular rotation of crops, the produce would be *treble* of what it yields at present; and I

* De Beaumont:—"In this country (Ireland) the poor man ought to preserve his pride: he humbles himself in vain before the rich, who enjoys his degradation without relieving his misery.—v. 1, p. 235. (Paris edition.)

"Its, the aristocracy's falling state, far from being the defence, is the condemnation of it; it is nothing more now for the Irish people but the bloody phantom of a government; and assuredly it will never recover its strength amid the storm of blows which showers on it, when, in a time of unmolested tyranny, it has sunk so low. It is then nothing but an obstacle, which men should hasten to remove."—v. 2, p. 172.

"It would not be enough to destroy the Protestant aristocracy; it is necessary to abolish the principle of aristocracy in Ireland. In the place of this about to be suppressed, no other should be established."—v. 2, p. 179.

think this may be practically proved, if I can show farmers, possessing land of an average quality, who being induced to change their manner of cultivation in the way already described, are now receiving fully *treble* produce from the identical same farm to what it formerly yielded. But supposing it only to yield *double* as much, it would follow that the population of Armagh, if that beneficial change became general, might be doubled also, without in any degree lessening the comforts of the inhabitants, which increase being taken as the basis of the calculation, and applying it to the whole of Ireland, would make it adequate to the support of better than THIRTY-FIVE MILLION OF SOULS."

Under what pretence can it be proposed to transport millions (for a less emigration would effect nothing) from a land which could support four or five times its present population, from a land which exports corn and meat, from a land which contains five and a-half million acres of waste land, as good or better than those fields of Belgium which sustain a population two and a-half times as dense as that of Ireland, from a land which only wants social justice and self-government to give comforts, nay luxuries, to its present inhabitants, and their multiplying descendants, for many an age, from a lovely land, from a dear land, from father-land? No, as long as these truths are known, nobody that has the people's trust will ask them to emigrate; nay, let these truths be forgotten, and the people will still cling to the soil, like the infant to the mother's breast, with the same instinct and the same fidelity.

It has been calculated that it would take seven years of the whole revenues of the Irish landlords to transport two millions of people to the nearest part of Canada. Will the landlords adjourn their existence for seven years to "consolidate" their farms? Knowing that in the end their incomes would be less, (for the density of the population enables them to get high rents,) it would be suicide for the men who only want their rents, to diminish the population. Then has England twenty or thirty millions to spend in transporting the population of Ireland? We fancy not. Again, unless you employed the marine of Europe, it would take a dozen years to effect this emigration; and in the mean time, millions more would be born, for utter poverty in the most prolific of states.

If, then, you can neither exterminate nor exile the people, you must, as you turn them off the lands in the progress to large farms, have profitable employment ready for them in manufactures. And will this accomplish your end? Not at all. As fast as you empty the cabins, they will fill again; or faster perchance, for the unloaded spring rises above its steady height. So long as you leave independent poverty to a people, with the morals and religion of the Irish, they will multiply beyond calculation, so that unless you could suddenly, in the course say of two or three years, remove the impoverished masses, and change the rest into substantial farmers, you would labour in vain.

But how can you realize even your own data? What will you make? Soft goods? Manchester is ready to sell them to all the world at three per cent. profit on her capital, and cannot. Or hardware? Birmingham is canting her stores, and can hardly get bidders. Have you coals? No.

Have you capital to pay wages? Have you capital in machinery? No. Have you the hereditary skill, the shipping, the command of the markets, that England has? No. What have you then? Cheap labour, water power, harbours, and position for trade. All well and good; but are you serious in thinking water power can compete with steam, and naked hands with the overflowing capital of England. Look, you say, to Germany competing with England. But how has Germany been able to do so? Thus:—She had water power and coals in abundance; she had labour as cheap as Ireland, and yet she long failed, and England gorged her markets. How then did she succeed. Come to the point? Thus, sir, thus: she had national government. She did as Ireland did when we had national government. She imposed duties or prohibitions on English goods. She was willing to pay a little dearer to her own manufacturer than to foreigners. The German farmer paid a little more for clothes, and furniture, and utensils; but he was saved twice as much, which he should have given in poor tax. And now comes the German's reward (if manufacturing success be desirable); Germany has trained artisans, great factories, the home market a monopoly, and she therefore begins to undersell England? Why not imitate her? you say. Why not have a national protection against the competition of England? Why not have a national government? Good sir, we may differ about the use of manufactures, but when they give you so decisive a reason for our last cry, we won't quarrel.

Let us pause on these much-desired manufactures, if it be possible to make yeomen ("bonder," as the Norwegians say) of our peasantry. To us much meditating, it seems that if England have nothing to tempt us with but its manufacturing system, 'twere better, trust in God and remain as we are. The equal distribution of comfort, education, and happiness, is the only true wealth of nations. What is it to the English father, with an emaciated body, that Manchester can sell cheap cottons, and Birmingham surpass the fame of Damascus? How gains he, because Lord Buceleuch adds another ten thousand to his acres, and the riches of Lord Westminster shame the treasuries of kings? He is a weaver, or the worker in a dye-house, or an iron-worker, and was so from childhood. He grew up amid such revelations of God, as the crash of stampers and the twirling arms of some bright steel Briareus can give, and among sickly faces and vicious and despairing looks, and he came home when a child to a weaver's home. The field, the hill,* the tree, the corn, the lowing herd, the bleating lamb, the whistling plough boy, the village church, he never knew. But he is a man, and is above circumstances. Partly 'tis so, for heaven is merciful; but what a man! That withered, blotched thing, querulous as a sick noble, or desperately calm, stunned

* The loss of wealth by much of the soil being occupied by mountains is overpaid by the effects of scenery and wild exercise on men, not that the glory is in the mountain, but in the mind which sees God in these revelations of great power.

with noisy mill-work ; filled to the top of his mind with cranks and yarns ; trembling lest fashion, or the change of trade, or the competition of some wretch more desperate than himself, may end his hiring, and drive him to the Poor House. The Poor House ! the *prison for poverty*, with its fancy and impertinent lodge, its elaborate starvation, its imprisonment not merely from the vague public through which he used (with some imitation of cheerfulness) to bustle along, but from the wife and children, who poor and meanness-stricken as they were, were yet the only angels who had entered his tent and sat at meat with him, messengers from heaven reminding him of God.

Oh, no ! oh, no ! ask us not to copy English vice, and darkness, and misery, and impiety ; give us the worst wigwam in Ireland and a dry potato, rather than Anglicize us.

Home Manufactures we ask. Aye, HOME Manufactures, MANUFACTURES MADE AT HOME. Remember that ere the Factory System existed, manufactures were carried on in the farm house. If there were nothing to be said against large farms and large factories, than that for some (disputed) increase of produce and economy, you deprive the farm house of its motives to a useful and wholesome industry, during those seasons when nature interrupts tillage, or in those classes whom sex or age unfits for the field, it were almost enough. But when we add, that for this end, you must sentence the majority of families to an unwholesome, debasing, and unhappy life in factories, enough is said. That frieze, spun in the farm house, of winter nights, and wove by the country weaver, (who is a bit of a farmer too,) is precious in our eyes. This cloth from the mill tells of man and woman, and tender child, all day long, from year's end to year's end, in a factory room, with nothing to ennoble, purify, or comfort them, and liable by the slightest change in the most changeable of things, trade,* to unsolaced pauperism.

Is it or is it not for the good and happiness of the people, that provident yeomen, fed by their own labour, and clothed by that of the women of the farm house, should be changed partly into country labourers for daily wages, without the education, independence, or virtue of yeomen, and partly into the poor, broken-bodied, broken-hearted denizens of a manufacturing town ? But in the names of reason and humanity, why seek to create those large farms, which can only be kept up by such devices as we have mentioned ?

The answer invariably given is, "the produce is greater than from small farms."

* "How frightful nowadays is the position of the father of a family, stripped of all means of existence, whenever a commercial crisis, a change in the direction of labour or in the demand for it, or a stoppage of the work in which he cooperates, comes suddenly to reduce his wages or throw him out of work. How frightful above all, when the progress of industry offers him ten thousand objects of new enjoyments of which education has taught him to know the value, and made necessary, too, which yet his poverty seems about to forbid him for ever."—Morogues, p. 7.

This answer is not true, nor, if it were, would it be sufficient.

Let us enumerate some of the errors in this. It assumes that the produce will be as great from the work of a few on one large farm, as of many on several small ones.

Large farms are, and must be worked by *hired labourers*. Let us contrast them with small ones, worked by the *proprietors*. The hired labourer has a direct interest (his personal comfort) in doing the least work for his wages; or if he work by the job, in doing it in the worst possible (or least troublesome) way. He who works on his own land never idles, never botches. His pride, his comfort, the support of his family throughout the year, depends on the quantity and excellence of his labour. He is up early, and down late. He drives his spade with an eager will, and scans every clod lest it be too big for the growth of *his* corn. How proudly he shows it to his neighbour! with what pains he strives to till according to the received system of his country.

We are not defending rack-rented labour against hired labour, for exactly the same sort of reasons which prevent the latter from being efficient, weigh against the former.

But the principle is more general. The labour is in a great degree proportioned to the worker's interest in its success. A man may dig his friend's field as well as his own, or better, for love is as strong as selfishness; but what sympathy ties him to the interests of a rich employer? Proportionate to the interest in the work, is the work. The effect of taxation in diminishing the eagerness of the labourer, (even where it leaves him a large profit), is just as certain as that, when excessive, it will prevent the land from being cultivated at all, as we often see in the East. All taxes, tithes, and charges, confessedly have this effect. If you are to till and reap, partly for yourself, and partly for men who are not you nor yours, you will not work as if you and yours were alone to be served.

Exactly similar in effect is rent. Why should I toil another hour, (provided I have secured subsistence), when for every dig I give for myself, I give two, or three, or four, for others; how poor shall be my reward for this huge labour?* Thus argues human nature. Ere we pass from this topic, let us notice, that in order to establish any system approaching to the English, in Ireland, you should establish the same relations between the aristocracy and people of Ireland, as exist between the corresponding bodies in England. Whatever may be the vices of the English aristocracy, they are by choice and nature heavens-high above the corresponding class in Ireland. They are English to the back-bone. They are not "aliens in religion or language." They are never the avowed foes of their tenants or labourers,—they do not defame his faith, or insult his priest, or deny his country.

* "We may hope that the day Ireland will have small proprietors, most of her miseries will cease."—De Beaumont, v. 2, p. 198.

The English labourer may have a benevolent and sympathetic employer, rich enough to be liberal; having one creed, one country with him; and if so, his labour will be the heartier, and his lot less irksome therefor, though he can never reach the firm bearing, the independent and brave virtues of the yeoman proprietor. But take the case of the Irish tenant, who pays two-thirds or three-fourths of the produce as his rack-rent, or as Sismondi literally and justly translated it, "rente torturée," torture-rent. Are you an Irish peasant? Then he who is the unsought and monopolizing partner in your industry, is one unconnected with you by blood, hostile to your creed, contemptuous towards your manners and customs, alternately, (nay often, at one and the same time) the traitor and tyrant of your country, insolent to your joys, regardless of your sorrows. Must not this go with you to the field, and return with you to the cabin? Worn and withered is that once rosy girl you wedded, and old in sorrow are her infants; and as you leave your dreary wigwam, to toil little for them, much for the proud alien who made them what they are, what thoughts are in your heart? To us the industry of the Irish is wonderful*—their patience miraculous. If they were not one of the most religious and least sensual people on earth, they would from their circumstances be the most despairing and savage. Toil as they may, they only labour to increase the rent. We repeat, it would madden any other people on earth.

In censuring the English system of wages, we much more condemn the rack-rent system of Ireland. Other things being equal, a system of tenancy is better than one of wages, for it is a step less in the scale of dependence; but a system of wages, under the national aristocracy of England, is better than a system of tenancy under the alien landlords of Ireland.† What then would be a system of wages under this last-

* "Really I am not inclined to think the Irish are an indolent people. I think that as far as spirit (of industry) is concerned, I would look with more confidence to the spirit of the Irish people in maintaining their independence, than perhaps I should look to the population of either England or Scotland."—Alexander Nimmo, Evidence, House of Lords, 1824.

"Before I came to Birmingham, I could not bear the thoughts of an Irishman; now I would sooner have an Irishman than an Englishman for a labourer. An Englishman could not do the work they do. When you push them, they have a willingness to oblige which the Englishman has not; they would die under any thing sooner than be beat. They show as much ingenuity and skill as the same class of English."—Evidence of Mr. J. Holmes: *vide* Lewis on the Irish Poor in England.

† Yet see, on the English system, Cobbett *passim*.

See also a smashing book, in Cobbett's style, called *Colonization and Small Farms*, by Colonel C. J. Napier, at present, we believe, Governor of the Cape of Good Hope.

We copy one passage from it:—

"The poor day labourer, uncertain of work, cannot afford to put his child to school; if in harvest time he saves a few shillings, he puts them by, to support his family in winter: his children idle while the father works, if he *have* work; or help him to poach if he *have not* work; thus they grow up ignorant from necessity, and idle from habit, and perhaps end, if they are males, by becoming thieves; if girls, by becoming prosti-

named body? Something, if possible, worse than we now suffer. The wages system has broken the yeoman heart of England, though worked by her own gentry; what then would it be in Ireland, under an aristocracy so bad as to have reduced a tenantry to the last stage of misery?

Again we ask, is it probable that a man can exercise the same prudence, caution, and economy over two hundred acres, that each small owner can over ten or twenty. In small proprietorships there is the provident eye and ready hand of a master (not above his work) over every few acres.

tutes; and our wise men taunt them with being DEMORALIZED forsooth! Yes, they are "*demoralized*," which will always happen when people starve. Even the law admits starving to be an excuse for theft. Starving makes men eat each other! In short, what will it not make men and women do?

"How different is the life of a small farmer's child! The *farm is a school*, and a noble school too, where he learns industry from HABIT: he grows up honest, because he is not driven to dishonesty by early and biting want; and he is proud and independent because he is honest: it is true, he may not have read the "*Penny Magazine*," and may never know the history of the Grand Chartreuse, or the Vatican, and other most pleasant histories, of deep import, no doubt, to English working men; but, to make up for this misfortune, he will know, *right well*, how to manage a farm. The poor hired labourer sees his half-starved infant steal; he wishes it were otherwise; though he dare not correct it: *who* dares chastise a beloved and starving child? But the small farmer's son, who was guilty of such an action, would tremble in the presence of his indignant family.

"It is now time to examine how farmer Middleman robs his landlord, having, as I think, shewn how he robs the labourer. I have said, and in a little periodical work published by the Labourer's Friend Society, it is proved; by reference to Lichtervelde it is proved; by reference to all and every one that has seen it tried, it has been proved; that spade husbandry, and small farms, give, comparatively, a *greater produce* than large farms; because there is not, as I have before said, any waste of time, of knowledge, of labour, of money, of land, of tools. By the farm being worked by one pair of hands, all these are economized, improved, "*combined*," and the result of this "*distribution*," (as the author of "*England and America*" terms it,) is increased produce.

"Let us take the hired labourer John Clod, to whom Farmer Big pays the lowest wages, and receives naturally the least portion of work that John can give; who, also, wastes time and material by his indifference to the interest of a man who shows no pity for him. It may be, that he daily takes a few potatoes home in his pocket, and so forth; those *who are at their ease* call this *stealing*, but John reconciles it to *his* conscience, (after a hard struggle) by the pinchings of hunger, by some passages of the Bible, and by human nature, which tells him that starvation never *was*, never *will be*, never *ought to be*, and never *can be* borne. Suppose that this same John Clod had twenty acres of *his own*, or of which he has a *good lease*, instead of being a day labourer on Farmer Big's large farm of a thousand acres. Does the said John Clod *now* lose time, or labour, or material, or compromise with his conscience in a struggle with hunger? No—he loses *nothing*, unless, perhaps, sometimes a little sleep, and some deep potations at a public-house; in his eager desire to make the most of his little farm, this desire makes him give up drinking, and urges him to extra exertion, making him rise at four o'clock in the morning, cheerful and full of hope, instead of creeping in sulky discontent to Farmer Big's farm at six. All is *labour* and *thrift*—even his pleasure consists in watching his farm, and in its increase of production—the very dung that falls on the public road he picks up—he watches his cabbages growing—he waters them—

Will a rich man make the same effort, when he can only swell a large fortune by abandoning its enjoyment for hard farming, as a middling man, whose comforts and family hopes are so much on the fate of his little holding?

There are, however, two direct tests of the relative productiveness of large and small farms. One of these is the rent they pay. Now it is certain that lands let to small farmers pay higher rents than the same lands would if let in very large holdings, which can result only from the surplus produce being greater. This is so, even under the rack-rents of Ireland, which tend to put the tenant in the condition of a slave who

he manures them—he weeds them—he digs deep before he plants them—he tries experiments—he studies their health—their nature—their whole progress day by day, nay, hour by hour, from the moment he plants them, till he eats or sells them; he does both with a pride, a pleasure, which he can take in no other man's cabbages; and this pleasure is his reward; it gives him health and content: but he will not do all this for Farmer Big's cabbages, nor can Farmer Big do it himself: they are too numerous, and his general concerns too large—he has to buy his port—his claret—go to the club—hunt—and has a variety of necessary avocations to attend to besides his cabbages. Here then we have *combination* of mind, and of labour, and of experience, concentrated into the small space of twenty acres, by John Clod; while Farmer Big's equal talents and industry are dispersed over a thousand acres, and applied to other matters. “*Oh! but he has four labourers besides,*” says the advocate for great farms. Yes, sir, he has, but he has not *half their exertions*; he has *all* the loss produced by their waste—by their *idleness*—suffers if they are dishonest—has *all* their hate for his low wages—in fine, has none of their *good will*, and as little of their *work* as they can bestow. The result is, that John Clod's cabbages are bigger, and better, and more in quantity, on an equal space of ground than Farmer Big's are; and Clod, and his whole family, apply their knowledge and talents to the cultivation of their own cabbages, instead of applying the same industry to stealing Farmer Big's cabbages to save themselves from starvation! Thus we easily account for Minheer Lichtervelde's assertion, that all improvements made in Belgian farming have been made by small farmers. So I fire off my ponderous MINHEER LICHTERVELDE, the big-bellied Belgian, against my opponent's “*petit Monsieur de Bonald*,” the herring-gutted Frenchman! and Minheer carries weight both physical and moral; for farming is better understood in Belgium than in France, which last country has, however, improved in its knowledge of agriculture since the revolution; that is to say, since it became broken up into *small farms*; but (to leave Belgian and French authorities) no one can deny, that the man with twenty acres will observe the operations of nature more closely, and consequently more accurately, than he who has a thousand, and is obliged to use other men's eyes; that the man of twenty acres will have the assistance of his family, and he will work harder for himself than the labourer hired by the farmer of a thousand acres, whose family do not work at all. “*Oh! but Mr. Coke of Norfolk had large farms, and did wonders.*” Very likely, Sir. Now, let us suppose Mr. Coke of Norfolk was a *polypus*; cut him into as many pieces as his estates could be divided into, of twenty acres each; stick a bit of him upon every small farm of twenty acres, so that each bit should become a perfect “*Coke of Norfolk*” on each farm, and see whether all these *little Cokes* would not do much more with the land than the one *great Coke* did? The fact is, that this gentleman has a talent for farming; and it is Mr. Coke's *personal abilities*, not the *size of his farms*, that produce the wonders.”

See too the work of the Baron de Moroges, on Pauperism, (Paris, 1834,) in which he takes a similar view of the effect of attempting to consolidate the Irish farms, that we have.

labours for another. This contrast is much stronger between large farms and small proprietorships, and facts here afford a second proof that large farms are less productive. The parts of Europe in which cultivation and production are greatest, are Belgium, Holland, Biscay, Piedmont,* all of which are divided into properties so small, as in many instances to deserve the name of gardens rather than farms. Also compare France before the Revolution, with her present state, as consisting of small proprietors.†

Remember too, that the strength and power of England were sustained for centuries by her yeomen, her freeholders and copy holders, who were almost proprietors, when the rest of England was in little more than a state of nature; and again we ask you to admit that small proprietorships are more productive than small farms.

Tenancy (in the motives which it gives for industry in the labourer) is inferior to proprietorship, but superior to large farms worked by hired labour. Yet, mark that the economy of work, and the division of labour, and the use of machinery which may be urged in favour of the present English system, are quite inapplicable in defence of tenancies. For if the peasantry be tenants, their holdings must be small.

We have sufficiently for the present contrasted waged labour and proprietorship; let us follow the contrast between tenancy and proprietorship a little further. The man who has a property for one year rent free will labour his best, but he will not provide for the future productiveness of his land; give it to him for ten years, and mark how cautious he is, with all his eagerness, lest he exhaust the land; how many repairs and little improvements he makes, *until* he comes near the end of the ten years, and then see how he “takes the heart out of the land,” repairs nothing, improves nothing, and tosses it up a wreck; give it to him for twenty years, and you extend his care and improvements over some eighteen of them. Give it to him and his for ever, and then there is no end to his care, and no limit save means to his improvements; not for his own interest, nor his own time only does he work. He is the friend and servant of posterity; his children and his grand-children become so many motives powerfuller than self-interest to make him improve that farm.

In proportion then to the permanence of his holding, will be the caution with which the occupier will use the land, and the energy and care with which he will improve it.

* See exact references on each of these in Alison on Population. Sismondi on the Agriculture of Tuscany; and the Communications on Belgium to the Board of Agriculture, by the Abbé Mann and M. de Poederlé, are amongst the most valuable original authorities.

† See Mr. Henry Bulwer's Monarchy of the Middle Classes. Even Malthus says, “The effect of the revolution in France has been to make every person depend more on himself, and less on others. The labouring classes are therefore become more industrious, more saving, and more prudent in marriage than formerly, and it is quite certain that without these effects the revolution would have done nothing for them.”—Essay on Population, (2d edition) vol. ii. p. 116.

Remember what we shewed before, that a labourer for wages (besides the other ills of his position) is a comparatively wasteful and negligent workman, especially where there is little sympathy between him and his employer. *And further, that in proportion to the interest which a stranger (be he tax gatherer, alien minister, or alien landlord) has in the crop and improvements, the motives for the tenant's industry will lessen.*

Put these together, and they amount to this:—*make a man's interest in his labour—perfect and permanent, and you do the best to ensure his industry and wisdom as a labourer. That is, make him proprietor of the land he tills.*

The influence of the possession of a small estate on the family affections, on hardihood, on morals, on patriotism, are greater still; and the virtue and valour, the faith to God, and faith to country, of the regions of Europe, are found age after age, when hunted from aristocratic empires, to have taken refuge among the small proprietors in small states, in Switzerland, in Lombardy, in Dalecarlia, in Biscay. But these ennobling effects of such a system are undisputed, the economical benefits have been questioned, and therefore we have dwelt most on them.

We have thus far explained our subject—we have followed property till it rose into udalism, and further followed it till it sunk into feudality. We have shown how undesirable and impracticable are the plans for Anglicising us (as if forsooth we had nor nature nor destiny of our own): Less minutely, but enough to justify our conclusions to thoughtful and observing men, we have contrasted the effects of wage-labour on the goodness and riches of man, with the labour of him who tills his own little estate, and we have drawn a singular contrast between tenancy and proprietorship (i.e. feudalism and udalism). Thus much of preface we thought needful, but whether needed or not it has exhausted our space, and we must postpone till next month those facts on Norway, the importance of rightly valuing which, has led us into this long discourse.

(To be concluded in our next.)

THE BRIDE OF CORINTH.

(*"Die Braut von Corinth."*)

FROM THE GERMAN OF GOETHE.

I.

Elate with hope, from Athens came,
 A youth to Corinth fair;
 He came to seek his plighted bride,
 A noble maiden there;
 For years before, the Isthmian sire,
 With all a parent's joy,
 Had pledged his daughter's faith and hand
 To that Athenian boy.

II.

But is he welcome to her friends?
 Alas, he dared not say—
 He was a Heathen unbaptised,
 Christ's ardent followers they.
 And hostile creeds, full well he knew,
 Had severed hearts both leal and true,
 And cast old friendships, not a few,
 Like loathsome weeds away.

III.

The house was locked in stilly sleep,
 Sire, children, slaves, were gone;
 On hospitable cares intent,
 The mother watched alone:
 She led her guest to his bower of rest,
 She served him wine and food,
 Then left the wight, with a kind good night,
 To sleep and solitude.

IV.

But little cared the youth, I trow,
 For food, or wine cup red,
 For sleep was heavy on his brow,
 And he flung him on the bed; [crept
 And still, as he slept, to his bower there
 A stranger guest, I ween, [there,
 And he was aware of a maid that stood
 By the taper's glimmering sheen.

V.

In sooth, she was a thing of light,
 Her feet scarce touched the ground;
 Her wimple and her veil were white,
 And on her brow a circlet bright
 Of black and gold was bound.
 And she raised her veil with hand so fair,
 And she shrieked, when she saw that a
 youth lay there.

VI.

"And am I, in my father's halls,
 "So soon forgot," said she,
 "That guests may go and guests may come
 "Without the leave of me?
 "Oh! had they seen me at this hour,
 "They'd say I sought the stranger's bower
 "Like a wanton free and vain.
 "But while they sleep, unmarked I'll creep
 "To my dreary home again."

VII.

"Stay maiden, stay," exclaims the knight,
 "Come rest awhile with me,
 "See Bacchus' here, and Ceres' cheer,
 "Love comes, fair girl, with thee.
 "Nay, cast that paleness from thy brow;
 "The gods are kind, so let us now
 "Enjoy their bounties free."

VIII.

"Oh! not for me are pleasure's charms;
 "Nay, tempt me not to stay;
 "A mother's vow to heav'n above,
 "From all the joys of life and love,
 "Has driven me far away.
 "By sickness stretched on bed of pain,
 "She vowed, if health returned again,
 "That mine, her eldest daughter's bloom,
 "Should wither in a convent's gloom."

IX.

"The old gods, too, our fathers loved,
 "Are banished from this hall;
 "And now they worship one above,
 "Who, on a cross, to prove his love,
 "Died for his people all.
 "No longer lamb, no longer steer,
 "But human hearts are offered here,
 "Unpitied while they fall."

X.

And ev'ry word that lady speaks,
 She speaks to eager ears;
 And ev'ry tale that lady tells,
 She tells to one that hears [man cried,
 "Oh, my heart has not lied," the young
 "Before me stands the plighted bride,
 "By sacred promise given;

"Be mine, be mine; the solemn oath
"Our fathers swore, will bring us both
"A blessing sure from heaven."

XI.

"Nay, dearest, ask me not to stay,
"I seek my silent cell;
"Go, mate thee 'mong my sisters fair,
"They love thee passing well:
"When circled in thy loved one's arms,
"Then cast a thought on one,
"Whose hopes above, whose hopes below,
"In health or sickness, weal or woe,
"Are fixed on thee alone."

XII.

"No, thou art not to pleasure lost,
"Nor to my fond desires,
"I swear to heav'n by this bright flame,
"Emblem of Hymen's fires:
"Fly with me to my father's home;
"But for this hour at least
"Rest here, and let us celebrate
"Our unexpected feast."

XIII.

"Love tokens of our mutual vows
"Now change we here, my bride;"
And the maiden bright, from her forehead
Her chain of gold untied. [white,
He offered her a goblet fair,
"Nay, not for me such presents rare,
"A ringlet of thy glossy hair
"Is all I ask," she cried.

XIV.

And now came round the witching hour
When parted souls are free, [brow,
There's a warmer glow on that lady's
In her eye is a wilder glee;
And eagerly dips she her pale blue lips
In the sparkling wine-cup red,
But untouched by her are the viands rare,
Untouched is the proffered bread.

XV.

She passed the cup to the love-sick boy,
And deeply that cup he quaffed; [maid,
There was love in the eyes of the silent
There was love in the blood-red draught.
And ever he pressed his pale cold guest,
And ever that guest withdrew,
Till on the couch, with love oppressed,
His weary limbs he threw.

XVI.

The lady sate beside her love,
"I cannot see thee weep;" [sank,
But the youth he shrank, and fainting
For the touch of her hand was chill and
And his flesh began to creep. [dank,
"Oh, the snow is white, and the snow is
cold,
"But colder and whiter's the hand you
hold."

XVII.

He clasps her in his stalwart arms,
Young love new vigour gave, [maid,
"I'll warm thee," he said to the clay cold
"Did'st thou come to me from the grave,
"Did'st thou come to me from the grave?
my love?
"For my sighs are sighs of fire;
"But the icy chill is on thee still,
"While I burn with warm desire."

XVIII.

Oh, their kisses are sweet, as when lovers
Oh, their tears are tears of joy; [meet;
That lady is lost in a heav'n of love,
And so is the love-sick boy;
And in his warm embraces now
Her icy limbs get a warmer glow;
But he feels no pulse responsive start
To the ardent beatings of his heart.

XIX.

Attentive to her household state,
The careful mother wanders late
About her silent home,
When from the stranger's lonely bower
Sounds, little suited to the hour,
Of mirth and transport come:
The honied words of wedded life,
The silv'ry laugh, the playful strife,
Fond names of husband and of wife,
And flattery's mingled hum.

XX.

Still doubtingly beside the door
She stands with list'ning ears,
The oaths of love, the half breathed sigh,
With shame and pain she hears.
Hark! 'twas the morning cock that crew!
"Sweet love, I must be gone,"
Then kiss and kiss—"To morrow night
"I'll meet thee here alone."

XXI.

The mother blushed with angry pride;
 "Among my maidens is one," she cried,
 "So lost to sense of shame,
 "As thus to seek a stranger's bower,
 "A leman light at this lone hour,
 "Nor dread a wanton's fame?"
 She burst the door; the lamp burned bright;
 Blest Mary, does she see aright,
 It is—oh, God—oh harrowing sight,
 It is her own lost child.

XXII.

The youth's bold brow then grew, I trow,
 With fear like a maiden's pale,
 And he strove to hide his trembling bride
 Within her folded veil.
 But gliding from his shelt'ring arms,
 She stood before their sight;
 With giant size and fiery eyes,
 A foul and grisly sprite.

XXIII.

The spectre spoke with a hollow croak,
 "Oh! mother, mother mine,
 "Why envy me this one short hour
 "Of love, and warmth, and wine?
 "Why send me back to the ghostly crowd,
 "Back to despair, and the tomb, and the
 shroud:
 "Enough, your reckless promise gave
 "Your daughter to an early grave."

XXIV.

"I am summoned here, by a law severe,
 "From my sad and narrow bed,
 "I dwell not now the dead among,
 "Though your hymns were sung, and your
 bells were rung,
 "And your priests their masses said.
 "Oh! the blood in my veins was too
 youthful and gay, [clay."
 "To be cooled by water, or prayers, or

XXV.

"This youth and I were, by our sires,
 "Betrothed in Venus' fane,
 "But your wild vow unpitying gave
 "Your daughter to a living grave,
 "And all my hopes were vain.
 "Still were those oaths unheard above,
 "That sold another's peace and love."

XXVI.

"I leave each night my drear abode,
 "To seek my long lost good;
 "To seek my lord with Vampire love,
 "And to drink his heart's best blood.
 "And when he is dead, and in cold grave
 "Still, still, by fate accurst, [laid,
 "Some other youth must be my fere,"
 "And his blood must slake my thirst."

XXVII.

"Fair boy, thy days are fleeting fast,
 "This bed of love shall be thy last;
 "'Twas here love tokens we exchanged,
 "Proofs of our solemn vow;
 "Pledge of my truth a chain I gave,
 "A glossy ringlet thou.
 "Alas those locks so bright and fair,
 "Before to-morrow's sun, shall wear
 "The frost of age's snow."

XXVIII.

"Hear, mother, then, my last request,
 "Build high a funeral pyre, [cell,
 "And bring my corpse from its narrow
 "With the corpse of him I love so well,
 "To the all devouring fire:
 "And when the flames to heav'n ascend,
 "And when our glowing ashes blend,
 "Our spirits, purified and free,
 "Shall join the old Gods' jubilee."

T. M.

Postscript.—An able translation of the above poem, by our respected fellow-citizen, Dr. Anster, appeared in the same volume with his "Faust." That which we now present for the approbation of our readers has, nevertheless, so many merits in style and spirit, that we have not hesitated to publish it; especially as, to quote Dr. Anster's own words on a similar occasion—"we think it not impossible that there may be readers to whom both translations will give pleasure." In the notes to Dr. Anster's volume, page 489 to 491, the curious reader will find some interesting illustrations of this poem, and of another poem of Goethe's, "The God and the Bayadere," translated in our January Number, p. 87.—Ed.

* Fere or Pheer is a word used for husband or wife, by Spenser, Shakspeare, Byron.

THE NATIVE MUSIC OF IRELAND.

ENCOURAGEMENT.

THINGS are beginning *to go a-head*. *Ma bjoð eazla opt; fan zo fól*. We have always said that we relied for good to the country more upon the Provinces than upon the Metropolis. "Metropolis" is a noun substantive, which is but another word for the atrocious imperative mood of the verb, "centralise." Cobbett—no fool—saw this, years upon years ago, when he called London "THE WEN." All the world stares, seeing how, for many centuries, Paris has been draining the rest of *la belle France*, sucking the life blood of the country into its heartless central abyss. Dublin would do as much for Ireland, if its masters could have their wicked will. From the days of the Danes to those of the Conservative Saxons, there has been a struggle to concentrate in it the main springs of the country's motion, and thereby render it a fit engine for accomplishing with ease the purposes of extern domination. There must and ought to be a Capital. But let it keep its proper place. Let not the country towns be drained or desolated to pamper it. There is tendency enough in the *centripetal* force of fashion, foppery, and folly, without adding adventitious advantages. On the contrary, let us rejoice when we see counter vailing forces springing up, which will serve to keep up the circulation, by drawing towards the limbs that share of vital nurture which is essential to the healthful existence of the entire.

There is a town in Ireland, called in Anglican gibberish, "Drogheda." Its name is *Droichead-ata*, i. e. the bridge of the ford. The ford must always have been remarkable, being that nearest the mouth of the river, *Boln*, close to the place where, with the help of the tide, ships of good burthen can come up farthest for the purpose of disembarking. The bridge must have been one of the earliest erected in Ireland, and the key of the communication between the north-east of the island and Dublin. It is a wonder, then, how the name of the place escaped being Saxonised into "Bridgeford." The following paragraph, having met our eye, gave occasion to the above observations :—

"THE IRISH HARP—TEMPERANCE.—A delightful suggestion has been made at a recent festival of the 'Drogheda New Total Abstinence Society,' by its president, the Rev. T. V. Burke, to promote the revival of the Irish Harp, by means of the musical bands established by the temperance societies. He stated that some young men in Drogheda had already succeeded in making a harp, which was considered a well-toned, excellent instrument, and that he expected they would have at least a dozen ready before their next festival. This is an admirable example for other societies. The very effort for such an object is highly honourable to the rev. gentleman and the members of his society, and its success will confer exquisite pleasure and inestimable benefit on the community. The impulse given of late years to the study and collection of Irish music will be thus greatly aided. Bunting has already produced a most valuable selec-

tion of ancient airs, and the *Dublin Monthly Magazine*, (the *Citizen*,) now gives us regularly several admirable airs arranged with great skill and taste. The Rev. Mr. Burke forcibly says, 'they have no use of harps who have not hearts ;' but we trust he will find many a heart go with him in his hopes, and many a hand prompt to aid him.—*Drogheda Paper*."

We cannot avoid printing from the *Drogheda Argus* of the 15th January, the following extract from the address of the reverend president, the whole of which, especially the eloquent appeal to the national feelings of Irishwomen, to join the cause of temperance and the culture of the arts which adorn society, would be well worth reprinting, were the present a convenient opportunity.

"When I see," said he, "our young advocates and musicians, whose proficiency in those liberal arts is the theme of general admiration, and when I reflect upon the past, and measure back the ages and literary privations of our fathers, I feel as if I myself had lived through all their trials and tribulations to triumph in their victories. How powerful the idea! how god-like the sentiment! which brought us triumphantly through six long centuries of poverty, and much woe." The gifted speaker proceeded:

"But one thing is still wanting in our society to perfect our plan of education and recreation combined,—I mean the revival of the Irish harp (hear, hear). The young men who have undertaken this laudable work have already succeeded; and Mr. Frazer has assured us, that the one which they have made will, when strung, be in every respect a well-toned, excellent instrument, and at our next musical festival, we expect to have at least a dozen. We expect, moreover, that as the harp is our national instrument, and as its revival would be alike honourable to all, that every Irishman whose heart is able to rise in unison with its tones, will come freely and generously to our assistance: but even though they should not, we will still advance, and leave them as back ground and shade for the painter. They have no need of harps who have not hearts, and from such we expect nothing. The young advocates who will now address you, have been cared and instructed under Mr. Monaghan and Mr. Low. Mr. M. will previously say a few words on the merits of that cause to which he has in so many ways generously contributed. (The rev. gentleman concluded, amid loud and long continued cheering)."

This is what we call encouragement.

DISCOURAGEMENT.

Oh! ye Printers! High and Mighty—Lords of the Press—Peers of Opinion—Props of the Periodicals! To you we address ourselves.

What about? Why, reader, you must know that it is a rule with printers, and an exceedingly proper rule it is, that they make an extra charge for printing foreign languages in foreign characters, such as Hebrew—Chaldaic—Sanskrit—Arabic—Persian—Greek, and the like. Now only think of a regulation which, in the metropolis of Ireland, includes *Irish* in this rule, as a "*foreign* language." That is a fact literally true—if not logically correct. So much for Metropolitan printers. Now, were we not justified in what we said a moment ago about the Metropolis? But how many other examples could we give? For instance, the Metropolitan Police are the worst in the country—the greatest pack of street and road nuisances that ever were collected together—a crew of tyrannical, tormenting, idle, lazy, scurvy loungers—fellows that, abhorring any honest calling of life, betake themselves to strolling and patrolling—mousing and grousing—day-strutting and night-walking,—vagabonds—disturbing the people, and calling it their

duty—arresting and giving in charge, and imprisoning men all night in station-houses, for singing a song or playing a fiddle, and then getting them bound over, at the cost of half-a-crown for a recognisance, to keep the peace for twelve months to them and the like of them—hardy in oaths—ruffianly and yet cunning in their demeanour—wherein cunning, but in craft? wherein crafty, but in villainy? wherein villains, but in all things? wherein worthy, but in nothing? What, too, is the Metropolitan Conservative Society but the worst behaved registration club in the kingdom? If the metropolis of Ireland were in Mayo or Connemara, could the printers dream of treating Irish as a foreign language? We think not. But though we now must pay extra for printing Irish, we look for better days; and, at all events, this damper shall not extinguish us; for again we find—

ENCOURAGEMENT,

And that in the metropolis itself. A school has been founded in the West End for the cultivation of Irish music, and especially that portion and those capabilities of our native airs to which *The Citizen* and *Dublin Monthly Magazine* have called the public attention. Then—long life to the worthy parishioners and wardsmen of St. James's, Dublin! May their example be followed! Blessings on their work!

DISCOURAGEMENT.

There are nothing but ups and downs in this hapless life. The cheering intelligence which we last communicated we happened to hear, not long since, one day in Grafton-street; and so pleased were we that we turned into Jude's, to take a cup of coffee upon the strength of it. We had scarcely been seated and begun to regale, when (gentle reader, can you imagine our consternation and dismay?) we overheard the following conversation:—

“A. It is a most insidious political ballad.

“B. What do you mean?

“A. What an innocent you are! I suspect you to be one of them! What a simpleton you must take me for, to imagine I could be imposed upon by an affectation of ignorance.

“B. Good heavens! Is there to be an *ex officio*—a prosecution—information—indictment—what is it to be? I assure you, I have nothing to say to the fellows—but I feel the perspiration rolling down my forehead at the bare mention of the things you say. It is impossible to see you without thinking of the Attorney-General; and I should be sorry to incur even your suspicions. But I assure you I saw no harm in the thing.

“A. Well, positively, that bangs Banagher, as the saying is. So you affect to think there is no covert meaning in the version of “Irish Molly O!” Tut! It is incredible. The thing is so obvious. It is all of a piece with the doctrine of “Irishmen for Irish offices.” First of all, there is the Irish Office itself represented by Irish Molly—so enticing to a poor fellow from t’other side of the channel. Then, there is Molly’s father representing the national feeling of true Irishmen. Then, to put the matter beyond all doubt, you call the Scotch youth who comes to look after Molly “a foreigner.” Now this might have been done with impunity during the late “feeble and

vacillating administration" who dared not to prosecute the press. But I beg to assure you that the present "firm and united government" have no such qualms. Had there been, whilst the former held office, lampoons upon them, or upon any of them, from plain Jock Campbell down to the dressy Under-Secretary, the thing should have been passed over. But now we have a new order of things. Here is a weak attempt, by making the stranger a Scotchman, and by the name given to him, to make it appear that the appointees of *the late* ministers are the persons aimed at. But the evil lies deeper, and so does the libel. It is a plain stroke at the root of all British connection, and as such it shall be met and put down, *and the law shall be vindicated.*"

So saying, the gentleman rose, put on his hat, and hastily wished his companion a good morning. You may guess how *we* felt upon the occasion. We remained for some time pondering upon this extraordinary dialogue, and meditating on what was to be done. At first, we thought of publishing a disclaimer of any political meaning in the ballad; but, on mature deliberation, we determined to give merely the above simple statement of the facts, which we hope will not prejudice us in the minds of any fair-judging persons; and we can only say in conclusion, that as the important services of the gentlemen, who have been thus brought into question, have been so little appreciated by Irishmen, we trust that such of them as have already left us will show their sense of this ingratitude by never again honouring this country with their presence in any official capacity: and that such of them as still linger here will be induced to take the earliest opportunity of following their predecessors, and imitating the wholesome example.

ENCOURAGEMENT.

A fortnight has elapsed since the above dialogue took place, and as yet there has been no prosecution for the ballad!

MORE ENCOURAGEMENT.

The *Citizen* has made its way to America, and has been welcomed gloriously. In the *Boston Pilot*, of the 25th of September last, we find not only the words of the songs, but the *entire* text in the musical department of the magazine, relating to Nos. 1, 2 and 3, of the Music for 1841. This hearty response from our brethren beyond the Atlantic wave, comes to us with all the freshness of the sea breeze which wafts it over. We foreknew—well—the rottenness of rascals and bigots in this country, who would rather that we never had been; but we knew also, that we should find many to sympathise with our efforts; and we were not false prophets, when we said—in raising once more the voice of the songs of *Éiríón*—

"Yet whatsoe'er our fate may be, *though oceans roll between,*
Her faithful sons will ever sing, 'The wearing of the Green.'"

When we find our labours thus hailed, how strongly do we feel the reason for the hope that was in us, when we exclaimed, in the same fine anthem:—

"And brighter days must surely come than those that we have seen,
When Erin's sons may boldly sing, 'The wearing of the Green.'"

No. VII.

This air was supplied to us by a fair correspondent in Munster, to whom we have had on other occasions, also, to render our acknowledgments. It was got from an old woman at Castlemartyr, in the county of Cork—Curran's native soil. When a girl she had heard it from her grandfather. We have not found it in any published collection. The following are the old words of the tune:—

OLD WORDS OF
THE POOR MAN'S LABOUR'S NEVER DONE.

I.

I married a wife for to sit by me, which makes me sorely to repent ;
Matches, they say, are made in heaven, but mine was for a penance sent.
I soon became a servant to her, to milk her cows and black her shoes,
For woman's ways, they must have pleasure, and the poor man's labour's never done.

II.

The very first year that we were married, she gave to me a pretty babe ;
She sat me down to rock its cradle, and give it cordial when it waked ;
If it cried, she would bitterly scold me, and if it bawled I should run away,
For woman's ways, they must have pleasure, and the poor man's labour's never done.

III.

So all ye young men that are inclined to marry, be sure and marry a loving wife,
And do not marry my wife's sister, or she will plague you all your life ;
Do not marry her mother's daughter, or she will grieve your heart full sore,
Take from me my wife, and welcome—and then my care and trouble is o'er.

We now subjoin Curran's words, which are to be found in his *Life*, edited by his Son. It is evident that he wrote them for the same air ; to which they are even better adapted than the traditional words ; and we have arranged them to it accordingly.

“THE POOR MAN'S LABOUR'S NEVER DONE.”

I.

My mother wept, the stream of pain
Flowed fast and chilly o'er her brow ;
My father prayed, nor prayed in vain ;
Sweet Mercy, cast a glance below.
“My husband dear,” the sufferer cried,
“My pains are o'er, behold thy son.”
“Thank heaven, sweet partner,” he replied,
“The poor boy's labour's then begun.”

II.

Alas ! the hapless life she gave,
By fate was doomed to cost her own ;
Soon, soon, she found an early grave,
Nor stayed her partner long alone.
They left their orphan here below,
A stranger wild beneath the sun ;
This lesson sad to learn from woe,
The poor man's labour's never done.

III.

No parent's hand, with pious care,
My childhood's devious steps to guide ;
Or bid my venturous youth beware
The griefs that smote on ev'ry side.
'Twas still a round of changing woe,
Woe never ending, still begun,
That taught my bleeding heart to know,
The poor man's labour's never done.

IV.

Soon dies the faltering voice of fame ;
The vow of love's too warm to last ;
And friendship ! what a faithless dream ;
And wealth ! how soon thy glare is past.
Yet still one hope remains to save,
The longest course must once be run ;
And, in the shelter of the grave,
The poor man's labour must done.

This air is remarkable for the omission of the *seventh* of the scale. The *fourth* is not only present, but emphatic—the *sixth* very little so. It is, still, remarkably Irish, and we should deem it an ancient air.

No. VIII.

This lovely composition has come to our hands from a member of a gifted family, indigenous in our city, who are not less capable than anxious justly to appreciate the merits of our native airs, while the highest ranges of classic music are within the scope of their daily contemplation and practice. We have had before (*The Citizen*, vol. iv. p. 260) to return our acknowledgments to Mr. James Barton, for his aid. It is to his accomplished brother, Mr. John Barton, that we are indebted for the air which we now present to our readers. Mr. Barton is the author of many well-known and favourite songs, prefixed to one of which he has preserved a beautiful recollection of a wild Irish cry, under the name of "The Irish Mother's Lament."

The present air itself was brought out separately by Mr. Barton, many years ago, under a feigned name, and was published by our national-hearted countryman, Tom Cooke; not then, as now unhappily, like too many of the best of the sons of our beloved *Ærinn*, expatriated from the land of his birth. We have not been able to get a copy. Another edition of it, we apprehend by Blewitt, but we fear very spurious, has more recently been published in London. We believe it has not been included in any published collection.

We need scarcely add that we alone are responsible for the accompaniment which now appears.

The following are the words to which Mr. Barton brought out the air:—

OLD WORDS OF

"MY CONNOR," or "THE DEAR IRISH BOY."

My Connor—his cheeks are as ruddy as the morning;
The brightest of pearls don't mimic his teeth,
While nature with ringlets his mild brows adorning,
His hair Cupid's bow strings, and roses his breath.
Smiling, beguiling, cheering, endearing,
Together oft over the mountains we've strayed,
By each other delighted, and fondly united,
I have listened all day to my dear Irish Boy.

No roe-buck more swift could fly over the mountain;
No veteran bolder meet danger or scars;
He's sightly—he's sprightly—he's clear as the fountain;
His eyes sparkle love—oh! he's gone to the wars.
Smiling, &c.

The soft tuneful lark, his notes changed to mourning
The dark screaming owl impedes my night's sleep;
While seeking lone walks in the shade of the evening,
'Till my Connor's return, I will ne'er cease to weep.
Smiling, &c.

The war being over and he not returned,
I fear that some dark envious plot has been laid,
Or that some cruel goddess has him captivated,
And left here to mourn his dear Irish maid.
Smiling, beguiling, cheering, endearing,
Together oft over the mountain we've strayed,
By each other delighted, and fondly united,
I have listened all day to my dear Irish Boy.

We have arranged the same air to other words, which we have obtained from the scrap-book of a fair correspondent in the South ; with very slight change, or rather a little omission. We do not know that the stanzas which we now subjoin were written for the air ; but they most happily adapt themselves to it ; and indeed suit it with a co-incidence not a little to be marvelled at. The last four lines of each stanza have been added, however, to the original, to make it conformable to the old words as given above :—

" MY CONNOR."

Oh ! weary's on money,—and weary's on wealth,
And sure we don't want them while we have our health.
'Twas they tempted Connor over the sea,
And I lost my lover, my *Lurle mo c'roide*.
Smiling—beguiling—cheering—endearing—
Oh ! dearly I lov'd him, and he lov'd me.
By each other delighted—and fondly united—
My heart's in the grave with my *Lurle mo c'roide*.

My Connor was handsome, good-humoured, and tall ;
At hurling and dancing the best of them all.
But when he came courting beneath our old tree,
His voice was like music—my *Lurle mo c'roide*.
Smiling, &c.

So true was his heart and so artless his mind,
He could not think ill of the worst of mankind.
He went bail for his cousin who ran beyond sea,
And all his debts fell on my *Lurle mo c'roide*.
Smiling, &c.

Yet still I told Connor that I'd be his bride,—
In sorrow or death ne'er to stir from his side.
He said he could ne'er bring misfortune on me ;
But sure I'd be rich with my *Lurle mo c'roide*.
Smiling, &c.

The morning he left us I ne'er will forget ;
Not an eye in our village but was with tears wet.
Don't cry any more *mo mhurghy*, said he,
For I will return to my *Lurle mo c'roide*.
Smiling, &c.

Sad as I felt then, hope mixed with my care.
Alas ! I have nothing left now but despair.
His ship—it went down in the midst of the sea,
And its wild waves roll over my *Lurle mo c'roide*.
Smiling—beguiling—cheering—endearing—
Oh ! dearly I lov'd him, and he loved me.
By each other delighted—and fondly united—
My heart's in the grave with my *Lurle mo c'roide*.

No. IX.

Jigg *Ṗallcóg* is a first-rate favourite bouncing jig,—as far as we know at present, never yet inserted in any published collection. It is so generally known and played, not only by every piper and fiddler in the country, but by every gentle performer on the piano-forte in town who loves our most characteristic national dance, that we expect immediately to hear the critic cry of “*Awh! 'eally—rayther too well-known to requiaw res-publication!!!*” So we beg to ask, by anticipation—“*Pray—published wheaw?*”

The first moiety of what we give, is the tune—exactly—as Paddy Coneely *begins* it, when he is going to set the boys and girls in Galway by the heels. You will understand us when we say, “*begins;*” for, of course, you know how a genuine Irish piper will play a jig or a reel—over and over again—a thousand times of a night—and yet, at every new repeat, introduce some variety in his mode of playing, whether by the chantor, or regulators, or drone, or by some trick or whim of the moment. We have helped the thing out in our edition, by adding, as the latter half of our setting, an excellent notation of the tune, which has also come to us from the West, and of which we have long been in possession, it having been imported in the last century from the kingdom of *Loñact* on the violin of the venerated friend, now no more, from whom we received it. The jiggs in 9-8 time,—as this is,—are, we opine, the most ancient, as well as in general the most effective. We have marked a certain rate of velocity for it, (to speak dynamics, as it were); but we are not to be supposed to do so, as fixing the *limit* to the rapidity with which our friend Paddy, or any other genuine Irish Piper would give it, when he is in the full fling and kinck of his playing up the wedding dance about half-past two in the morning.

The correct and copious O'Reilly gives in his dictionary “*Ṗallcóg*, s. f. a thump, a blow.” You may imagine from this with what rebounding motions and resounding noises the scene is distinguished, when the animated dancers pursue the sport with all its legitimate and classical accompaniments.

The poor Man's Labour's never done.

Musical's Metron. $\text{♩} = 94$ Moderate.

7.

Voice.



- p* 1. My mo - ther wept, the stream of pain Flow'd fast and chill - ly
 2. A - las! the hap - less life she gave, By fate was doom'd to
 3. No pa - rent's hand, with pi - ous care, My child-hood's de - vils
 4. Soon did the fair - ing voice of fame; The voice of love's too

Piano-Forte.



heav'n, sweet part-ner," he re-plied, The poor boy's la - hours then be - gun,
 let - us and so learn from see, The poor man's la - bour's ne - ver done,
 taught my bleed-ing heart to know, The poor man's la - bour's ne - ver done,
 in the shel - ter of the grace, The poor man's la - bour must be done.



"The wild Irish Boy," or "My Connor."

8.

Machet's Metron. $\text{♩} = 80$.

Andante.

Voice.



1. Oh! wea - ry's on mo - ney, and wea - ry's on 'wealth! And
2. My Con - nor was hand - some, good - hu - mour'd and tall, At
3. So true was his heart, and so art - less his mind, He
4. Yet still I told Con - nor that I'd be his bride, In
5. The morn - ing he left us I'll ne - ver for - get, Not an
6. Oh! and as I fell, then hope mis'd with my care; A-

Piano-Forte.



ff *>* *p* *ff*

Sai - ling, Be - guil - - ing, Cheer - ing, Ea - dear - ing, Oh!

ff *pp*

Finis

ff *pp*

9. Zigg Faltöz,

Maessel's Metron. J. = 168.

With great spirit,

9.

Piano-Forte.



THE
DUBLIN
MONTHLY MAGAZINE

APRIL, 1842.

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DUBLIN:
SAMUEL J. MACHEN, 8, D'OLIER-STREET.

MDCCCXLII.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

All communications for the EDITOR of the DUBLIN MONTHLY MAGAZINE must be addressed to the care of Mr. MACHEN, 8, D'OLIER-STREET.

Advertisements and Books for Review to be forwarded to the same.

We cannot undertake to return *short pieces*, either prose or poetry.

Contributions intended for insertion in the succeeding number must be forwarded on or before the *first Saturday* in the month.

We have every disposition to gratify our poetical correspondents, some of whom write to us in a most despairing strain; but unless they can persuade our publisher to undertake a journal for their especial use, we see little hope for them. It is entirely out of our power to insert in our Magazine one-tenth of the compositions whose merits would sufficiently entitle them to such a distinction. This statement will, we trust, retrieve our character with our despairing friends, and induce them to mitigate that sentence of "insensibility, bad taste, &c.," which, murmured inaudibly though it be, has occasionally reached our ears.

We are much obliged to those friends and others, who have sent us various works for review. We had intended to give Monthly Critical Notices; but we find they would encroach too much on the space allotted to more valuable objects. Works of importance we shall always be happy to receive; and we intend to give separate reviews of such as may appear likely to interest our readers.

ERRATA IN THE NUMBER FOR MARCH.

Page 225, note, for "*victory*" read "*history*."

—— 230, line 22, for "*our*" read "*your*."

—— 237, line 26, for "*singular*" read "*similar*."

MAJOR SIRR AND HIS SERVICES.

"From being a town major, a name scarcely legible in the list of public incumbences, he (Sirr) became at once invested with all the real powers of the most absolute authority. The life and the liberty of every man seemed to be given up to his disposal."—CURRAN'S *Speech in Hevey v. Sirr*.

AMONGST the many persons who left this world for another state during the past year, there was one whose name has been long associated with the saddest and bitterest recollections of the citizens of Dublin. He was the survivor of a band of men, who were used as the unrelenting instruments of vengeance, by the government in the year 1798. HENRY CHARLES SIRR died in the past year, 1841, at a protracted stage of existence. Although the good that men do in this world may sometimes happen to be "interred with their bones," yet we hold it to be the imperative duty of those who survive, to see that the evil that others work in their times, shall not share in the same oblivion, but be made "to live after them" in example to posterity; and thus it is that the services of Sirr require to be recorded in the annals of the country. In fulfilling this duty, we are aware that the mention of his name alone, conjures recollections of the most painful nature, and brings many back to times of sorrow and of public and domestic mourning; but the people who lived in those times, and who are yet amongst us, will in a few years have passed away, and another generation now surrounds us, who can bear to listen to the detail without experiencing similar pain from the retrospect. Indeed, if a veil were to be drawn over the disasters that follow an unsuccessful effort at a political revolution, although it might spare the feelings of those who were participators in them, yet, at the same time, it would serve to reward the odious instruments of power on the one side, and the despicable traitor on the other, with a partial oblivion for their revolting services.

As we are not tracing the career of a great or a good man, it is not our duty to refer to his parentage, or to recount the incidents of his earlier life; such matters are interesting only in the memoirs of those whose talents or amiabilities have been beneficial to mankind; they would be out of place in the history of Henry Charles Sirr. It is sufficient for the purpose of this sketch to say, that before he entered upon his duties as a state instrument, Mr. Sirr was a member of the Dublin corporation, and traded as a wine merchant in French-street, in this city. About the year 1796, however, he abandoned his trade, and under the auspices of Major Sandys, brigade major of the garrison, and brother-in-law of Mr. Cooke, then secretary to the Lord Lieutenant, either by purchase or preferment, he obtained the office of deputy town major. It is not possible at this time to define the exact nature of this office, or its duties, unless we estimate them by the manner in which he

subsequently performed them; and from this criterion we should say, that the terms under which this man was employed were not of the ordinary kind, as between the state and one of its servants; and that while his employers required from him the performance of services that necessarily compromised his humanity, they in return guaranteed to him both impunity and reward.

Thus, in the year 1796, Sirr was taken from the wine vault, to act as an instrument of the state in Dublin Castle, and sent upon his mission with the injunction—

“————— Be bloody, bold,

“ And resolute; laugh to scorn the powers of man.”

With what fidelity he obeyed the spirit of his instructions, the events we have to narrate will fully establish.

In the times to which we are now referring, there was no regular police establishment in Dublin. A few corporation magistrates governed the city with the aid of the garrison; the major of brigade was the intermediate agent between the civil and military powers, and the deputy town major was an appendancy to the office of brigade major.

Sirr had not been long in office, when an opportunity occurred to test his efficiency and fidelity to his employers. The “Press” newspaper, edited by Arthur O’Connor, had been established in the year 1797, for the advocacy of the views of the United Irishmen, and several articles reflecting upon the arbitrary measures of the government, roused its vigilance and hostility against the paper. A stricture upon the trial of Orr, and the inhuman conduct of the executive in enforcing his execution under the circumstances, soon afforded an opportunity for a state prosecution, and in the month of December, 1797, Mr. Peter Finnerty, the nominal proprietor of the “Press,” was found guilty of a seditious libel, and sentenced to the pillory and imprisonment. The “Press” continued to be published, however, until the month of February, 1798, under the avowed responsibility of Arthur O’Connor, and still provoked the hostility of government; when, dispensing with such powers as the law afforded for the suppression of an obnoxious journal, the rulers of the state issued their mandate to Major Sirr, who forthwith proceeded with a sufficient force to the office of the paper in Mountrath-street, seized and carried away all the printing materials and papers belonging to the establishment, and deposited them within the walls of Dublin Castle! Lord Edward Fitzgerald, and some other friends of the journal, were in the house at the time when this gross outrage was perpetrated; such a spectacle was likely to have a serious influence upon the minds of the spectators, by affording, as it did, the fullest evidence of the despicable tyranny of that government whereof they were then contemplating the overthrow.

The impunity for such acts, which Sirr derived from the favour and protection of the government, did not, however, embolden him so far as

to make him fearless of the consequences of thus outstepping the duties of his office. He appeared as a witness at the trial of Finnerty, to prove admissions made by the accused at the time of his arrest, of his being the proprietor of the "Press." The counsel for the prisoner proceeded to cross-examine the witness upon the fact of his seizing a large portion of the publication on that occasion, but Sirr declined to answer, upon the ground that the reply might criminate himself. Imboldened by the impunity thus extended to him, for his first outrage upon the property of the journalist, he completed the total destruction of the establishment in executing the object of his second visit, after the condemnation of the proprietor.

The services of Sandys and his companion Sirr, were not confined alone to the detection and apprehension of those who were charged as being implicated in the then pending conspiracy. To their especial discretion was also entrusted the procuration and maintenance of that species of evidence, which it was necessary to produce for the conviction of those who were accused of treasonable acts. In this pursuit they were greatly aided by the law ; for, under the statute regulating prosecutions for high treason, it was held that the evidence of a single witness was sufficient to sustain the proof of an overt act of treason in Ireland, although, according to the statute law in England, two witnesses were expressly required to procure a conviction there. Thus, by a designed omission of the clause in the Irish act, the informer's tale was disencumbered of that check which even a brother perjurer's story might afford from the absence of sufficient corroboration. The notorious JEMMY O'BRIEN was a pupil and confidential minion of Sirr, and a person in every way deserving of some notice in the memoir of his patron and protector.

O'BRIEN was a native of Stradbally, in the Queen's County, and having early in life lost his character amongst his rustic neighbours, he subsequently came to Dublin, and for a few years found employment in the gardens of Mr. La Touche at Marley. Being of an idle and vicious nature, he afterwards enlisted in the service of some excise officer, and first commenced his career as an informer and impostor, by prying into the conduct of the publicans in the neighbourhood of Dublin, for breaches of the revenue regulations ; and between the rewards he received from his employers, and the bribes he extorted from the publicans whom he intimidated, he contrived to supply his pockets with money for some time. The political organization which was in progress amongst the people of Dublin in the early part of the year 1797, afforded however a more lucrative employment for the spy and informer, than the pursuits in which he had been theretofore engaged. In the month of April, 1797, O'Brien informed a magistrate of the Queen's County, named Higgins, who was then in Dublin, that he knew all the circumstances connected with the organization of the Union then going on amongst the people ; and that he had been forced to take the oath of the society contrary to

his inclination. Higgins immediately communicated the intelligence to Lord Portarlington, who afterwards introduced O'Brien to Mr. Secretary Cooke, and some members of the government, in the chamber of the Speaker of the House of Commons. Having heard the story from O'Brien, it was finally arranged between him and his new friends, in order to ensure the fulfilment of their projects, that O'Brien should enlist in one of the dragoon regiments, then quartered in Dublin, and still continue to attend the meetings of the society for the acquisition of further intelligence. What object was to be attained by enrolling this man in the ranks of a dragoon regiment, it would be difficult to conjecture, unless, perhaps, that having engaged him as a spy and informer to go into the city, the advisers of the government thought they might likewise avail themselves of his services within the walls of the barracks, where it was suspected that sedition was also making its way amongst the military bands; but from whatever motive the plan proceeded, the Attorney-General openly avowed the arrangement thus agreed upon during the course of the trials that subsequently occurred. O'Brien acting under the guidance of his employers, continued to communicate with them, and, according to his own testimony, was actually appointed secretary to a branch of the confederacy during this period; and in the month of May, 1797, a considerable number of men assembled in a public house in Meath-street, were apprehended by Major Sirr and a military party, and upon O'Brien's information, were subsequently indicted for high treason. The trial of the persons thus apprehended did not take place until the month of January, 1798, and during that interval O'Brien continued on active service for the state; but his first appearance in a court of justice, as a witness, put an end to his utility in that character, by the exposure of his infamous life, and the enormity of the perjuries he dared to practice on the occasion.

The first victim selected for his testimony was a person named Patrick Finny. The informer's tale was well connected and artfully told; being uncontradicted, a conviction upon an indictment for high treason must have followed; but the accused was ably defended, and by the united effect of a masterly cross examination of the informer himself, and the testimony of several respectable witnesses, O'Brien's evidence was discredited, and Finny was acquitted. The lives of a crowd of men depended upon the result of this first trial; and the crown prosecutors finding their chief evidence thus branded with perjury in the outset, were obliged to abandon the prosecution of all the other persons who had been apprehended upon his information, and they were consequently discharged, upon the motion of the Attorney-General, at the termination of the commission.

The stop thus put to O'Brien's murderous career, was chiefly owing to the skill and advocacy of CUMMANS, who defended Finny. His address to the court contains some of the finest specimens of eloquence that ever he delivered. The witness having stated that he knew of ten thousand

men being leagued in treasonable conspiracy within the city of Dublin, Mr. Curran, in commenting on that allegation, said,—“Are you prepared when O’Brien shall come forward against ten thousand of your fellow-citizens, to assist him in digging the graves which he has destined to receive them, one by one? No! could your hearts yield for a moment to the suggestion, your own reflections would vindicate the justice of God, and the insulted character of man; you would fly from the secrets of your chamber, and take refuge in the multitude from these ‘compunctious visitings,’ which meaner men would not look on without horror. Do not think I am speaking disrespectfully of you when I say, that while an O’Brien may be found, it may be the lot of the proudest among you to be in the dock instead of the jury box. How then, on such an occasion, would any of you feel if such evidence as has been heard this day were adduced against you? The application affects you—you shrink from the imaginary situation;—remember then the great mandate of your religion—‘do unto all men as you would they should do unto you.’ Why do you condescend to listen to me with such attention? Why are you so anxious, if even from me any thing should fall tending to enlighten you on the present awful occasion? Is it because, bound by the sacred obligations of an oath, your heart will not allow you to forfeit it? Have you any doubt that it is the object of O’Brien to take down the prisoner for the reward that follows? Have you not seen with what more than instinctive keenness this bloodhound has pursued his victim? how he has kept him in view from place to place, until he hunts him through the avenues of the court, to where the unhappy man stands now, hopeless of all succour but that which your verdict shall afford. I have heard of assassinations by sword, by pistol, and by dagger, but here is a wretch who would dip the evangelists in blood. If he thinks he has not sworn his victim to death, he is ready to swear without mercy and without end: but oh! do not, I conjure you, suffer him to take an oath: the hand of the murderer should not pollute the purity of the gospel, or if he will swear, let it be by the knife, the proper symbol of his profession.”

No longer daring to use him as a witness in the courts of justice, O’Brien was still retained by the authorities, and kept on duty within the corridors of the Castle; where, under the guidance and protection of Majors Sandys and Sirr, he rendered such services as his peculiar character and abilities afforded. Many persons are still living who have seen Major Sirr, accompanied by O’Brien and a band of companion instruments, passing through the public thoroughfares in quest of victims; and their descriptions still vividly depict the horror and apprehension with which he and they were regarded, and unfold many acts of the brutal and audacious spirit in which their missions were performed. A gentleman of distinction in our city, lately described to the writer a scene which he beheld in the open day, during the period to which we are now alluding. He said that he remembered upon one

particular occasion, having seen Major Sirr come out of the lower Castle gate, accompanied by O'Brien and a few others, and then proceed along Dame-street. That a gentleman of a distinguished mien, and evidently a stranger, attracted by the singular appearance of the party, stopped, and with an indication of surprise regarded them as they went by him. The manner of the stranger attracted the notice of O'Brien, who, darting from his place in the group, prostrated the gentleman upon the pavement with a well-directed blow. Major Sirr hearing the noise, turned round, and seizing O'Brien, thrust him back to his place again, and then proceeded onward without further noticing the audacity of his subordinate. The crowd gathered about the indignant gentleman, and raised him from the ground: he spoke of the laws, and said something of redress, but his silent auditors only shook their heads and passed away.

While Sandys and Sirr were thus employed against the political adversaries of the government, under its authority and for its rewards, they were not neglectful of the opportunities which their avocations afforded for the acquisition of property, by the plunder of those whose homes were open to their scrutiny. Under the authority with which they were invested, they ransacked the houses of the most respectable citizens in search of men; but plate, jewels, pictures, and other portable property were openly appropriated by these functionaries to their own use and advantage.

The case of John Hevey affords an instance from which a general idea may be formed, of the extent of the atrocities which Sirr and Sandys perpetrated, upon the persons and properties of those who came within the reach of their power. In the early part of 1798, a man named Maguire was prosecuted for some offence against the state, and Mr. Hevey, then an opulent brewer, happened to be present at his trial. He saw a man enter the witness-box as a witness for the prosecution, whose character he knew to be infamous; and having stated some facts to the counsel of the accused, he was called as a witness, and proved to the satisfaction of the court, that the informer was not worthy of belief, and the prisoner was accordingly acquitted. A few days after the trial, Hevey met Sirr in the street, when the latter confronted him by demanding how he (Hevey) dared to interfere in his business, and swore by G— that he would teach him how to meddle with "his people." On the following day Hevey was way-laid, captured, and conveyed to the Provost's prison, in the precincts of Dublin Castle, of which Major Sandys was the keeper. In the oblivion of that abode he remained for seven weeks; at length Sandys visited him, saying, "I have seen you ride a smart sort of mare, you can't use her here, you had better give me an order for her." Hevey gladly acquiesced in the proposal, as it afforded him the means of communicating with his family, who were ignorant of his place of captivity, and he gave the desired order for the mare. In a few days after, Hevey was brought before a court martial, and sentenced to death! The minutes of the evidence, however, came

before Lord Cornwallis, who, shocked by the foulness of the prosecution, and the barbarity of the sentence, instantly annulled the finding of the court, and ordered the prisoner to be liberated. Hevey subsequently brought an action against Sandys for the recovery of his mare, and the latter not daring to appear in court, restored the mare, and paid the costs incurred by its owner.

While the superintendence of the state prison was confided to the especial care of Sandys, the out business was undertaken by Sirr, assisted by his mysterious and irresponsible band; and with the exception of the capture of the chiefs of the Union at Bond's house, Sirr was present at the apprehension of almost all the other persons who fell into the hands of the government at that period. The large reward offered by the government for the capture of Lord Edward Fitzgerald, excited the zeal of Sirr to such a degree, as to induce him to make great exertions to accomplish the desires of his employers; and on one occasion he had very nearly fallen by the hand of one of that young nobleman's faithful adherents: the circumstance is thus related in Moore's life of Lord Edward Fitzgerald:—‘It was thought advisable, as a means of baffling pursuit, that he (Lord Edward) should not remain more than a night or two in any one place; and, among other retreats contemplated for him, application had been made, near a week before, to his former host, Murphy, who consented willingly to receive him. Immediately after, however, appeared the proclamation, offering a reward for his apprehension, which so much alarmed Murphy, who was a person not of very strong mind or nerves, that he repented of his offer, and would most gladly have retracted it, had he but known how to communicate with the persons to whom he had pledged himself.

‘On the 17th, Ascension Thursday, he had been led to expect his noble guest would be with him; but owing most probably to the circumstance I am about to mention, his lordship did not then make his appearance. On the very morning of that day, the active Town-Major Sirr had received information that a party of persons, supposed to be Lord Edward Fitzgerald's body-guard, would be on their way from Thomas-street to Usher's Island at a certain hour that night. Accordingly, taking with him a sufficient number of assistants for his purpose, and accompanied also by Messrs. O'Brien and Emerson, Major Sirr proceeded at the proper time to the quarter pointed out, and there being two different ways (either Watling-street or Dirty-lane) by which the expected party might come, divided his force so as to intercept them by either road. A similar plan having happened to be adopted by Lord Edward's escort, there took place in each of these two streets a conflict between the parties; and Major Sirr, who had almost alone to bear the brunt in his quarter, was near losing his life. In defending himself with a sword which he had snatched from one of his assailants, he lost his footing and fell, and had not those with whom he was engaged been much more occupied with their noble charge than with him, he could hardly have escaped.

‘But their chief object being Lord Edward’s safety, after snapping a pistol
 ‘or two at Sirr, they hurried away. On rejoining his friends in the other
 ‘street, the Town-Major found that they had succeeded in capturing one
 ‘of their opponents, and this prisoner, who represented himself as a
 ‘manufacturer of muslin from Scotland, and whose skilfully assumed
 ‘ignorance of Irish affairs induced them, a day or two after, to discharge
 ‘him as innocent, proved to have been no other than the famous M‘Cabe,
 ‘Lord Edward’s confidential agent, and one of the most active organizers
 ‘in the whole confederacy.”

That service, however, which above all others placed the Government under its greatest obligation to Sirr, was performed by him at the time of the capture of Lord Edward Fitzgerald, in the month of May, 1798. That event is thus detailed by Mr. Moore:—

“Mr. Murphy had just begun to ask his guest whether he would like
 ‘some tea, when, hearing a trampling on the stairs, he turned round, and
 ‘saw Major Swan enter the room. Scarcely had this officer time to men-
 ‘tion the object of his visit, when Lord Edward jumped up, as Murphy
 ‘describes him, “like a tiger” from the bed, on seeing which Swan fired a
 ‘small pocket pistol at him, but without effect, and then, turning round
 ‘short upon Murphy, from whom he seemed to apprehend an attack, thrust
 ‘the pistol violently in his face, saying to a soldier, who just then entered,
 “Take that fellow away.” Almost at the same instant, Lord Edward
 ‘struck at Swan with a dagger, which, it now appeared, he had in the bed
 ‘with him, and, immediately after, Ryan, armed only with a sword cane,
 ‘entered the room. In the mean time, Major Sirr, who had stopped below
 ‘to place the pickets round the house, hearing the report of Swan’s pistol,
 ‘hurried up to the landing, and from thence saw, within the room, Lord
 ‘Edward struggling between Swan and Ryan, the latter down on the floor,
 ‘weltering in his blood, and both clinging to their powerful adversary, who
 ‘was now dragging them towards the door. Threatened, as he was with a
 ‘fate similar to that of his companions, Sirr had no alternative but to fire,
 ‘and, aiming his pistol deliberately, he lodged the contents in Lord Ed-
 ‘ward’s right arm, near the shoulder. The wound for a moment stag-
 ‘gered him, but as he again rallied, and was pushing towards the door,
 ‘Major Sirr called up the soldiers; and so desperate were their captive’s
 ‘struggles, that they found it necessary to lay their firelocks across him,
 ‘before he could be disarmed or bound, so as to prevent further mischief.

“It was during one of these instinctive efforts of courage, that the
 ‘opportunity was, as I understand, taken by a wretched drummer to give
 ‘him a wound in the back of the neck, which, though slight, yet, from its
 ‘position, contributed not a little to aggravate the uneasiness of his last
 ‘hours. There are also instances mentioned of rudeness, both in language
 ‘and conduct, which he had to suffer, while in this state, from some of the
 ‘minor tools of government, and which, even of such men, it is painful and
 ‘difficult to believe. But so it is,

“Curs snap at lions in the toils, whose looks
 Frighted them being free.”

It is not now perhaps in our power, from the evidence afforded by the foregoing description of the *rencontre* that took place between Lord Edward and his assailants, to say whether they could have secured him without the aid of the mortal wound which he received from the pistol of Sirr. He had no fire-arms however; and Sirr is represented to have had a guard of soldiers at his back when he fired upon his victim; but whatever it was that prompted the act, whether mortal fear, or cold-blooded design, it rendered the state a service of almost incalculable advantage—it at once avoided the public accusation and trial of the noble chief of the confederacy; it secured the Government against the possibility of his acquittal; and at one blow achieved the purposes of a sentence, which perhaps, with all their thirst for vengeance, the rulers of the time never would have dared to execute.

The suspension of the *Habeas Corpus* Act, and the establishment of martial law, further extended the operations and increased the power of Sirr; while the general Indemnity Act passed for the impunity of those who, to adopt its words, “had done divers acts not justifiable by law,” protected him against the consequence of his delinquencies on the return of tranquillity. In performing the orders of his employers, however, Major Sirr would not have earned the hatred and execration of the community, if those duties had only been executed with the proper zeal of a public officer employed by the state; had his services been rendered according to this spirit, he would not have deserved these animadversions; but when we find him carrying the spirit of a vulgar tyrant into the discharge of his official duties, and indulging in the gratuitous persecution of those who were saved from the scaffolds of his employers, it would be an abuse of charity to withhold the details in order to spare his memory from the condemnation of posterity.

The year '98 passed away with its horrors; the insurrection had subsided, and the silence of a subdued nation was hailed as the restoration of tranquillity. The valuable services of O'Brien were no longer needed, and he became a troublesome encumbrance to his former protectors. Could he, like his brother professor Reynolds, have referred to his services, and enumerated his claims upon the state, by the number of “the coffins he had filled,” he would have been loaded with wealth, and enabled, like that individual, to leave a country where his life was both hateful and insecure; but Providence decided otherwise, and, by a just retribution, that government which had once endeavoured to make O'Brien the intermediate instrument in the destruction of others, in a short time after became his own accuser. In the month of May, in the memorable year 1800, the vigilance of the authorities was aroused by the circumstance of a number of persons assembling in a field in the vicinity of Kilmainham, for the purpose of playing foot-ball. This event, unimportant as it was, however had its effect upon the troubled conscience of the state; and apprehending that sedition lurked in the ranks of the ball players, Major Sirr was directed to interrupt the game, and capture any suspected characters that

his loyal instinct might detect amongst the crowd. Having arrived at the field, which was enclosed by a high wall, he stationed O'Brien and some soldiers at one side, with directions to prevent the egress of the people, while Sirr, accompanied by another military party, proceeded to enter the field by the common entrance. O'Brien, however, was not satisfied to remain on the outside, and proceeded to climb over the wall into the field. Some persons seeing him thus scaling the wall with soldiers, and fearing that an attack was about to be made upon them, cried out, "*O'Brien the informer!*" upon which the game was suspended, and the people began to move away from that quarter of the field. Infuriated by the manner in which his appearance was announced, O'Brien leaped from the wall, and rushing upon a decrepid invalid, named John Hoey, who was standing by observing the scene, with a dagger stabbed him to the heart! This murder, although done in their service, still was too foul even for his powerful patrons to protect O'Brien against its consequences; and a prosecution having been instituted by the relatives of the victim, the government gave up its indiscreet servant to be dealt with by the very laws, which its own conduct had previously taught him to disregard. On O'Brien's trial, Major Sirr appeared as a witness for the defence, and endeavoured to induce the court to believe that the prisoner was subject to mental derangement; but the jury, without hesitation, pronounced him *guilty*, and the presiding judge (Day) sentenced him to death. "If murder admitted of aggravation,"—said that learned judge upon the occasion—"the felon's crime, which had been clearly established in evidence to the full satisfaction of the court and jury, was aggravated by the most unprovoked, wanton, and savage cruelty; he murdered an innocent, infirm, and defenceless man; a man with whom it was probable he had no previous intercourse, and in consequence against whom he could harbour no particular malice; but it was therefore substantiated that he cherished malice prepense against mankind in general, whence he became a member unfit for society, for whose sake and example he should be made an ignominious and disgraceful sacrifice." On the gibbet, O'Brien expressed his disappointment at the ingratitude of the state, for abandoning him in his hour of need, and died warning the concourse by which he was surrounded never to put any trust in the Castle authorities.

It is not many years since the frequenters of the early markets in this city, have repeatedly seen acts of kindness and attention paid by the populace to an ancient horse, who was wont to come in with loads of vegetables from the country. To every person he seemed to be well known, and with all he was a decided favourite—and few persons went by him without bestowing some token of their regard, expressed by patting his neck in that peculiar manner in which such kindness is indicated; while others more attentive to his wants, were ever at hand with little offerings of hay and oats, to nourish their old favourite, as he stood in the public way. It is from such incidents, that the feelings of a people can best be ascertained and understood; for if a stranger asked

why the animal was such a popular favourite, he heard in reply,—“that horse it was, that drew Jemmy O'Brien to the gallows!”

The indemnity act having thrown a veil over the atrocities of the state instruments, by prohibiting every sort of legal investigation and redress, means are therefore not now afforded to us, to relate the many tales that might be told of Sirr's cruel abuse of the power with which he was invested in those calamitous times. One case, however, not comprehended by the general indemnity, still gives us sufficient proof of the personal animosity and private revenge that so often directed the exercise of his power. In the earlier part of the present notice, we mentioned the fortunate escape of John Hevey from the sentence of a court-martial, and his subsequent restoration to liberty. Foiled in the deadly object of his prosecution, Sirr seems to have suffered disappointment at the circumstance, for afterwards meeting Hevey in a public room, in the month of September, 1801, he had the daring publicly to say, that Hevey ought to have been hanged. The indignant gentleman having replied, by designating Sirr as a slanderous scoundrel, the major rushed upon him, and with the aid of some of his satellites, who attended him in disguise, bore him away handcuffed to the Provost's prison in the Castle, where he was delivered to Major Sandys, under a warrant signed by Sirr himself. In a loathsome dungeon at this place, Hevey was confined for several days; at length his friends issued a writ of *habeas corpus*, directed to Major Sandys, who in conjunction with Sirr made a return upon it, stating that Hevey was in custody under a warrant from General Craig, for high treason. The judge before whom the case came, not suspecting that the return stated a gross falsehood, was obliged to remand the prisoner, and Hevey was again brought back to the horrors of the Provost's. It was communicated to Hevey, that if he would apologise to Sirr for his insolence in the coffee-room, he would obtain his liberty; but the proposal was indignantly rejected by Hevey. His family, however, seeing that a compliance with the terms of his captors, afforded the only escape from pestilence and incarceration, at length prevailed on him to sign an apology dictated by Sirr, and thus he once more was free. Hevey upon his liberation adopted the best mode of redress and self-vindication, for the indignity to which he had been forced to submit; he brought an action for an assault and false imprisonment against Sirr, and having fully established the foregoing facts, obtained a verdict for substantial damages. At this trial CURRAN was the leading counsel of Hevey, and that great orator and advocate fully availed himself of the opportunity thus afforded to him, of exposing and denouncing the deeds and characters of both Sandys and Sirr, whose united acts formed the wrongs of which his injured client complained. His statement of the plaintiff's case holds its place amongst the finest of his forensic efforts, and the following passage in the opening of his address, explaining to the jury why he did not dwell upon the theme of liberty, is full of beauty:—

“I do not mean to address myself to any of your proud feelings of

‘liberty. The season for that is past. There was indeed a time when in
 ‘addressing a jury on very inferior violations of human rights, I have felt
 ‘my bosom glow and swell with the noble and elevating consciousness of
 ‘being a freeman, speaking to freemen, and in a free country; where, if I
 ‘was not able to communicate the generous flame to their bosoms, I was
 ‘not at least so cold as not to catch it from them. But that was a sym-
 ‘thy which I am not now so foolish as to affect either to inspire or to par-
 ‘ticipate—I will not insult you by the bitter mockery of such an affection;
 ‘buried as you are, I do not wish to conjure up the shades of departed
 ‘freedom to flutter round your tomb, to haunt or reproach you. Where
 ‘freedom is no more it is a mischievous profanation to use her language;
 ‘because it tends to deceive the man who is no longer free, upon the most
 ‘important of all points, that is, the nature of the situation to which he is
 ‘reduced; and to make him confound the licentiousness of words with
 ‘the real possession of freedom.”

Robert Emmet was apprehended in a house at Harold's-cross, by Major Sirr and a military party in September, 1803; and Sirr was examined as a witness for the crown on his subsequent trial.

In 1808, when the police establishment was founded under the 48th George 3rd, Major Sirr was appointed one of the magistrates of the head station, in conjunction with the late Alderman Darley and Mr. Graves, barrister. Thus rewarded with a lucrative magisterial appointment, Sirr was a public functionary upon whom the government could depend in times of need: and in order to attach him by other ties to their service, he was presented with the use of a suite of handsome apartments in the Castle of Dublin, which he continued to occupy to the time of his death.

The favours bestowed upon him for his services, enabled Sirr to appear as a man of station and consequence; and shortly after his elevation he was met in the public exhibitions, contending with the peaceful connoisseurs for the acquisition of works of art, and soon became known as a collector. Notwithstanding, however, that he was present at every sale or exhibition, and gave considerable sums of money for pictures, still he never acquired the character of a man of taste or judgment in the fine arts. He filled a large gallery with pictures, but the visitor on leaving it generally said it was the largest collection of indifferent pictures that he had ever seen; thus vindicating the beautiful and amiable qualities from which the true love of art ever emanates, and proving how difficult it is for a low or a coarse nature to assume its semblance. Sirr, however, persevered in the pursuit of works of art, and from the apparent ardour of his desire to acquire them, men were almost inclined to forget the ruthless town major in the patron of taste. In the course of his long life he accumulated large collections of paintings, mineralogy, geology, and articles of virtu. Some assert that he indulged in these expensive tastes as a resource from the reflections which his past career held up to

him ; and those who were intimate with him in his latter life, describe him as suffering from the oppression of

“ ————— that perilous stuff
“ Which weighs upon the heart.”

His old companion Sandys, however, was not equally fortunate in suppressing the visitings of conscience. The rewards that he received for his services, were spent in vice and dissipation, which undermined his constitution ; and having past the last six years of his life in misery and obscurity, he died in the village of Lucan, in the month of April, 1812.

By a regulation that was adopted some years ago, the duties of town major were required to be discharged by a military officer ; and consequently it became necessary to place Sirr (who had long since attained the full station) upon the retired list. In depriving him, however, of the office in which he had rendered such efficient services to the former government, and in which he had acquired such personal notoriety, the commander-in-chief conferred upon him an honour which should be reserved alone for military men,—but hear it, ye heroes of the Peninsula and Waterloo, that the civilian Town-Major Sirr, the bravo of the Irish government in 1798,—upon his retirement from that office, received an autograph letter of thanks and praise from his Royal Highness the Duke of York.

The state of the Irish metropolis since the close of the past century afforded but few opportunities for the exertion of Sirr's peculiar abilities ; and his operations were necessarily confined to the duties of the magisterial office, with which his employers had rewarded him. In times of tranquillity he was only formidable to the hackney coachmen and car-drivers, whose derelictions came within his jurisdiction ; and towards these he dealt with a spirit somewhat resembling the rigour of his previous career. It was, however, only in times when the *habeas corpus* act was suspended, when martial law prevailed, and when general indemnity acts afforded impunity for every atrocity done in the service of the state, that the spirit of Sirr was awake and in full activity. Hated and execrated as he was by the great mass of the people of Dublin, it is yet a remarkable fact, that he passed his long life amongst them in perfect safety ; and in accounting for this instance of popular forbearance, it may not be unreasonable to suppose that they looked upon him as a mere hireling instrument, and permitted him to pass unscathed, because the master delinquents by whom he was set on and supported were placed beyond the reach of their revenge.

Although enriched by the rewards he received for his zeal and activity, and still further endowed with the emoluments of his magisterial office, yet Sirr did not possess sufficient dignity of mind to induce him to assert any claim to political independence. The subserviency with which he conceded to the orders of the Government in his first connection with it, characterised him ever afterwards, and directed his actions to the latest period of his life. Obedient to the party under whose auspices he had

risen from obscurity to opulence and power, he voted for the Orange candidate during all the election contests that occurred in this city while the Tories were in power; and with equal fidelity to the ascendant party for the time being, he invariably polled for O'Connell whenever the Whigs were at the Castle.

The history of Sirr, his services, and the rewards bestowed upon him, present an illustration of the system of government in Ireland too strong to be soon forgotten. In other countries, the servile instruments that the policy or necessity of the state may require it to employ, are recompensed by the gold for which they had stipulated, and retire to obscurity, to waste or enjoy it as best they may. In this country, however, the degradation of the individual who has engaged himself for those services, seems only to qualify him for higher offices; and instead of retiring to the obscurity referred to, he subsequently appears in the elevation of some office of importance, and thus placed, frowns upon public opinion, or mocks its expression with an effrontery that proves how well secured he feels against its influence. Such were the circumstances attending Sirr's connection with the state, and such the result of his subsequent promotion. The bravo of '98 ascended the public tribunal in a few years afterwards, robed in the habiliments of justice! Monstrous transformation! he who had been hired to execute the brutal decrees of martial law, and to trample upon liberty, was thenceforth to administer justice, and to guard the public rights, equally and impartially amongst his fellow citizens!

THE TREASURE-SEEKER.

(Der Schatzgräber.)

FROM THE GERMAN OF GOETHE.

With aching heart and empty purse,
I lived a life of woe.

Sure poverty's the heaviest curse,
Sure wealth's a heaven below.

Grown weary of the pining mood,
I sought for treasures old;
I'll sign, quoth I, a bond with blood
That sells my soul for gold.

Full many a mystic ring I traced,
I raised a wondrous pyre;
And human bones and noxious weeds
Fed well the magic fire.

Still as I dug, I sang the spell
Taught by unholy lore;
While storm and thunder told how well
The demons watched their store.

A glimmer pale, a shooting star,
A light came o'er the wold,
I saw it through the gloom afar,
As solemn midnight tolled.

It shone upon a goblet red,
Borne by a lovely youth,
He stood within my circle dread;
How came he there in sooth?

From the rich bowl his laughing eye
Had caught a heavenly light,
And many a flower of brilliant dye
Wreathed round his temples bright.
He proffered me with friendly tone
His sparkling goblet rare,
And can, thought I, the evil one
Assume a form so fair?

"Drink," said the youth, "this wholesome
"Of wisdom all divine, [draught,
"Nor come again with wizard's craft
"To delve the magic mine.
"Go, spend in honest toil thy days,
"Thy nights in social glee,
"And learn, no spells can treasures raise,
"Like cheerful industry."

T. M.

MEMOIRS OF NATIVE ARTISTS.—No. VII.

JAMES O'CONNOR.

IN the whole range of graphic art, there is no department more delightful to study, or to practise, than landscape painting. It is interesting in the highest degree. It is ever varying—ever seductive. From the solemn grandeur of the cloud-capped mountain, to the hawthorn enclosures of the hamleted vale, all is impressive—all instructive. There is not a scene from the sublime to the simple, in which a sentiment is not found, a lesson impressed! The awful gloom that precedes the storm; the transient flickering of the lightning's flash; the subsiding commotions of the troubled wave—all, all speak to man; nor is the enlivening glow of the summer's sun, the gorgeous splendour of the rain-bow's arch, the chequered richness of the boundless plain, less charming, or less intelligibly communicative of His powers, who guides, and who governs all! He, who in the language of a late popular preacher, "holds the sun in his meridian course; circumscribes the limits of the mighty ocean; and, whilst He bowls the spheres at his own pleasure, counts the pulsations in the humblest insect that revels in the rose!"

Varied indeed, are the attractions of landscape painting; impressive are its appeals; delightful are its associations; its language is universal; its eloquence, Nature's own. With such inexhaustible materials; such impressive agencies; so suited, one would imagine, to all capacities; so interesting; so instructive; is it not passing strange, that there is no walk in which the artist is, professionally, so ill-requited.

How are we to account for this most anomalous fact? Is it that the men who have betaken themselves to this department of art, are inferior in feeling, in attainment, or in power; less capable of availing themselves of the wealth which Nature so profusely offers, or less alive to her excitements, or her charms, than the professors in the other walks? Let the histories of the Poussins, the Hobbimas, the Wilsons of days gone by, answer the question.

We have briefly alluded to the inexhaustible means which Nature makes available to the landscape painter, by which to excite interest and fix attention; but we must add, that the capability of being affected by these means must exist in the spectator, as well as in the painter. All eyes do not see that are open! The Medicean Venus is not beauty, nor the Belvedere Apollo dignity, to all who look upon them. The faculty to perceive those qualities must exist in the mind, else the statue is but marble. Scenes of mountain grandeur, that would have lit up the soul of Shakspeare or Byron, fell bluntedly on the surly yet learned nerves of Doctor Johnson, who in his tour to the Hebrides rejects as barren horrors the alpine mountain and the clouded glen;

and in an affectation of epigrammatic spleen, lectured the poor crow, who, perched upon a branch of a solitary tree, remained "cawing, cawing," rather than "fly away from such cheerless scenes!"

When the erudite, the profound, the richly-stored mind of Johnson was proof against the direct appeals of Nature's self, to whom may the landscape painter turn for appreciation or reward?

But we shall be asked, why dwell on these gloomy, these repelling scenes? Why not turn to the sunny vale, the placid lake, the embosomed bay, the sandy beach? or to the rippling stream, as it sparkles along, winding its devious way, through brambled banks and rushy borders? Why not select these more playful, picturesque scenes, so much more in harmony with ordinary feeling, so much more pleasing?

We unhesitatingly say—yes, these are more pleasing, have more of every day feeling about them, and therefore require less of energy or refinement to relish them. But, in our turn, we then ask, have those painters, who in the true spirit of genuine art moved in these paths, had a whit more success in their respective days?

Lived there a painter, who expressed with more of truth, or more of felicity, the glowing radiance of an Italian sky, the silent gliding of the tranquil river, the sun-lit surface of the glassy lake, or the golden lustre of the evening ray, as it lights up the mouldering ruin or grassy bank, than Wilson? Yet, what was his fate? Was it honour or reward, in his own day? Were not the able, the imposing dexterities of Louthembourg, those mere *secundum artem* flippancies of a free pencil, and a bold hand, always held triumphantly above him? How fare their respective productions now? Who buys Louthembourg? Who would not purchase Wilson? The British Claude! the pride of England! but, the neglected of his day!

Then as to Gainsborough—we speak not of his portraits or of his cottage groups, but of his landscapes. How were they valued in his day?—They were to be had for a mere trifle; but are *now* sought as treasures. Yet at the very period at which these splendid works were produced, and exhibited too, Payne, the water-colour draftsman, the most licentious mannerist of his day, by his indigo and ink travesties of Nature, won a name, and made a fortune.

Next let us see how fared Hobbima—the veritable chronicler of sequestered quiet,—the truly pastoral painter. He, who seemed to have been Nature's own favourite, her very confidant—how were his works valued in his day?—stood they as now? or when were their merits fully discovered? When the hand that painted them lay mouldering in the grave—when that finely attuned mind, alive to all the simple charms of nature, had passed away; then, those very works (on which that mind had shed its light, in the retired and unvisited studio, and for which but a few ducats were given,) were first truly felt and valued. They are now the treasured trophies of the saloons of taste; or perhaps, whilst

awaiting a purchaser, concentrate an interest on the heterogeneous collection of some moustached vender of vertu.

We now ascend to the Epic—the truly grand, and we ask, how were the classic, the poetic landscapes of Nicholas Poussin estimated in his time? Those severely grand works, on which learning might descant, and enthusiasm dwell; whose primeval austerity, rejecting all the lighter graces of modern arrangement, at once places the spectator's mind up in the remotest antiquity. Were these held in all honour? Oh, no! the grave closed upon their author, ere the light of just appreciation beamed upon his works, and thus has he bequeathed a wealth, which he was not permitted even to count.

We talk of our national debt, we lament our inability to pay it, but have we had no engagements with the mind of our country? Received we no deposits to its credit—enriching the treasury of the nation's taste; and for the which we are in good faith responsible? Shall we hold faith only, with the owner of stock; or shall the trafficker in slaves absorb all legislative protection? Shall we, in short, hesitate, even to record in common honesty, those intellectual investments by which we have acquired importance, and for which we take credit. These are questions of high import, involving alike our morals and our taste.

We have laid it down as a proposition, that taste and sound judgment are essential to the true appreciation of genuine art. Now, the question is, are these qualities indigenous to the mind? are all men so endowed? We believe it will be admitted, that they are not indigenous to the mind—that all men are not by nature so endowed. Then we ask, how are these attainments to be acquired?—should the education of the amateur be different from that of the artist? Shall the slowly acquired skill, and the laboriously-learned knowledge of the professor, be as it were intuitively caught up by the connoisseur? Shall that maturity, which is the growth of years, be obtained in a few weeks, or months; or shall discrimination precede knowledge?

These queries would be supererogatory, were it not that the absurdities which they involve, have ever been mischievously instrumental in harassing genius, and obscuring real merit.

There is no subject on which ignorance is so flippant, or criticism so capricious, as the Fine Arts, particularly painting. Yet there is no pursuit to which an educated mind can attach itself, requiring more diversified attainments, more cultivated taste, or more maturity of judgment. Nature should be long and carefully studied; art intimately, if not practically known. Nature must not be looked at through art; nor must art be viewed through the medium of any master's style. In truth, to feel nature, we must have studied her; to appreciate art, we must know what art really is. There are no royal roads to either the sciences, or the arts. Study, well-directed study, can alone make the connoisseur; his attainments may differ in degree, but not in quality, from those of the genuine artist.

We say, nature should not be viewed through art, yet it oftentimes is. We have more than once heard it said, that such and such effects in nature, were very like pictures by such and such painters; instead of there being conversely seen, in the works of those masters, a faithful imitation of nature. A ludicrous instance of this species of graphic second-sight, is given with great point and in happy playfulness, by Lady Morgan in one of her ladyship's early works. She introduces a French governess, accompanied by her young pupils, walking out of a fine summer evening, suddenly attracted by the effulgence of a setting sun. One of the young ladies exclaims, "La Mademoiselle, isn't that sun-set very like Mr. Walmsley?" (an eminent teacher of that day.) "Yes, my love, very like, but how much more striking would the resemblance be, if there was a tree in the corner?" We infer that Mr. Walmsley's style of composition was not in accordance with Mademoiselle's taste in arrangement, as, in her playful irony, she points with just discrimination to his characteristic defect—a tree, not at the side, but *in* the corner. A very just distinction, entitling our French friend's observations to the most respectful attention.

We have said that art must not be viewed through the medium of any master's style; nor should it; that very style being, at best, but characteristic of the man, or of his school. As well might we hope to acquire a thorough knowledge of the copiousness, the richness, or the genius of a language, by the exclusive study of one of its dialects; which belongs not to the language, but to the speaker; and we believe that in art, as in language, the absence of all local peculiarities is perfection. It was in this conviction, that Sir Joshua Reynolds, with his accustomed depth of thought and clearness of illustration, remarked, that the style of the master, however captivating to the tyro, should always be subsidiary to the thought; if not, the painter would then be in the situation of the injudicious orator, who drew the attention from the subject to himself!

We have thus sought to shew what those requisites are, which enable the connoisseur to judge correctly of genuine art. We have shewn, that it requires education and time to fit him for the task. A love of art is not a knowledge of art; the latter can be acquired but by practice and study. We do not say, that in order to judge of a fine picture, you must be able to paint as good a one; but we do emphatically assert, that you must know, and that thoroughly too, the principles by which it was produced. You must distinctly know what the artist intended, and must not seek for more than he has given! You are not to expect the grace of the divine Raphael in the sombre realities of Rembrandt; nor can you hope to find those mellowed undulations, those evanescent beauties of the soul-touching Correggio in the angular rigidities of the learned Poussin. The glowing radiance, the subdued brilliancy, the breathing atmosphere of truth-telling Claude, are not to be found amidst the wild cloud-waftings of the daring Salvator; and it were hopeless to seek for the narrow, almost neglected brambled pathway of the homely village-loving Hobbima, as it skirts the

oak-wood glen, with their bleached stems and moss-covered trunks, amidst the lively, sport-loving scenes of the accomplished Wouvermans; where the richly attired feathered hawkers gracefully move on through gently sloping grounds and carefully trimmed parterres: yet each is characteristic! all are fine! Art has asserted her triumph; Nature, her ascendancy! Each picture is a thought; every association a feeling. To honour such an art is civilization! To encourage its professors is the proof of that civilization!

Now, if we must approach the works of the great masters, who have come down to us, in this well-balanced spirit of mind; taking just what is offered, and not captiously or ignorantly seeking that which was not intended; satisfied to discover the excellence which exists, to feel and to value it, shall we adopt a different course when we turn to contemporary merit? Shall we be the devotee abroad, the sceptic at home? Shall we worship at the tomb of foreign art, and coldly scoff at the cradle of our own? In one word, shall we be generous to others, unjust to ourselves?

We ask these questions more in sorrow than in anger. We would see art, true genuine art, lifted up amongst us; and that never can be done, until the same standard of judgment shall be applied towards native art, which, even for our own enjoyment, we must adopt towards ancient or foreign art.

We deny that the artist is the only person concerned in this matter; we say that the genuine lovers of art are just as deeply involved in the result. They cannot, it is true, expect a reputation for their own works in art; but as high distinctions await them. We know of no higher honour attainable by any man, than that which he secures to himself, who assists in promoting and encouraging the arts of his country. We can scarcely imagine a claim to the gratitude of his compeers, or the veneration of posterity, more commanding than he urges, who can truly say, "I found the arts of my country neglected, oppressed; I assisted to raise and to sustain them; I found them unknown, I left them honoured!" The man who can say so, or of whom it can honestly be written, deserves all honour. His memory must survive, embalmed and cherished as it will be, in the very bosom of Taste.

Whenever the standard of judgement, of which we have been speaking, shall be applied to the arts of Ireland, from that moment may we confidently date their rise and eminence. No longer regarded with the eye of antinational aversion; no longer thwarted by ignorance and mere pretension; but cheered on by generous and confiding encouragers, each artist will feel that he is the object of his country's care, and that he must seek to become worthy of his country's pride. His energies will be newly nerved. He will be more than the mere individual painter; an enlarged field for professional exertion will have been opened to him; and the spirit of a generous emulation, unchecked by apprehensions of either partiality or injustice, will effectually draw forth every energy of

his soul. He will perceive that he has all that genius should ever require, "a clear stage, and no favour!"

Had such been the treatment of Irish art, we should now have many high names among us; nonresidence would not then be held as presumptive evidence of native talent; nor would self-expatriation be the result of professional ambition. Genius might venture to live at home.

If genius had been so fostered, he whose memoir we now commence, had never permanently quitted the land of his birth. None of her sons ever loved Ireland more ardently than did our gifted, our lamented friend, James O'Connor. His patriotism, like his taste, was pure and undefiled; single-minded and sincere, he knew no guile. The valleys, the glens, the mountains, the songs, the sufferings, and the sorrows of Ireland, were dear to him. In deep feeling, and in quiet retirement, he loved her; and in dismay and neglect, but not disgust, he sailed from her shores.

Mr. O'Connor was a native of Dublin; his father a respectable citizen, many years a resident on Aston's-quay; he was professionally an engraver. The son gave early proofs of his love for the arts. Landscape painting was always the bent of his mind. His early attempts in oil were very small, but remarkable for neatness of pencil. He composed with great facility, and in a style very much resembling the French etcher Parelle; although by no means in imitation of that master. Close scenery was always his choice, which was partly referable to weak and near sight. When young, his eyes were very delicate.

The prevailing tones of his early pictures were deep cool green, and brown; with small portions of light peeping in between the trunks, or beneath the branches of his trees. It was quite evident that his soul lay in landscape painting.

His early works were all compositions, but, as he advanced, he went out to nature. His first studies from nature were made in the Dargle; and some of the very finest of his maturer years were also made there, beneath its impending rocks, its tangled foliage, its rushing waters. He loved the Dargle. Its quiet retirement—its picturesque intricacies—its moss-covered rocks at once entranced the painter and pleased the man. He was the child of Nature, and in her sequestered recesses he felt at home. Jarring, flaunting, noisy bustle, were out of keeping with the quiet peace of his heart.

After years of hard labour, disappointment, and neglect, he, in the early part of 1822, quitted Ireland, and made London his residence! He soon found sale for his works; but so clogged with the commission fees of salerooms, or so screwed down by the usurious exactions of dealers, as to render continuous labour very inadequately remunerative. To be distinguished in London, demands something from the man as well as from the artist. Modest, unassuming talent, in quiet, inexpensive lodgings, unpuffed and unpraised, may remain long unknown. Modesty and delicacy of feeling may not obstruct the progress of him, whose walk of art links him with the affections or the vanities of mankind. Unobtrusive,

gentlemanlike retirement of manner, is seen, felt, and admired in the portrait painter, because we can't have his works without coming into contact with himself. But the painter of the silent glen, the mountain torrent, the gnarled oak, or the lonely lake, studies far away from the haunts of men—we may know his works, we rarely ever know their author; nor is it the interest of those who too often negotiate the sale of his works to let us know him.

Hence it is quite clear, that those accomplishments of the heart which are so justly attractive, and which in the particular case of the artist, so advantageously link professional and personal claims, are not only unavailable in certain walks, but become actually detrimental to his success, inasmuch as the very qualities which we would value, restrain those advances on his part which should lead to intimacy and regard.

After a residence of four years in London, O'Connor visited Brussels. He went there in the May of 1826, and returned to London in the May of 1827. He made some sweet studies in Brussels, but suffered severely from a swindling transaction whilst there, of which he was the victim. From the year 1827 to 1832, he remained in London; but in the September of that year he visited Paris.

Whilst in Paris he made many valuable studies; one of which the writer of this memoir possesses; it is a sketch in oil colour, on paper: the scene is in the Bois de Boulogne. For truth of colour, beauty of general form, or effect, it could not be surpassed; it has all the freshness of nature, which more elaborate works seldom retain. In the sketches of a clever man we are sure to have his feelings; in his finished works, his attainments. Hence the sketches of the genuine painter are ever valued.

Most of the pictures which he painted in Paris were sent off to London. For these he got good prices.

After having stopped in Paris for eight months, his desire of improvement led him to contemplate a visit to Rome. In all his excursions he was accompanied by his lady; and although it has been stated that he knew the French language fully as well as Mrs. O'Connor, still such was his reluctance to speak it, that he always sought her aid as his interpreter. Every place he visited, she was his companion. This, in itself, is sufficient proof of his affectionate attachment.

In the May of 1833, when they were about to leave Paris, a circumstance occurred, which is illustrative of much more than the results which flowed from it. It shews with what unsuspecting reliance the guileless heart confides.

Just on the eve of quitting Paris, he and Mrs. O'Connor took a long farewell walk, and having breakfasted early they felt a desire for dinner, whilst yet remote from their own hotel; they therefore retired to a restaurant, and ordered dinner. Whilst seated there, their conversation had exclusive reference to their intended Italian trip; he stating, with all the ardour and anticipation of a painter, the various studies which he

would make in old Rome! Just as they were about to depart, a gentleman who sat at an adjoining table stepped forward, and apologising in the most gentle terms for the liberty he took in addressing them, said, "I have been listening with deep interest to your conversation; and I think I can be of service to you as an artist, presuming that you are professionally one. Will you permit me to see your works? I should like to know your style of art, as that will determine me in the advice I shall take leave to offer." His advances were received with feelings of deep thankfulness. He was invited to breakfast with them on the following morning, in order that the pictures might be submitted to him. He came most punctually at the hour appointed. His manners and appearance were perfectly gentlemanlike, and the whole air of the man was that of ease and elegance. The affability of his manner was perfectly captivating; in short Mr. and Mrs. O'Connor were quite charmed with him.

He examined the sketches and pictures, pointed out their beauties, and having satisfied himself as to the bent of Mr. O'Connor's taste, he at once assured them that the "Saar" and "Moselle," in Rhenish Prussia, would furnish his portfolio with all the subjects he could desire,—requested that they would do him the honour to accept some few letters of introduction to his friends; one to Monsieur Boch Bushman, at "Metlach," and two others to equally influential persons; and after expressions of courtesy and good wishes, he took his leave and withdrew.

On the 3d of May, 1833, Mr. and Mrs. O'Connor left Paris for Rhenish Prussia. They proceeded to Chalons sur Marne,—stopped there a few days, and made some sketches,—they were much pleased with the scenery. From thence to Saarbruch on the river Saar,—he remained there three days making sketches. The small town of Merzig was the next place. From thence to Saarlouis, a fortified town, where a statue of Marshal Ney was being placed, which he greatly admired. Then to the small village of Metlach, in which Mons. Boch Bushman resided. This was the gentleman to whom their letter of introduction was addressed; they therefore lost no time in presenting it. But to their utter consternation, no such person as Mr. Elliot was known; as the Chevalier M——, a notorious swindler, he was well known; and Mons. Boch, as the burgomaster of the district, had received orders to arrest him.

Now in what terms shall we attempt to do justice to this amiable philanthropist, this good burgomaster! How shall we express the feelings of thorough admiration, with which it is our pride to record so noble an instance of that enlarged benevolence, which will not be restricted within the narrowed limits of suspicious caution,—but, bursting all such fetters, offers the hand of cordial fellowship and the roof of courteous hospitality to the abashed stranger; nay, of one who went further, and, during their residence there for three weeks, entertained them on

every occasion on which he could prevail on them to come; and lastly, when they were about to depart, gave them letters introductory to his most esteemed and valued friends!

Let cold and calculating caution pique itself on its heartless wisdom, pointing to the losses which it never felt, and priding itself on the prudence which it never perilled; let it be as solemn as the owl, and as cunning as the rat, yet with all its affected and real demerit, it must honour our good burgomaster! For our own part, we love not your **VERY** prudent folk. We feel with good Hannah More, who says—

“I wouldn't trust the man, who never was deceived.”

But the immediate, the direct results of such enlarged generosity, are but small portions of the good which they generate; they enkindle, in almost the hardest heart, a desire to act similarly. That man must be irretrievably engulfed in wretched self, whose heart beats not with a more wholesome activity on hearing of such acts; but for us, who knew the unobtrusive, sensitive being, who was the recipient of those generous kindnesses, we feel to the heart's core every act of good burgomaster Boch, and on behalf of our lamented friend, and in the name of our country, we thank him.

We have said that this circumstance was illustrative of much more than the immediate results flowing from it. Is it not so? Can there be a more striking trait of the manners and deportment of our lamented friend, than is here given? Could a more prompt or generous consequence flow from the instantaneous conviction, impressed upon the burgomaster's mind by the air of genuine integrity, the tone of manly honesty, with which all knowledge of the swindler was disavowed? Sterne, with that deep knowledge of human nature, which sustains in his writings much of that which in other men would be deemed mere sentiment, is, in the reply of my uncle Toby to Corporal Trim, condensedly just, comprehending as it does, within its direct meaning, many foregone conclusions. It is where the landlord comes to ask a cup of sack for the sick lieutenant. The corporal, impressed with the kind intercessions of the landlord, observed, “He's a good natured fellow, an please your honour, to take such an interest in a stranger.” “Yes, Trim,” replied my uncle Toby, “but must there not be great worth in that stranger to excite the interest in his landlord?” This is true, generously, benevolently true! and whilst we have uncle Tobys and burgomaster Bochs left among us, the fountains of benevolence can never run dry.

After leaving Metlach, O'Connor proceeded down the river Saar, in a small boat, which he had hired. He took sketches of all the interesting objects, as he moved down. When he arrived at Saarbourg, he was quite delighted, it being a spot eminently picturesque. He met many clever persons there, lovers of art, from whom he experienced marked attentions. From thence to the ancient city of Treves, on the Moselle; whilst there, he made many elaborate drawings of the fine

Roman ruins with which it abounds. He and his wife remained there nearly a fortnight, experiencing the most courteous hospitalities from the family of the Bochholsts, to whom they were introduced by the amiable burgomaster Boch; their society was quite delightful, being persons of exquisite taste. From this place they took boat and went down the Moselle, stopping at every place where picturesque attractions were to be had. The last town, Cochem, ere they arrived at Coblenz, was rich in the beauty of its valleys.

Many of the smaller sketches made on the Saar and Moselle, are now in the possession of Captain Chidley Coote, of Huntington, in the Queen's County, of whose generous and gentlemanlike attentions to the subject of our memoir we have yet much to say.

Whilst they remained at Coblenz, Ehrenbreitstein was the chief attraction; but the weather quite changed there, the rain falling in torrents, and for several days too. From thence to Bingen, a charming place, directly opposite to Rudesheim, and contiguous also to the residence of the present king of Prussia. From Bingen to Mayence, a place in no way interesting to the painter. From thence to the beautiful city of Frankfort on the Maine.

When they arrived at Frankfort, their first visit was to the post-office, expecting letters of some consequence; but to their surprise, and serious inconvenience also, the post-master assured them that no such letters were there. This they had every reason to believe to be untrue. And in three weeks afterwards, they received the most confirmatory proof of the falsehood of the post-master, by getting those very letters at the post-office in Paris; and also ascertaining, not only that they had come from Frankfort, but that they were in that office when they had so enquired.

They then determined to return home, but the fatigue of three days and four nights' continuous travelling brought on a severe illness of Mr. O'Connor, which remained for some time. However, on the 1st of November, 1833, they arrived in London.

O'Connor may now be regarded as seated at his easel, putting forth those scenes of interest, and those charms of effect, which even careful sketches can at best but imperfectly express. That walk of art, comprehended by the term landscape painting, is more than any other dependent upon memory. So far as effect is concerned, and that is the soul of pictorial art, it is altogether dependent. All here is transient! The diversified splendours of the last five minutes have all passed away. They wait not for imitation. The landscape painter must therefore, in the language of Du Fresnoy,

“Clasp each Venus, as she glides along!”

and hold her fast, in the embraces of memory. This is no easy task; hence it is there are so many sketchers of mere outline, so few painters of effect, so much of the black lead, so little of the brush. Our lamented friend was of the brush, and this is now the fitting time to describe the order of his mind, the character of his pictures.

It is said, and with great truth, that painters paint themselves. Of course, this being figurative, it will be understood that the class of mind influences the production. With O'Connor, this was strikingly true. He was a man of quiet unsophisticated feelings, alive to all the simple charms of nature, awake to her slightest impulses, and deeply impressed by her sublimity and grandeur. With all this susceptibility of pure nature, it may easily be inferred that artificially cultivated demesne scenery was not the subject which he would select. Nature, in her undress attire, had strongest charms for him. The deep and darkly wooded glen; the gray, weather-bleached, massive rock, crowned with the stunted oak or sparkling holly, hanging o'er the rushing waters; or the moss-covered trunk of gnarled oak, draped with the clinging ivy, standing as though he guarded the narrow mountain pass, where the jaded traveller is seen, wending his lonely way towards yon distant column of deep blue smoke,—these were the subjects which he delighted to paint, and into which he poured the whole feeling of his soul. Here lay his strength, and here will his reputation live.

In the execution of these subjects, he was eminently successful: his feeling for general effect, and his taste in the selection of general form, were excellent. His memory of the local colours of the various objects in his picture, was quite tenacious, and when proximate with the foreground, they were given with great fidelity; but, when removed into his picture, he never permitted that local knowledge to interfere with the interposition of atmosphere, by which, and by which alone, the size and distance of objects can with truth be expressed. He was peculiarly happy in expressing that ethereal, purple-coloured air, which lingers in the mountain dell, or moves beneath the impending branches of the receding forest. In short, he was a painter of deep feeling, and of sterling truth, whose works will triumphantly survive many of the more shewy productions, shall we add, fashionable flippancies, of the day.

Although nature, in her simple attire, had her chief attractions for him, yet in all her phases she told upon his heart, and he expressed her gayer and more sprightly appearances with both delicacy and truth. We have seen some sweet sketches by him in water colours, about four inches by six, which he made when at Brussels. One was of La Place de Sablon, two in the Park, one at Tervueren, and one at the village of Schaerbeek, both near Brussels. They were sweetly executed, and with characteristic truth. We believe they are now in this city for sale.

From the year 1833, when he returned from the Continent, to 1839, he continued with unabated zeal, and an untiring industry, to paint; sometimes finding purchasers, but very often not. About the latter end of this year, his health began visibly to decline; his looks were quite changed, and his appetite, which at all times was not only moderate but delicate, quite forsook him. He then lived in Rathbone-place, and his medical adviser, Doctor Hamilton Roe, advised change of air. This necessary change of residence, however, was not just then convenient.

His income for months had been irregular and greatly diminished, and the embarrassments consequent thereon were increased by that very illness which they almost produced. Just at that moment, a highly gifted brother artist and countryman of his, when writing to a gentleman in Dublin, one equally attached to O'Connor, mentioned with deep regret his illness, and his fears as to his recovery. The gentleman to whom this letter was addressed, just at the moment he received it, was conversing with Captain Coote upon the subject of art, with all the ardour and warmth which characterize the conversations of artists and amateurs. Knowing Captain Coote's love of art, and his esteem for artists, and knowing also the willingness with which, on every occasion, he would be obligingly kind, he read the passage of the letter for him, and besought him to procure for his countryman an order for a picture from his brother Sir Charles Coote, Bart. of Ballyfin, a liberal encourager of the arts and artists of other countries. Sir Charles was then on the continent, but Captain Coote, with a prompt generosity, which all who know him will be prepared to expect, instantly ordered a thirty guinea picture, and gave the order on his banker for the payment; and with a delicate consideration, made it a condition that Mr. O'Connor should by no means think of painting that picture, until long after his health should be perfectly restored, as his first works, when able to resume his pencil, should be made to meet more urgent demands.

The deep feeling, the spirit of just appreciation, with which this unexpected generosity was received by our lamented friend, could only be justly estimated by a reference to his own letters on the subject; but viewing, as we always have and ever shall, the impropriety of giving publicity to the confidential communications of the heart, we cannot go that length: suffice it to say, he felt as a man of genius and of worth would feel it, and expressed a manly and fervent hope, "that he might be spared to paint a picture worthy of Captain Coote!"

He did, in a very few months, paint a very able picture, which he valued at twenty guineas, and looked forward to a few months' increasing strength to send over another; but in a few weeks the spirit that would have painted it had fled. On the 7th day of January, 1841, he died, at his residence, 6, Marlborough-street, College-street, Brompton, aged 49 years.

Thus passed away a spirit of exceeding mildness; manly, ardent, unobtrusive, and sincere; generous in proclaiming contemporary merit, and unskilled and reluctant to put forth his own. Such was the man of whom we have written, whose death we deplore, whose memory his numerous friends will with affection cherish. Such was our warm-hearted, early friend, James O'Connor.

M.

THE JOYS OF SATURDAY.

I.

Oh Saturday! how sadly do we use thee,
Thou who wert once the sabbath none dared break;
But now for every meaner task we choose thee,
Thou art the Cinderella of the week!
All round the cleansing element is splashing,
The housemaids rub and scrub from morn to night,
The children and apartments get their washing,
Things are turned upside down to be set right.

II.

Now is each wardrobe brought to light and mended,
All in due order for the morrow's wear,
No rest—no respite till the day is ended,
And still the mistress hurrieth here and there:
None dare be idle for a single second,
So sharp a watch that stirring dame doth keep,
Till all things are set right and duly reckoned,
The clothes well aired and children put to sleep.

III.

Behold! the mistress to the market walking,
Picking her steps along the watery street,
Spatters the mud upon her shoe and stocking,
And on the gown that was at first so neat!
She steppeth on through throngs of basket women,
Careless of summer's dust or winter's rain,
The place she goes to there is still less room in,
So crowded is the market of Cole's-lane.

IV.

On through its throng fat dowagers are moving,
Full well the butchers know each lady's name,
And, while she gets along with careful shoving,
Each doth the virtues of his beef proclaim;
Her butcher now the knowing dame entreateth,
Gravely he list'neth in his apron blue,
And thus her coaxing and complaints he meeteth,
"I give it, ma'am, so cheap to none but you."

V.

Elderly gentlemen are there, whose features
Are hard and solid as the beef they buy;
Well can they bargain with the poorest creatures,
The joys of triumph sparkling in their eye.
Like the cock-bird upon a summer's morning,
Home to their young ones these tall men bring food;
"Why did you buy, love, so much beef for corning?"
Demands the mistress in no thankful mood.

VI.

"That is the way to get it cheap, my darling,
 "'Tis in that light the subject must be viewed ;
 "Now lock it up—there's little use in quarrelling,
 "You'll find you never eat a dish so good !
 "Here are two kidneys—tell the cook to broil them,
 "I'm very hungry, so, my dear, be quick,
 "And tell her to be sure she doth not spoil them,
 "Leave them half raw, or dry them to a stick."

VII.

Poor roomkeepers are there with wizened faces,
 Each holds a basket in her weary hand,
 Well may they think how very hard their case is,
 There, till their betters are all served, they stand.
 So small their purchase is, they scarce dare ask it,
 Their turn, however, has come round at last,
 They lay their scanty pittance in the basket,
 While visions rise of many a rich repast.

VIII.

Here butlers are, and cooks of much importance,
 Their's the fat perquisite—the sweet *douceur*—
 As any courtiers do, they make their fortunes,
 And live in plenty on a sinecure.
 Young girls and boys with baskets here stand ready,
 Old women too—who scarce have power to stir,
 They'll carry for "his honour" or "my lady,"
 And deafen with entreaties him or her.

IX.

What goodly sights are here for each beholder,
 Familiar with the scenes of gory death !
 Here many a leg of mutton hangs, and shoulder,
 Which lately roamed the verdant plains of Meath ;
 Whole sides of beef are here, in size gigantic,
 Whence marbled ribs and sirloins shall be cut,
 And lambs, which in their lives looked so romantic,
 And charm no less when on our tables put !

X.

All sorts of poultry, ready to be spitted,
 Their gizzards tucked beneath their wings, are here ;
 Nor are the rarest sorts of game omitted,
 From many a manor pilfered far and near ;
 No care for law have poachers—no religion—
 And thus our markets are supplied with game :
 Oh liberty ! thou'rt good for man or widgeon,
 And these wild fowl are better far than tame.

XI.

Ye fishes of the sea, with joy we greet you,
 Caught in the waves that wash our native shore !
 Where else in such perfection could we meet you ?
 Where in such plenty both for rich and poor ?
 Haddock of Dublin Bay, and britt, and turbot,
 You meet the epicure's most ardent wish,
 Here are the dainties he doth most prefer bought,
 Here are the freshest and the firmest fish !

XII.

Behold the green-stall, like a horn of plenty,
Furnished from many a garden's ample store,
Each season brings its own peculiar dainty,
Crowding in turn the narrow shelves and floor;
The poorer dealers with their stock of salad
Outside the pavement watch the passers by,
And nimble little girls, sharp-faced and squalid,
Nosegays of onions, each a half-penny, cry.

XIII.

Now the provision-shop displays its riches,
A whole Encyclopedia in itself:
On high hang cherry-coloured hams, while fitches
Of bacon, striped like ribbon, load each shelf!
There ponderous cheeses sit, and cools of butter,
Herrings are there, and wond'rous store of eggs—
Blacking whose praise the muse delights to utter,
Meal, pickles, trotters, collars, and calves' legs.

XIV.

Now mingled sounds of song and brogue attract us,
Monotonous and measured is the noise,
Here doth the ragged ballad singer practise,
Charming the crowd with her mellifluous voice;
She singeth of their Daniel and his glory,
Striking a chord in every patriot heart—
Forth comes policeman and cuts short the story—
Slowly and sulkily they all depart.

XV.

Beggars approach with sad beseeching faces,
"Oh lady dear, take pity on the poor!"
"Go to the poor house—there your proper place is,
"We pay for that and we can do no more!"
Home goes the mistress—with delight she thinketh
Of all the bargains she this day hath got,
And tells her husband, while her tea she drinketh,
Of all she did, and all that she did not.

XVI.

Oh! the delights of bargaining and gaining
A shilling or a sixpence, more or less!
And then each triumph of our skill explaining,
While vainly at the price our hearers guess.
More sharp each day the visage grows and shrewder,
Well can the lady parry every cheat;
Who now shall take her in, or who delude her?
Oh! the delights of bargaining are sweet!

XVII.

Such are thy joys, oh Saturday! With pleasure
For thee we've framed the true though simple strain;
Homely as was the theme hath been the measure,
Still let us hope we have not sung in vain.
The poets oft in hours of happy leisure,
Have felt the charms of Sunday and of church;
Now let them own that thou too art a treasure,
And never henceforth leave thee in the lurch.

GUDWIFE.

REVERIES OF A FIRE-WORSHIPPER.—PART II.

A DIALOGUE.

*"Nox erat, et cælo fulgebat luna sereno
Inter minora sidera."*

'Twas the mildest, stilliest of summer nights. I was seated at the window, contemplating the softness of the sea scene before me, and "indulging," as Irving has it, "in that melancholy kind of fancying which has in it something sweeter even than pleasure." The beacon streamed mildly in the distance; the sail at the harbour's mouth, like some moth of the waters, was stealing onward toward its light; and, within the bay, the unwieldy transport, with here and there a brig and a barque, rode noiselessly at anchor. Scenes like these I am always the better for entertaining, yielding as they do a something soothing to the soul, and infusing into it an unearthly tranquillity.—On the sudden, I became subject to the unaccountable scene-shifting one notices in a dream. I was in a garden—time, broad day—attentively listening to a dialogue between two gentlemen who walked on before me. This dialogue, albeit insulse in matter and in manner, I recommend to the skilful in reverie-elucidation, for it may serve as a part of that haberdashery with which they are wont to equip their pet theories. And if I venture to recommend it to all else for perusal, it is owing to an axiom I have early in life treasured up, viz.:—that there is nothing from which one cannot sooner or later gather up some sweet of philosophy. The above two gentlemen we shall give the names of Albus and Flavus, by way of distinction, and the better to avoid confusion in their colloquy. Flavus holds a yellow rose in his hand, Albus a white rose.

ALBUS. "Now, why do you prefer a yellow rose?"

FLAVUS. "Why!—Because it reminds me so strongly of a beautiful girl in a consumption."

ALBUS. "Ha! ha! ha!—well, I must allow you this merit, at least, that your comparisons are not, generally, odious. I regret, however, to be obliged to make an odious one. A yellow rose always reminds me of an invalid in jaundice—it is quite a bilious looking flower—oh! yellow is a horrid colour."

FLAVUS. "Bitten assuredly by the tarantula!—a horrid colour! I am amazed at you. Is it not a better, a brighter, a more vivid colour than your cold cheerless white. Is it not the—the—the—the sunshine of colours?"

ALBUS. "Then, the consumptive hue, which is a shade of your yellow, must be a ray of that sunshine?"

FLAVUS. "A ray truly, as you say;—but a ray intercepted by the hectic mists of disease."

ALBUS. "And the jaundice hue?—pray, what ray will you make of that?"

FLAVUS. "Make of it?—why, let me see—aye—a ray of yellow made lurid as it were by its reflection from an atrabiliary medium. The medium, sir,—the medium it is that dulls the colour. The bright, the golden yellow, unclouded and unintercepted, is assuredly the sunshine of colours.

ALBUS. "Admitting it is the medium which dulls it—there are so many of those media so disagreeable to contemplate, that with your brightest idea of yellow, I cannot for the life of me associate any thing but nausea and disgust. I have always thought there is a something in yellow which hath not purity; a something lutulent; a something evidencing decay and rottenness—a something entirely earthly about it. Now, look at white. (Here he held up his white rose.) Do you not every where hear eulogies in favour of white? Instance, "the purity of white"—"the chaste white," and so forth. Is it not the colour given to angels' robes in poetic vision? Is it not the colour———

FLAVUS. "Tut, talk not to me of your white rose. The very idea of white chills—oh! it freezes me;—it reminds me of snow—nay, I feel the horrors of an intermittent for looking on it. (Here, Flavus shuddered very laughably, and grinned very hideously.)

ALBUS. "You say it reminds you of snow—that is, of the idea of coldness we attach to snow. But though this idea works such chilling influence upon you, you cannot but admit that snow hath the quality of purity. Virtue, you know, is frequently compared to snow, because of its very coldness—yet it is this inherent coldness in it, which enables it to keep its white spotless, its purity unsullied by the heat of passion—and the truth is, unhappily for our natures, as we are apt to look upon snow, so do we look upon virtue: we feel chilled alike by both.

FLAVUS. "I faith, he is getting too chilly for me, I know. (aside) Well, say what you will of your white, and your snow, and your virtue, and all that sort of thing, I still contend that yellow is the sunshine of colours.

ALBUS. "Suppose I wish you joy with your sunshine—yet, to come even to sunshine, I cannot dis sever from it the idea of heat, nor from heat the idea of passion, nor from passion the idea of what is entirely earthly. Now, sir, would you for a moment compare sunlight to moonlight? and here, as a set-off against you, I shall make my white the moonshine of colours, and"———

At which words, lo! the garden scene began slowly to recede, and the sweet seduction of the moonbeams won back my thoughts from fiction to reality. Again I looked out upon the sea, and, as though I had bidden it, a bugle from the transport gave out some sleepless reminiscence—some echoing of the Past—one of those Irish melodies whose music giveth words—whose tones are the richest, heavenliest poetry. It seemed some soliloquy of the heart—'twas "Savourneen Dheelish."

A-PROPOS OF MUSIC.

UNQUESTIONABLY *one* of the strongest passions with which Providence hath blessed me, is a passion for music. I feel a longing in the soul, a forcing of itself to grasp at some perception of the diviner, when listening to the earthlier harmony. Music discloseth to me the breaks in the clouds, the portals in the heavens; through which angelic strains seem stealing downwards, yielding the heart a principle it most readily assimilates; a principle vibrating through and shaking off its grosser encrustations, spiritualizing its impulses, revitalizing it into heavenlier emotions. But a plaintive air is the chiefest medium through which I hear *echoes* of the far-off harmony. 'Tis the incantation to which sadness hath recourse to appease its pangs; 'tis the inspiration whispering condolence from a better world, and glorifying grief; 'tis the only air whose sweetness raiseth up the wet eye to heaven, and raiseth it instinctively. Oh! yes, by developing earth's sadness *to the full*—and how soothingly! it sheweth the soul what little happiness is here, and, giving it wings, would bid it soar for sympathy to God. But, can those strains of which ours purport to be *imperfect* echoes, be plaintive? Do those too “tell of saddest thought?”—I hear somebody asking me. Most certainly not; sadness dwelleth not in heaven. The strains we echo in our plaintive airs are to the heavenly choirs, strains full of praise and jubilee and happiness. Our echoes are applied as a “*dulce lenimen*” (their archetypes being of heaven) to our sorrow; and from this application—this association, we are wont to call them sad and plaintive. Other airs leave not that lasting impression, that lingering of high hopes, that religion of harmony, which the plaintive air diffuseth through the heart. Other airs, though I allow them to be echoes too of the celestial strains, acknowledge not their origin, they seem so moulded and modified, and designed for unspiritual tendencies. They give the heart shocks, sudden, fitful, rapid—shocks that simulate but do not realize joys.

Reader, gather not from these observations that I am a musician. I am not. I can neither sing nor play. The vocal faculty was not congenital, and any inclination of mine towards instrumental music hath never been responded to by parental ambition; on the contrary, hath been always damped and grievously discountenanced. Nevertheless, I can turn an air with facility, but I hum it merely or whistle it—nay, can catch an air that pleaseth me in a few days from the time I first heard it sung or played. The strongest instance of this occurred in childhood. I had a stubborn fever—I raved considerably through its progress. By all the promises of toys and confectionary they could muster, my attendants sought one night to calm my restlessness, to coax me into that state of mind conducive to sleep, but all would not do. They tell me I replied to their solicitations to “go to sleep like a good boy,” “I can't: there! 'tis beginning again!—it prevents me from sleeping.” “What prevents you, child?” “That tune—are you deaf, that

you do not hear it? Stop! listen!—there it is again!” This was a tune poor R. K. (peace to his soul) and I heard played a little before my illness, the singular pathos of which made a deep impression on me at the time. On the night alluded to it haunted me: now would I fancy ’twas played at the window of my apartment—now at the door—again, on the stairs. Methought I could not, or, if I could, would not fall asleep while this tune continued—feeling for it all the appreciation of my unraveling moments. ’Twas Weber’s last waltz.

I said above, there were airs which could only *simulate* but did not realize joys. These are your quick airs. In this their quickness lieth, the modification alluded to of the plaintive, and in that alone:—and if you reduce what you call the sweetest of your quick airs to a slow measure, it will invariably turn out to be one of the sweetest also of our plaintive tunes. This circumstance forceth me to tolerate quick airs, more than from choice I would feel inclined. Allied to words, however, quick airs always constitute with me an anomaly. They admit no display of grace, for metrical “feet,” having, essentially, too much of the “*pulsanda tellus*” about them for that. Of flesh and blood, are the feet they naturally call for. Gallopade songs, and quadrille songs, and waltz songs—oh! they—they do but set my thoughts a dancing. These songs evidence either derangement of taste or masked burlesque. My notion leaneth latterward, for I find your comic words, quick in conceit as they are, attach themselves sympathetically to quick airs. I never knew a slow air with comic words in my life. If there be such a thing, which I cannot easily understand, I swear I could not digest a verse of it. I should have to throw it up again, and probably asperse the singer’s cloth into the bargain. No; quick airs are solely meant for dancing: and as my subject carrieth me thitherward, I shall not lay down the pen until it droppeth a word or two about

DANCING.

Reader, trace the origin of this exercise to any pet *saltator* you can find in ancient history—if you choose: I shall hold my own opinion, and shall trace it not to a person but to a thing. Quick music was its origin. ’Tis natural it should be so. Don’t tell me that the quick airs of the ancients had less of sympathy to offer to the metatarsals and phalanges than those of modern times. I don’t believe a syllable of it. Quick airs are quick airs, no matter when or how they have been, are, or may be played. I never hear one that my feet are not taken strangely. The musical “waves,” and the sanguineous concurrent agitate them to its measure. No free agents are they then, nor submissive;—they stir as automatons,—they shake with the shock from the electro-musical battery.

But though I avow this shock to my individual toes, I am disposed to suffer it to pass off quietly. I seldom have to insulate them, in order to husband the shock, and to make it general through the system. In other words, though I beat time with them, I have very little fancy for entering

them upon the course. I am content to see other toes cantering there. And if their owners feel delight in their exercise, I am not backward in my applause and congratulation. If occasionally I attend at the *dances salieres*, properly so called, I do so not as one of the *salii*. I have no vocation thereto. I am taken as a make-link in their chain—as a novice serving for the nonce. Yet, I will confess to thee a secret :—some of the *salice* I have met with on these occasions, had half converted me, so lovely were their smiles, so bewitching, so angelic their movements. Nay, they have got me to acquiesce in two of their tenets already :—that the waltz is alone suitable to the marriageable—and secondly, that quadrilles (in the latter I was endeavouring to take part with them during these controversies) should exclusively belong to the married. “Why?” I had asked. I got the evasive answer :—“Because—oh! because—they are fitter!” The reasons were at once obvious to me. Certain mesmeric influences, or—a better word—affinities will spring up between the sexes when they assemble together, prompting the gentlemen to choose partners, and the ladies to yield their hands, as though they were already at the altar. A kind of wished for anticipatory leading off, taketh place; reciprocated emotions are at their height, and, almost embracing each other, away they whirl in the dreamiest blending and confusion of feelings. Doubtless, this is quite characteristic of adolescence. ’Tis a practical allegory, besides, more or less pardonable if youth have the enthusiasm. Philosophers allow it. On the other hand, look to the married folk. These have been *Salii* and *Salice* in their day. Now, they are retiring on a pension. They are present at their old ceremonies, merely “to be agreeable.” The waltzing revolutions have long given place to the matrimonial. They must “march through life” now—no longer do they wish to dance through it, bequeathing to their children that privilege. Accordingly, marching time the musician should give them, and in quadrilles there is little more than that. Quadrilles, then, by all means for the married folk. Now, that I have declared my acquiescence in, and shewn some development of these tenets, you will set me down for a neophyte? Oh! no—not yet. Nor should you think so, did you see me in what might appear to you the practical recognition of them. I deem a little more of controversy necessary to effect my conversion; and never do I hie me in search of new tenets with greater pleasure, than when I wish to avoid certain amusements allowed now and then to be mixed up with the Salian ceremonies—amusements which have never afforded, and could never afford me, the least gratification possible. I rejoice that they afford it to others, for I am of that benevolent class who “like to see people enjoying themselves.” The amusements I speak of are cards. Whenever, formerly, I had held five of these pieces of stationery in my hand, I felt that no one could see me enjoying myself. It concerned me little (the stakes being no wise extravagant) whether I lost or won. In these rival puppet shows opposing parties exhibited; my fellow manager would often twit me unmercifully for allowing my king and queen and minister (*alias* knave) to

figure at a rate too cheap for his idea of the stage. Add to this, that now I would hold no "spade" with which to exhume a buried head, wearing

"The round
And top of *sovereignty* ;"

now, would not wield my "club" to bear away some (to *me* valueless) "diamond;" and again, would not "keep up" my "heart" to lay it at the feet of some attractive "queen." These twittings I could not long endure; and, accordingly, we had often in consequence to dissolve partnerships. To get rid of these irksomenesses, I thought it the most prudent expedient I could adopt to cut the card-table altogether, and to venture upon the quieter and more goodhumoured arena of the Salians.

A LOOK INTO THE PAST.

I have always remarked that it is in the retrospection of *some* of our past enjoyments we enjoy them the most; because in this retrospection it is, that the tincture of bitterness which *had been* diffused among them, no matter how slight its impression on our palates then, is sure to lose its alloy for our memories—our memories becoming in a short time wholly unimpressible to its influence. Like forgotten plays, the companionships of childhood and of boyhood, of the schools and the colleges, and then the associations of the early aspiring manhood, will be enacted again in time future, a little altered perhaps, but only by the happy addition of "entirely new scenery, dresses, and decorations." Memory and imagination are ancillary to their development: and in proportion to the strength and activity of both, will be the pleasurable influence derivable from their resurrection from the Past. We bring them out, too, in the mellowed, maturer light of our setting manhood, robing them with colours as dazzling but more subdued than those we had given them in the "light of other days."

And who that is gifted with a strong memory and a strong imagination—most excellent gifts—can, at any time, say he feeleth alone? Ever and anon he may be the only tenant of his study:—no one may see a friend going in there;—no one hear a friend talking there;—no book, nor pamphlet, nor paper may be placed before him, with which to hold communion;—yet quite insensible is he to all this. To *him* it seemeth not his study. That moment is he in his college chambers: those chairs about him there are occupied by college chums; that table giveth up the odour of wine and whiskey punch:—some supper scene of thoughtless youth is now his vision. Lo! how he smileth to himself!—the witicism tickleth him more—he laughs outright—it riseth to its acme—he falleth in a fit of ague laughter that could cure an influenza, so quickly is the elimination of mucus (to quote a certain medical friend) brought up and brought down, and of meibomian and other lachrymal liquors pressed out from his eyes. But melancholy is the reflection that the agency of these twin-spells—Memory and Imagination—cannot people

than an apricot, 'twas your wont to make a kind of drawling kick at it, and (let it go to the right or to the left,) keep following it, and still kicking it before you with the most admirable perseverance. It seemed to me these movements of the stone must have been exactly synchronous with the shifts and turns of your adversary's argument. You allowed not *his* argument, any more than that stone, to gather moss:—in every kick was an *instabis*—in every skipping and jumping of the stone was an objection. And I verily believe that in that square you “left no stone unturned” on these occasions. Nay more, I am of opinion that a stone in your path was quite as necessary to be kicked before you, for argument's sake, as the winding and unwinding of the thread round the barrister's finger was indispensable some years ago, for the due appreciation and conduct of his pleadings.

And, though not of our College circle,—J. S. wild, thoughtless—all soul and heart. Of quick, impassioned temperament, life was to thee a railway—thou, the headlong engine hurrying along in thy train whomsoever thou wert connected with from sympathy. And though last not least, how shall I forget thee, the steady, unswerving friend—the choicest companion, the clever and witty T. J. L.? How fondly have I often conjured up scenes familiar only to ourselves! How often even still do I enter that theatre with you, where between the acts (the *stage* acts) we were treated with many a sublime farce among the gods themselves—for, susceptible as we were of lofty journeyings, we would take wing from the more earthly pit to the heavenward regions, and look down with supercilious bearing upon the mortals below. I often laugh at your critique upon a passage in a tragedy, (during the enacting thereof,) in which a certain man of colour—one of coloured dramatic pretension too—played the hero. This passage you could not stomach. If I recollect aright, this hero was exclaiming grandiloquently—“let the clouds *purge* them of their *thunder*”—when you immediately cried, but still in a whisper addressed to me, “oh! oh!—horrible!—shocking!—who on earth was the muse, the author of that play invoked for such an indecorous idea? Cloacina?—eh?—What *Epsom* spring was it he was converting into his Hippocrene?” and here we set out into a loud dust of obstreperous laughter, which called forth from several voices indignant cries of “order—order in the gallery!” “shame! shame!” To which words, feeling our superiority, you replied scornfully:—“order, yourselves, you *pit-iful* creatures,” and produced as much merriment among our fellow Olympians, as though another Vulcan had been limping about for our amusement. I often laugh too at some of the predicaments in which we would get entangled—but, hold—my pen hath hurried me farther than I intended into my past enjoyments—and, reader, there have been too many of these which I could not—and *would not*, even if I could, bring into my pen to divulge—Wherefore “*Vale!*”—“*Verbum non amplius addam.*”

MACKLIN; OR, THE SON'S SACRIFICE.

CHAPTER IX.—THE SOLDIER'S STORY.—FAMILY PECULIARITIES.—A LESSON FOR A GAMBLER.

"FALLEN as I am, Nell," said the soldier, "and wearing, as I do, the livery of a hireling, my childhood and my boyhood, as I often hinted to you, were spent in a proud luxurious home, and in frolicking over broad lands and far-spreading plantations, which at some future time were to call me master ; unless, as events proved, my conduct cancelled the inheritance. Although, at this present speaking, there is a considerable mixture of the baser metals of brass and iron in my composition, yet I was born, to all intents and purposes, in that refined and costly state, described as coming into the world with a silver spoon in my mouth ; and though for many years I have been on very distant terms with that precious mineral, yet in early life my connection with it was most intimate and familiar. Alas ! Nell, if I could only now have the same easy and privileged entry to a well-stocked butler's pantry, which I once enjoyed, by my faith, old girl, I could find more uses than one for its shining occupants. But the reflection is tantalizing, and so we will pass on to one more inviting.

"In early life I had every thing I could ask or wish for ; and too often not only were my wishes gratified as soon as expressed, or, rather, more frequently anticipated, but new and hitherto unthought-of ones called into being by the novel and enticing indulgences set before me. And could I have framed my desires to any bearable degree, to say nothing of reason or moderation ;—could I have kept a fierce and lawless appetite within any bounds at all, leaving constraint or decency out of the question ; above all, sweet Nell, could I have curbed a haughty and imperious temper to any semblance of controul and respect for the opinions of others, I might to this hour have enjoyed both the means and the licence of their indulgence to an extent almost unbounded. But the truth is, as a child I was wilful and capricious ; as a boy, froward and unmanageable ; and as a youth, daring and licentious. And if I were not so by nature, I would have been made so by my rearing. In the first stage of existence I was fondled and petted into a little tyrant ; in the second, caressed and indulged into a domestic plague ; and in the third, which decided my fate, lavishly supplied with the means to stimulate every passion, and gratify every vicious inclination. The method adopted to prevent such an unhappy state of things were those which most speedily and effectually brought them about. My father was one of those stern morose men who establish in their own families a gloomy and joyless despotism, and think when they have hushed all enjoyment in their own presence, and have made all about them sombre and restrained, they have done every thing in their power to make their

descendants virtuous and correct. If smiles and laughter fled at his approach, and a stiff uneasy silence reigned instead,—if the faces he loved had a grave shadowy expression, and a dull leaden depression of heart and spirits were visible wherever he came, he felt that his family and dependants were amiable and praiseworthy, and his social regime admirable and unequalled. And this was strange, for he was a man of singularly prepossessing appearance, and all who knew him, save and except his own immediate circle, spoke of the suavity of his manner, the elegance of his diction, and the beauty of his smile. But he brought not one of these winning abilities home with him—to use a well-known expression, ‘he hung up his fiddle when he entered his own mansion’, and while he lorded it there, music and gaiety were interdicted. It resulted from this, that whenever any of the household were out of his presence, they strove to make themselves amends for the restraint they had been suffering, by the most exuberant gaiety and enjoyment ; and whenever he chanced to be absent, we all had a very carnival of it. At those happy times a weight was taken off our feelings, and it was no wonder if too often their play was wild and rampant. From the mistress of the mansion to the stable-boy, every one felt a sense of liberty, and seemed determined to enjoy it to the utmost, each according to inclination, as the hour of restraint would soon return.

“And yet, with all his despotic controul, never was man so easily or so often deceived. Those about him had but to accommodate themselves to his way to gain any point they wished. I had but to wear a grave and saddened aspect, to appear to think deeply, and yet to speak seldom, to obtain any request I sought. And as to impunity for my pranks, I had but to keep them and their consequences out of his sight to escape detection. He was too cold, reserved, and proud for those about him to make any approach to familiarity ; and thus his own eyes and ears were the only informants he had in the family, so that if a due proportion of silence and reserve were kept up in his presence, he must be an awkward sinner who incurred his displeasure. Thus, when I had attained sufficient craft and experience to veil my follies from his notice, and assume, when necessary, the exterior he approved of, I could indulge myself as I pleased. By the latter I could procure the means of indulgence, and by the former act uncontrouled.

“My mother, on the other hand, was a mild, gentle, trustful being ; by nature gay and social, and desirous to see all about her free and happy. I was an only child, and she loved me to idolatry. She would or could see no fault in me, nor thanked those who would tell her of any. Even when I grew up, and tales of early profligacy reached her ears, she either shut her heart against a belief in the story, or her affection was too strong to blame me even for such conduct. She could refuse me nothing, and as she possessed an independence of her own, I had ample resources to draw on for my increasing expenses. Those who would praise me to her said I had a generous heart and a free hand, and as she loved

such qualities, she would call me 'her gallant boy,' and say 'I should not want the means of indulging such noble inclinations.'

"I had a foster brother, Nell, and if ever the devil entered a human shape, to tempt another to his own undoing, he did his. He was a sly, tortuous, scheming fellow, with a slippery tongue, a quick eye, and a ready hand. Nothing checked nor daunted him; what his cunning could not overreach, his bold and daring villany overmastered. He knew not what fear was, either of this world or the next, and was unscrupulous to do my bidding, let the direction or tendency be what it would. He soon obtained a strange influence over me, and from step to step led me onward, until we were so connected in profligate exploits that separation was impossible. He was an adroit and subtle flatterer, which made his presence as agreeable as his services were useful. In short, he soon became an indispensable minister to my vanity and vices; and as I found him faithful, fearless, and devoted, I gave him my confidence, and he never abused it. But although I dearly loved and amply trusted him, yet to his guidance and my own wilful and headstrong passions I attribute a career of no ordinary guilt or punishment.

"With such a man for my companion, I might tell you of many a daring freak, many a midnight revel, many an arch device, and many a sly intrigue; but it would be a fruitless waste of time, and so, leaving you to guess at our exploits, which had made myself and satellite famous for many a mile around us, I come to the first stirring event of my early career.

"'Master Gilbert,' he said to me, one morning, just as I had entered upon my nineteenth year, 'I have news for you. You know Miles Sweeney's cottage yonder, so long untenanted and shut up,—well, it is taken and made a little paradise of, and with an angel, too, no less handsome to dwell in it. There's an old couple there, and a son, an officer, staying awhile with them; but the jewel of the place is as bright, and fair, and lovely a colleen as ever blessed the eye of man. I saw her this morning, sir, tending the flowers in the little garden before the door, and never did I see a creature half so beautiful. You must make up to her, master; she takes the shine out of all our beauties.'

"I need not tell you of my reply, nor of the eagerness with which I sought to get a view of the fair stranger. I succeeded, and I thought I never looked upon such transparent loveliness. I vowed I would know her, and what is more, swore a deep oath she should be mine. An acquaintance with the family was easily accomplished. The son, who was on leave of absence from the army, was a sportsman; I contrived we should meet in the course of our sport, and, as he was a stranger, politely offered him the range of our grounds, asked him to the house, and, in return, received an invitation to visit his family. The next day, under pretence of shewing him a favourite cover, I called at the cottage—Maryville they named it after its fairest tenant, and so was introduced to the

family. That was my first interview with Mary Macklin. You say she was admired for her comeliness when she wedded Tracy, but had you seen her at the time I speak of, you would call her the fairest of the very fair. I loved her madly from the very first moment my eyes dwelt upon her. You start at that, Nell ; stay, girl, till you hear the kind of love I bore her. But to continue. Her brother was a gay, frank-hearted fellow, and we were soon inseparable companions. Her father, too, was a bluff honest old soul, and her mother a hospitable gentlewoman. They all seemed to like me, and welcomed me with kindly greetings when I came, and urged me to make my visits more frequent. At last I became a daily visitor, and hours were spent in strolling along copse and mead and river side with Mary Macklin.

“As yet I had formed no settled plan respecting her ; in truth, despite my own vanity or confidence in my good looks, and even against the judgment and flattering suggestions of my evil mentor, I found I had not made any such advances in her favour as to warrant any design against her peace and virtue. I was young, you will say, to think of such plots, but yet, few as my years were, when I thought of Mary Macklin and of possessing her, the dream of honourable courtship and eventual marriage never crossed my brain. I knew my father well enough, to feel that if I dared to harbour the notion of wedding a portionless beauty, he would hurl me from him a disinherited prodigal ; and I was too selfish to risk his displeasure, and yet too headstrong in passion to baulk my gratification on the score of honour or humanity. Heaven only knows to what devices or stratagems to attain my purpose, myself and worthy coadjutor would have been driven, when one morning I got a summons to attend my father in his study. When I entered, he motioned me to sit down, and in his grave sententious manner said :—

“‘Gilbert, I purpose leaving this to-morrow, in order to place you in college. The measure has been somewhat tardy, but circumstances not necessary to be explained to you have delayed it ; you will be ready to accompany me. That will do, don’t speak, I want no opinion from you on the subject one way or the other ; leave the room, and shut the door after you.’

“Against this decision there was no appeal, and I had no resource but to obey. However, I thought I would see Mary before I went, and tell her something of my feelings.

“That evening I met her alone, and told her of my love. She heard me calmly, I thought coldly, but it was the strength of her character which gave her composure and coolness. She bent a steady inquiring glance upon my glowing countenance, and in a voice whose tones betokened her decision, asked me in reply to my impassioned declaration of love—

“‘To what end, Mr. Berkely ?’

“I was unprepared for the question, and so had no ready answer, while I was yet too unschooled in the lessons of hypocrisy to forge one on the instant ; so I hesitated for a moment, confused and silent.

"She watched my embarrassment for a time, and then, with a sweet smile, and a sweeter voice, said :—

" 'Come, come, Mr. Berkely, I see you are a novice in the fashionable art of trifling with a woman's heart. Do not, as you value good faith and honour, try to be a more accomplished adept. You have sadly bungled in this attempt, and I hope the failure will be a good lesson for you. Nay, I see you are pained, and so I will not banter you any more. But I will just talk a little common sense to you. Our situations are too unequal to think of a connection sanctioned by your parents, even were your father less proud and stern than he is represented to be, and mine, though comparatively humble, would never see his daughter forced upon the acceptance of any family; so that a secret marriage, looking to eventual forgiveness, on the principle, as the poet has it—

"When remedies are past, the grief is ended,

"By seeing the worst which late on hope depended,"

is entirely out of the question; it would inevitably crush the heart of my parent, as it would the pride of yours. So then there would be little wisdom in bringing about either catastrophe. We will be friends, attached ones if you will, and here is my hand on the bond, but nothing more. You are about to visit the metropolis, and you will soon forget your rural predilection amid the fascinations of accomplishment and fashion.'

"I have never forgotten these words, nor the feelings with which I listened to them. I felt pained and humiliated by them, and whether she read my heart right or not, she held up a mirror to me, in which I saw my own unworthiness so plainly, that I experienced all the sensations of the bitterest shame, mingled with disappointed passion. I know not how I replied, or how I received her frank and cordial tender of friendship and sisterly regard, but this I do know, that I left her and the home of my childhood with a fierce desire burning in my veins, and a settled purpose in my mind, that when I returned, if human agency could effect my purpose, I would be triumphant.

"My career in the metropolis till the period of my meeting with you may be very succinctly described. Supplied liberally by my father—for his pride suggested an adequate maintenance—and scarce a post passing that did not bring me remittances from my mother, I had ample means for plunging into all the vicious and expensive pleasures of a gay and crowded city. Well, these were rare times; when I do think—and there are times when Berkely the brawler and wassailer *can* steal away from the brimming cup and the noisy revellers, to ponder over old times and scenes with a thoughtful brain and sometimes an aching heart—many strange grotesque visions of those merry and reckless days rise up before me. I drained the cup of profligate enjoyment in every form and measure. I wooed excitement at the festive board, till, with reeling footsteps and maddened brains, we rushed forth on some mischievous freak, insulting to the feelings, and often perilous to the lives and properties of

our fellow men. I courted fortune at the gambling table, till sometimes I swept from off it glittering hoards midst the blanched cheeks and muttered execrations of ruined associates, and at others, I rose up from it without one coin to jingle against another. Then there was the race-course and the bet book, the scheming jockey and the favourite horse, to busy a profligate brain, occupy an idle disposition, and drain a teeming purse. Old girl, by my soul, but the thoughts warm me now ; in all and each of these I made my name ring like that of a master-spirit ; I was an infallible guide, authority, and often a tempter of no ordinary seductive powers in the regions of vicious and corrupt pleasure. I call them so, because I have no desire either to gloss over my own faults and propensities, or to give a hypocritical account of the scenes and occupations into which they led me. It is but to call things by their right names, and 'tis a habit I have long been used to.

"We met by chance, Nell, and I often think a wayward and wilful fate in the destiny of both led to that meeting and its consequences. We became so soon acquainted—the cold forms and precise regulations of the world stood so little in the way of our rapidly conceived and readily expressed attachment—there was so little selfishness and so much uncalculating devotion on your side—and such ardent glowing passion on mine ; and when in the freshness and pride of your youthful beauty you became mine without vow or stipulation to bind me, there was such a noble sacrifice to my will, and such an utter dependence on my truth, that I cannot look upon the whole occurrences and coincidences as traced out according to the ordinary events and relations of life. I found you so elevated in form and gifts and culture beyond your station in life, and those about you ; so unlike in strength of character, feeling, and imagination, to any being that had ever yet glanced across my path ; so energetic in will and purpose, that if you had asked any sacrifice at my hands at the time, I would have cheerfully rendered it. But let that reflection pass away with the rest.

"You recollect one day I came to you fearfully agitated, with a pale cheek but a heated brow, and a trouble on my spirit not all your blandishments could soothe or discover. I only told you then my distress originated in a summons to the country ; you shall have the whole truth now.

"Some time previously, I had lost large sums at play and by betting ; in fact I was, as the phrase goes, 'regularly cleared out' of all my ready money, besides being involved in debts of a serious amount. Two days before I had received an unusually large remittance from my father, and by a private hand a considerable sum from my mother. I was now in a condition to woo again the fickle goddess, and as she had frowned upon me for some time past, I had now some hopes of partaking of her smiles. That night I went to the gambling house with a resolve to stake high, and play a cool and merry game to retrieve my late losses.

"I offered a large bet on the issue of the game then playing, but it was not taken up. I offered it again, and it was accepted by a stranger—a tall stately-looking man, wearing large spectacles, and a curious black silk

cap covering his head, and reaching nearly to his eye brows, while high shirt collars shaded the lower part of his face. He was altogether a strange looking personage, and spoke with something of a foreign accent ; yet, for all this, I could not get over the idea that I had seen him and heard him speak before. But though I puzzled myself sorely to recall the when and the where, all my efforts were vain, and so I dismissed the matter from my mind.

“I won the bet ; the stranger paid me from a bulky note-book, with a smile and bow, and proposed to double it on the ensuing game. I agreed, won again, and was tendered the amount in the same polite manner. Again and again we staked, doubling the amount each time, and again and again I was the winner ; still my opponent was perfectly unmoved, and seemed to view his losses not only with composure but with cheerfulness. At last, when we had lost a considerable sum, he proposed a game between ourselves, to which I readily consented. He named the stakes, one-half the sum I had won from him, and lost ;—doubled it, and lost again ; and so went on with a reckless spirit I never saw equalled, till the note-book was declared empty, and I rose from the table a winner of some thousands. At parting the stranger offered a renewal of the contest next day, when he had replenished his note-book, and proposed that it should take place at his inn, whither he invited me to dine.

“We met at the appointed hour, and dinner and a moderate share of wine discussed, we began the conflict. Fortune, the jade, was still at my side, and before many hours were past, I was once more a winner to a considerable amount. Still, on we played, steadily and cheerfully, the winner excited by his gains, but the loser not one bit discouraged by his losses. At length, it was almost his last stake, when the current which had been all the evening running in my favour, suddenly changed, and he won. Again and again he swept the board, and I felt the vantage ground, on which I so securely trod, slipping from beneath me. Step by step I was beaten back, and losing confidence with my successive defeats, I began to play wildly and carelessly, and lost accordingly. He won back every shilling he had lost that night, and my winnings of the former followed fast. In a short time more, and I had lost every coin I possessed in the world. A grim smile of triumph lighted up as much of the stranger's face as was visible, when he read the blank expression of my features, which announced my bankruptcy. But he had not done with me yet. “I had expectations,” he said,—“an inheritance in prospective,—fathers would not live always,—let me draw up bills for certain sums payable on my succeeding to my property,—I could stake them against his cash,—he did not want money immediately, indeed it was the sport rather than the produce of the game he coveted,—he had some stamps ready which I could fill up as I pleased, and so we could continue the contest.”

“I took the bait the tempter threw me, and swallowed it, until the

barb was fixed in my very entrails. On we played, hour after hour, with unflagging earnestness, and bill after bill passed from me, each increasing in amount, for I was grown desperate ; and since it was but a curl of the pen I staked, I cared not how boldly or how often 'twas made. At last the stranger pleaded weariness, and for that time declined playing any more ; and as I was not only weary but bewildered, we both rose from the table.

“ ‘It must be broad day-light,’ said the stranger ; and as he spoke he extinguished the candles, and proceeded with some delay to open the shutters. When he had done so, and folding them back, let the light of heaven in one dazzling flood roll into the room, and then turned to confront me, I saw him without spectacles or cap, or other disguise, standing full before me confessed as my father. Even at that early period I had a powerful controul over my feelings, so as to prevent any outward exhibition of them ; but on this occasion blinded by the sudden light, and utterly confounded by the presence of the person in the whole living world I least expected to see, I staggered back a pace or two into the apartment.

“ My stern parent, Nell, enjoyed the spectacle of my surprise and amazement for a moment or so, and then in his cool, ironical tone of voice said,

“ ‘A right good morning to your highness, for a prince you are by play if not by birth. You have wagered nobly, have staked an inheritance on the die, and—lost it. Bravo, sir, bravo ; it is not the son of every country gentleman can act so munificently : you have a spirit above the class you belong to, and 'twould be a pity you should fall below it. Come, I have now a two-fold right to dispose of my property as I please, and I will save it from the claws of the sharpers. I have heard of your exploits, sir, especially in this way, but I resolved to take nothing upon hearsay. Many told me you would ruin yourself, but I resolved to test it myself, and right well I have succeeded ; for I now possess not only a right to the property while living, but the best title to it when dead. Hark ye now for my decision ! I leave you free as air—not a fetter on you, but those you chose to forge for yourself. Here,’ and he strode to the table, and folding up the notes, handed them to me. ‘Here is the money you lost to me, and here is what will serve to pay your debts of honour. Break off this and some other dishonourable pursuits in which you are engaged, and you shall hold the same position in my favour you have hitherto done. Continue in them, and I disinherit you.’

CHAPTER X.—THE SOLDIER'S STORY CONTINUED.—A TEMPTATION.— THE MARRIAGE.

“ Nell,” said the soldier, when after a pause he continued his narrative, “I never gambled from that hour ; and although my abstinence from that favourite indulgence availed me little in warding off parental dis-

pleasure from subsequent reprehensible conduct, yet the resolution which was produced by the shame and mortification of the scene I have described, has endured from that moment to the present, and has brought me unhurt and unharmed through many an ordeal in which others have perished. I was self-convicted of gross folly and imprudence, and beyond question proved to be unworthy of the inheritance destined for me, when I could so wantonly stake it on the issue of a dice-box. I grew grieved and penitent, Nell; and although it was very probable my sorrow for the past, and resolution of future amendment, were not deep and would not be lasting, yet I was not permitted to test their sincerity or duration. The tempter came in the very first throes of my contrition, and rousing into strength and action the passions a temporary humiliation had beaten down, sent me forth to do their bidding with more than pristine vigour and determination.

“One evening, as I sat moody and alone in my apartment, my foster-brother entered the room, travel-worn and soiled, his weary look and jaded step betokening the length and speed of his journey. He came to tell me a strange story concerning Mary Macklin, which he feared to communicate to me in any other way than by his own word of mouth. I had left him to watch the progress of events at Maryville, and I now found he had not slumbered at his post. He had a taste for gardening, and offers of his assistance, with the occasional present of a rare plant or slip, had won his way to the regard and notice of the gentle Mary. He contrived, too, to establish a courtship with the only servant of the family, and thus few occurrences of any moment could escape his knowledge. What he told me was this:—

“About a fortnight after my departure, a stranger, of a large ungainly person, a forbidding countenance, and a loud, harsh, insolent tone of voice, came to the cottage. Without courtesy or salutation of any kind, he strode past the servant, and dashing wide the door of the general sitting room, stood before the old man, and, in accents of rude authority, demanded ‘when he was to be paid;’ and then came a torrent of abuse, in which the words ‘swindling’ and ‘robbery’ were thundered forth abundantly. Then the door was closed, and, for a long time after, the sound of female voices was heard, employed in passionate entreaties, and accompanied by sobs and wailing cries, while high above them all rose the domineering insolence of the heartless and despotic creditor. For a time he appeared relentless, and his voice, sharp and twanging, was heard ringing through the house, like the echo of a lash, telling at once of human cruelty and human suffering. At last the hateful sounds grew less and less, and the sighs and sobs were hushed proportionately. They had found some method of pacifying the uncouth intruder; and his bellow had sunk down to a growl, varied at intervals by a chuckle or grin, scarcely less savage than his wrath. He staid the remainder of the day with them, a dreaded and unwelcome guest; and whenever Mary or her mother went about the house, they crept along with trembling frame and counte-

nances, betokening excessive agitation. Once, the former was observed to enter her chamber, and falling on her knees, address a petition to heaven, with a wild, imploring earnestness, which showed how oppressive the affliction that lay upon her young heart. Both before and after dinner their guest drank deeply; and as he was by nature a coarse and brutal fellow, his potations brought forth his disgusting qualities every moment more and more. His oaths were frequent, and their blasphemous tendency peculiar: they were by no means of an ordinary kind, but were characterized by singular impiety and invention. His jests were also many, but they always produced a blush or a shudder on the part of Mary. He cared nothing for the opinions or observations of those present; so he heard the echoes of his own voice dictating, contradicting, and coining jokes, of obscene meaning, loosely and clumsily veiled, he was satisfied. And thus he went on, swallowing bumper after bumper, till after midnight he reeled to bed, leaving those who had to endure his company, heart-sick after the infliction.

"The next day the ruffian—for he was one by nature—had a long conversation with the family, the tendency of which my informant could not learn; but from its occurrence, joy and comfort fled from the once happy circle of Maryville. A dark, settled melancholy rested upon them, and every thing about their habitation partook of the gloom that had fallen upon their hearts. The garden—once their pride—was neglected, and weeds were suffered to choke up the growth of the flowers, as dark thoughts had obscured the bright visions of their souls. They kept exclusively to themselves, and were seldom seen to issue from the house of mourning. Care and affliction had come to them uninvited guests, and their whole time was taken up with them.

"Matters remained in this state until the day before my foster-brother's departure; but that morning tidings were received which plunged the tenants of Maryville in the deepest distraction. It would seem, from the bursts of grief which rang through the house, when the intelligence burst upon the afflicted family, that some calamity of an irretrievable kind had fallen upon them. Especially Mary for a time was absolutely frantic in the exhibition of her feelings. The cause of such excitement transpired—it was too terrible to be concealed long. The fellow who had visited them some months back was a creditor in a large amount of Mr. Macklin. On the former occasion, he had come down to take violent proceedings for the money of his debt; but, as they then thought, being affected by their intreaties, he had consented to a delay of six months. It now appeared that the indulgence had been granted solely through his admiration of Mary, and a hope that, through the power he possessed over the father, he would obtain the person—he cared nothing for the affections—of the daughter in marriage. He was too shrewd a fellow not to know that no young and lovely girl would voluntarily accept so forbidding and ugly a brute as he was, and he had sworn to select a beauty for his bride. The charms of the gentle Mary

had attracted him beyond any he had ever looked upon ; and as he had taken care to frustrate every attempt her father made to gain money to satisfy his demands, he depended upon the terror his menaces would produce to effect his purpose. His letter announced 'that he would take the young lady as payment; or, if they liked the phrase better, the debt should be her portion, and a release the receipt for it. He knew he was not an Adonis ; but he had that which many a handsome fellow lacked—wealth ; and titled dames would envy his wife the costliness and profusion of her state. He would be down in a few days to claim his bride—short wooing for him—or, ——' The menace was well understood.

"That night my foster-brother met Mary Macklin by appointment, some short distance from her home ; when, telling him of the above facts, she said,

" 'Michael, it may look strange to speak to you as I am now about to do, but your young master often told me of your fidelity and trustworthiness, and you have ever been respectful and attentive to myself, so that I would prefer trusting to you in this emergency than to any person within my reach. Before he left this, he made a declaration of attachment to me, which I deemed nothing more than the ebullition of boyish admiration ; but you have constantly been assuring me of his unchanged and unchangeable affection, and now, in the extremity of my distress, I would fain believe in his truth, as it may lead to my preservation from the cruel destiny impending over me. Michael, it may be unmaidenly to say so, but I would risk every thing valuable in life to escape the clutch of this cruel man. But once I have seen him, and that is enough to inspire the loathing and detestation of a century. His bold, licentious stare, the revolting expression of his lip and eye, have filled me with a horror that shakes my whole being when I think of him. I will hazard every thing, life itself, sooner than be the miserable slave of Giles Murdoch. And yet there is another side of the alternative still more fearful to look on. The tyrant has the power to imprison my poor father, and doubtless will do so, if I reject his offer ; and that will break the old man's heart. Michael, it maddens me to think of the difficulty in which I am placed,—can you communicate with your master ?'

"The faithful fellow swore 'he would walk his feet to the stumps, or I should be informed of the whole business before another sun had set.'

" 'Then,' said she, 'inform him speedily of our situation. It may be that he has grown cold and indifferent, but he cannot wholly have forgotten me. He is quick of apprehension and daring of deed, and such attributes alone can rescue me. Say to him, I trust my fate to his hands.'

"You may wonder how accurately I remember not merely the direct outline of these events, but the very words made use of at the time. But the fact is, I very early traced out a record of those scenes, and the incidents connected with them ; and it has been my habit constantly to

recur to the perusal, so that they are impressed upon my memory as accurately as the occurrences of yesterday. But to continue :—

“ I wanted not the suggestions of Michael to prove to me how well the usurer Murdoch was labouring to place the beauty he coveted in my power, nor how opportunely every event was falling out to suit my long-cherished purpose ; for, let the truth be told, not all the allurements of the metropolis, nor all the blandishments of my connection with you, had power to efface from my mind the image of the lovely tenant of Maryville. It was now apparent that something decisive and speedy should be done, if I sought to save Mary from the arms of the hideous Murdock, and secure her for my own. Her beauty, her distress, the romantic coincidence of the circumstances, excited within my breast a spirit of chivalrous enthusiasm, mingled with a sentiment of pity, that one so young and so fair should have such stern miseries to encounter ; and I secretly resolved, even to the sacrifice of my own selfish views, to befriend her bravely in this strait. I was not yet utterly hardened by my vicious intercourse with the world, and every generous impulse was not exiled by the intrusion of the narrow and contracted views of the voluptuary or man of pleasure.

“ The succeeding evening, closely muffled, to escape detection by any servitors or members of my own family, I awaited in a chosen spot, some distance from the cottage, a meeting with Mary Macklin. She came ; and if I thought her beautiful before, she now appeared to me to wear an aspect of angelic loveliness. She was naturally of a frank and confiding disposition ; but her afflictions gave her now such a clinging, trustful dependance of character ; she threw herself upon my honour and good faith with such an implicit reliance upon their integrity ; and she seemed so totally behoven to me for assistance and protection in difficulties sufficiently appalling, that you could scarcely blame me, Nell, if I felt towards her not merely a return of my admiration considerably heightened, but an affection which, for the time, was as glowing and as fervent as ever warmed the heart of man. Nay more, Nell, I became chivalrous in my notions concerning her. I resolved to rescue her, if human agency availed for the attempt ; but I vowed against taking a mischievous advantage of any opportunity which her distress, and my interference in her behalf, would afford. You smile incredulously, Nell ; but there have been periods in my existence, when I not only felt noble sentiments, but acted accordingly.

“ It was soon apparent, even to Mary herself, that to await at home the arrival of the hateful suitor, would be to seal her fate. The prospect of a jail for her aged father, and his separation from his faithful partner in life, was agonizing ; and she felt that if the relentless Murdoch proceeded to extremities, the misery of the spectacle would so work upon her feelings, that in the madness of the moment she would make the sacrifice from which her soul recoiled. It was not alone the loathsome appearance of this frightful character, or his rude and coarsely vulgar manners, from

which she shrank disgusted,—but there was a deliberate impiety, a debasing profligacy, and a daringly expressed defiance of all divine and human obligations, visible in his demeanour and conversation, that would have made association with him as perilous as revolting. Along with his hatred of his species, his savage enjoyment in suffering and persecution—his grinding, implacable spirit were all so fiercely apparent, and so proudly displayed, that very little observation was necessary to show that, in wedding him, she united herself to brutal tyranny, sacrificed her happiness here, and perilled her soul's welfare hereafter. Under such distressing circumstances, instant flight from a scene of suffering which would exert so fatal influence over her, was her only chance of escape. But whither should she fly? The trusty Michael, never at fault, had provided a secure and tolerably decent refuge for her, up the mountains. He had foreseen the result of our deliberations, and had acted accordingly. 'Would she, then,' I asked, 'accompany me thither? If she did, having once placed her in safety, I would turn my attentions and exertions to the condition of her aged parents; and I vowed I would save the old man from the clutches of his vindictive creditor.' I bade her fear not, I had the will, and would find the power to save her.

"'Trust to us, Miss Mary,' said Michael, for he took no inconsiderable part in the conference, 'We will baulk flinty-hearted Giles of his prey. He shall not lay a finger on the old gentleman; no, not if I were to hang for preventing him. He thinks the devil he serves has made him all-powerful; but, with the blessing of God, we'll teach him a different story. Keep your mind to yourself, lady,—tell no one of our plan, and trust the rest to us. Be assured, if you will be directed by us, that all will yet go well.'

"And after a hard struggle, between an innate sense of propriety and a horror of the fate before her, poor Mary did consent, and in doing so had no distrust of the intended companion of her flight. She knew little of the world, and still less of its hypocrisies and deceits, and therefore was not prepared to doubt my professions of truth and honour. 'Tis true, that upon a former occasion, she evinced a spirit and discrimination which strangely discomposed me, and shewed she was a person not easily imposed on; yet now, whether I had better expressed my sentiments, and thrown into their utterance more earnest truthfulness, or whether affliction had dulled her perception, and made her more credulous of honest friendship, because she the more required its services, she appeared to trust to me with her whole heart and soul. God help her, Nell; I question whether her marriage with Giles Murdoch would have been a worse fate than her connection with me.

"The following night I had horses ready, and when the family had retired to rest, the trembling fugitive stole from the house, and, weeping and trembling with agitation, came to meet me. I did all in my power to strengthen and reassure her, but it availed little; as we went along, her step was faint and unsteady, and she sobbed as if her heart would

break. When we gained the place where we were to mount and set off, she turned from me, and falling on her knees, prayed earnestly to God to guide and protect her; and the petition she proffered to heaven on behalf of her aged and helpless parent, touched our hearts most sensibly. When she rose from her knees, her composure was in a great degree returned, and before we were many miles on the journey, she had grown perfectly calm and tranquil.

“The dwelling to which Michael conducted us was homely, but decent and comfortable, and the arrangements for Mary's accommodation made with delicacy and attention. When we parted, to seek repose after the fatigues of our journey, Mary returned me a look so eloquent of gratitude and affection, that I felt she was mine—but mine only on honourable terms.

“We were married, Nell,—aye, married to all intents and purposes; but then it was by a degraded clergyman, procured by Michael to perform the ceremony for a bribe. I confess to you, I knew at the time it was not legally binding, but it satisfied Mary's scruples, and that was enough for me.

“And now for the usurer Murdoch. Some would think that, possessing Mary, I might have cared little for the fate and fortunes of the family, and might have amused her with stories of fictitious zeal and assistance, until the time arrived for throwing off the cloak altogether. But I had promised with sincerity, and with a firm resolution of abiding by my word, and wherever that has been the case, I have never been known to fail. The account I had heard of the villain, stimulated my wrath against him, and I vowed I would wring some atonement from him for his bold design on Mary Macklin. Besides this, the plan my foster-brother suggested was a daring one, and promised to be full of adventure, and I loved such things too well not to have hand and heart in them whenever I could. Our design was this:—

“Mary, previous to leaving home, at my suggestion, wrote to her father, to say ‘she was but flying from the presence of the usurer, distrusting her own firmness to resist a union with him; and that she hoped by her flight to gain the means of baffling his menaced violence; and that it was necessary to the success of the plan that her residence should be kept a secret, even from those she loved so well.’ By my desire she now wrote again, telling her father ‘to be strong of heart and hope, to write to the usurer to bring his bonds and mortgages on a certain day, and that he would finally be settled with; and that she was commissioned to tell him (her parent) he would certainly have the money for their redemption when Murdoch produced the documents.’ This letter was with due caution delivered at the cottage, and we were enabled to gather from the demeanour of the old man, and the readiness with which he complied with the request of writing, that he acted as she desired. We now determined to meet Murdoch on his journey, and deprive him by force of the requisite documents.

“‘It was as easy done as said,’ represented my foster-brother; ‘he would get together a few of the boys that were staunch and true, just give them an insight into the cruel business he was coming on, with a hint, maybe, that he was a sheriff’s officer or bailiff, and he would get eased of his burden in no time. They would use no unnecessary violence. A tap or two on the head would not do him much mischief; and if it interfered with his calculations—why, so much the better—some poor creature would be the gainer by it in the end.’”

NORWAY AND IRELAND.—No. I.

UDALISM AND FEUDALISM.

PART II.

“Hasten to make laws which shall bring land into the market; divide, break up the estates as much as you can, for it is the only means (by overthrowing an aristocracy which deserves to fall) of relieving the lower classes; it is the only means of putting the soil at the service of the people; and it is necessary, at all hazards, to make the people of Ireland proprietors.”—De Beaumont. *L’Irlande, Sociale, Politique et Religieuse*, vol. I, p. 234.

No people on earth are so ill fed, and so badly clothed and housed as the Irish. They are altogether without luxuries or comforts. The necessities of life are often wanting to millions of them. We distinctly assert, we may at our leisure prove, and in the meantime we challenge any man to deny, that *there is no tribe on earth so ill fed, clothed, and housed as the Irish.*

Let our reader, if he be a statist, carry the eye of his mind through America, from the well-stored snow-house of the Esquimaux, over the hunting-hut of the Pawnee, over the *ranchos* of the South American, and he will everywhere see more food and better food than we have, and better clothing and houses too; considering the damp and changeful climate of Ireland, and that we are not exposed to constant wars, as are most of the American races. In Africa he will discover Hottentot, Kaffir, Negro, Moor, amply supplied with meat or bread, with arms, and such clothing and housing as their clime requires. With what envious wishes that our countrymen could share, have we heard friends describe the board of the South African *kraal* groaning with joints, and the plenteous hoards of the Moorish cottage. The nomades of Asia have their milk and meat, and the people of the great empires rice and fruits, and eternal sunshine. Look in Europe, at the fat slave of Russia, the stirring proprietor of France, the waged labourer of England, the free boor of Germany,—how rich is the poorest compared with the Irish! If there be an inhabited spot in Europe cursed in climate and soil, it is Iceland. The bulk of the island is covered with glaciers and mountains, on which the sun never melts the snow, though a thousand volcanoes often clear patches of it, ere their lava and ashes reach the abodes of men. The climate gives less than two months’ summer (that is, *not* winter). It prevents the growth of any grain or tree. Without rein deer, without

trade, (which they lost with their independence) with nothing save fish, game, and such cattle as their scanty hay crop will feed, the men of Iceland live. Yet let any man take up Mr. Dillon's book,* and he will see the superior animal comfort of the Icelander over the Irishman.

These facts are not known to the people of Ireland. They are carefully or negligently concealed from them. We call on the Irish Press, we entreat those who can teach with authority, to drive these things into the country, to labour till the fact of the poverty of the Irish being the greatest on earth is familiar in every townland. Comparison can alone teach the people their poverty, and steel them to redress. At present, instead of the people being too discontented, the evil is the other way. They have fallen more or less into the belief, that physical want and wretchedness are their unavoidable destiny, and the natural lot of themselves and the bulk of mankind. Their very piety, which has enabled them to endure, often makes them think it almost as sinful to abhor and work the destruction of the institutions which have made them miserable, as it certainly would be to murmur against the Great Power that ordained this for a time. These direct comparisons of the Irish with the poorest tribes are easily made, and we leave the task to others. Our de-

* "A Winter in Iceland and Lapland, by the Hon. Arthur Dillon, London, 1841." Mr. Dillon's opinion coincides with his facts, that, suffer what the Icelander may, he is much better off than the Irish peasant. Iceland is a udal country, having been colonized by the Norwegians in the 9th century. Their manners seem solemn and kind. Mr. Dillon describes crime as rare, and their character as "calm, orderly and persevering." Their literary reputation in the middle ages is one of the noblest instances on record of the triumph of mind, when moved by nationality, over the difficulties of a savage clime. At present they are universally fond of reading, nor are they without great names, for Thorwaldson is an Icelander. We Irish ought to take some interest in Iceland, for we have had many relations with it in peace and war. The Irish had planted the cross on its shores ere the Norsemen landed, and Patrick, an Irish culdee, was the apostle of Iceland. But our intercourse in war was more impartial. Irish slaves and freed mercenaries play a great part in the chronicles of Iceland, and the ravages of her coasts by Irish pirates are classed by her historians with the eruptions of the volcanoes, with famine, and "the Black Death," the most fearful of plagues. "The fertile Erin was long the great resort of the Scandinavians, who, from the internal dissensions of the natives, gained considerable footing. They, however, met with a stubborn resistance. Hence the Islandic authors represent the Irish as most profuse of life, and the *Ira fír* was no less terrible to the sons of Lochlin, than the *furor Normannorum* to the rest of Europe. Some of the Norwegian kings were fond of imitating the Irish manners, and one of them could speak no language perfectly but the Celtic. Several Runic pillars are inscribed to Swedes who fell in Erin."—Lodbrokar-Quida, translated by the Rev. J. Johnstone, privately printed, 1782, p. 105. These be proud testimonies from foes. The following statement of Mr. Dillon's is worth noting:—"The landlord's rights are very limited, for when once in possession, the tenant cannot be ejected, unless a farm of equal value be provided for him, as long as he continues regular in the payment of his rent; nor is the landlord allowed to raise the rent when he pleases; as on a dispute about the increased value of the land, the decision is referred to the *Hreppstjore* and two other competent judges." Such is the nearest approach to tenancy at will in Iceland. The bulk of the peasants are *bonder*, and hold as in Norway. Would that we had the worst tenure of Iceland.

sign in these articles has been rather to trace out the causes of our poverty, to point out and expose worthless remedies, and to seek the true one. We select Norway as affording the most valuable facts wherewith to illustrate the opinions of our former article ; for the condition of the Norsemen is in marked contrast to that of the Irish : the principle on which property is held by them is the exact opposite of that on which the Irishman holds it, the Norseman being a rentless owner in fee, the Irishman a rack-rented tenant at will : and lastly, because Norway is the most complete trial of that principle of proprietorship which can alone regenerate Ireland.

Let us now proceed to the condition of Norway. Its population is rural. The town population, in 1835, was 125,139, the country population, 973,152, being eight times that of the towns, while the proportion of town to country people is in England about 2 to 5. The proportion in Ireland is nearly the same as in Norway. To the tenures and condition of this class we mean to confine ourselves. The authority we shall quote is Mr. Laing,* who resided in it, as his journal tells, in 1834-5 and 6. His book is quiet, thoughtful, clear, benevolent. We have been at the pains of verifying his statistics by other authorities, and find them strictly accurate. His more general descriptions agree with those of every grave observer who has been in Norway, from Mr. Malthus to Mr. Latham. Coxcombs and cockneys are in horrors at the hearty manners of the Norwegians ; but on the social state of Norway, the Conways and Bremners tell us nothing, and we can afford to laugh at their nervous dread of a Norwegian salute and a Norwegian household.

Very large properties are unknown. Aristocracy (meaning thereby a titled class, or a privileged class, possessed of wealth superior to that of the bulk of the population) is equally unknown.† The last remains of even

* "Journal of a Residence in Norway, during the years of 1834, 5, and 6 ; by Samuel Laing, Esq. 1 vol. 8vo. London, 1836." See also a tour in Sweden, in 1838, by the same gentleman ; and a tolerable book by Mr. Latham, called assumingly enough, "Norway and the Norwegians." London, 1840.

† We have grave doubts whether an aristocracy ever grew up in a state of peace, and without the bias of laws. It will seem to many a rash thing to deny that the difference of genius, skill, and energy among men would create an aristocracy ; yet such seems to us the testimony of history. The relation of master and slave,—that terrible aristocracy which existed in the wildest republics of ancient times—was founded on conquest. Niebuhr has, we believe, convinced most people that war and conquest were the origin of aristocratic orders in Rome. The aristocracies of the Dorian tribes in Greece, can be distinctly traced to their repeated warlike emigrations, which gave them the policy of an army rather than of a nation, and made Sparta a camp. Indeed the parallel between the relative rank of Spartans, Perloeci, and Helots, and that of Frank, Gaul, and Slave, or Norman, Saxon, and Briton, is obvious enough.

All the aristocracies of Modern Europe are easily traced to conquest.

The only one of those aristocracies which retains any great strength, the English, dates from the Norman conquest. It has never lost its identity. "Of Normans be the high men that be in the land, and the low men of Saxons," is still almost true. The commerce and political agitation of the last sixty years have thrown a great stream of Saxon blood into the aristocracy. But the condition and privilege on which en-

a nominal nobility which it had received from its connexion with Denmark, were swept away by the *storting* (parliament) of Norway in 1821.

The rural population consists of two classes of men and families.

The first of these classes is called "*bonder*;" the second, "*housemen*." It is upon the state of the *bonder* we shall dwell most, as they are the admitted and peculiar foundation of society in Norway.

Mr. Laing states the size of the holdings as varying from 4 to 40 acres. The large average which this gives is attributable to the poorness of the soil, the harshness of the climate, and to the large amount of bodily comforts, without a certainty of which the Norwegian will not marry. Gavelkind has worked out its effects in Norway. It has made the whole nation comfortable; and after the experience of a thousand years, it has shewn no tendency to carry subdivision beyond its useful limits. *But gavelkind in Norway is based upon proprietorship.* We cannot state the proportion of proprietors to the population at present, but "with a population of 910,000 inhabitants, about the year 1819, there were 41,656 estates." (Laing, 162.) This gives a landed proprietor, holding a property higher than our fee-simple, in every 22 inhabitants. So that about every fifth *full grown man* you meet is a proprietor. This single fact is the essential difference between Ireland and Norway. Ireland is subdivided

noblement was sought and given, was the adoption of the ways, tastes, and interests of the old nobles and gentry. The elevation of plebeians to the ranks of gentle and noble has consecrated hundreds of millions of money to aristocratic uses, but has not altered the aristocracy.

Keeping in view this assertion, that aristocracy is the child of conquest, we quote a passage in which Mr. Laing accounts for the non-existence of aristocracy in Norway, in a circuitous medley way. Udalism and the freedom from foreign confiscation seem to us reasons enough.

"Even the commanding points, which in all other European countries present ruins of castles, have never been so occupied here. The partition of property among the children has probably prevented even the nobles allied to the family of the monarch, from building these, or any mansions of stone. That of the country, although abundant, would be an expensive material, from its hardness and irregular forms; and a costly erection upon an estate which was to be divided on the death of the owner would have been useless. Wood was the material at all times for all classes of dwellings, from the palace of the monarch to the peasant's hut. It was everywhere abundant and cheap. This circumstance has been more important than may at first appear in the destinies of the country. The chieftains, or nobility, had no strong-holds in which they could secure themselves and their retainers. When at variance with a more powerful neighbour, or with the sovereign, they, with their adherents, could only retire to their ships. Those expelled by Harold Haarfagre became thus sea-kings, and pillaged other countries, for want of stone castles in which they could, like the feudal lords in the rest of Europe, withstand an attack at home. The monarch himself had no strength, scarcely even security, unless in public opinion. Harold Haarfagre's son and successor, Eric, appears to have been expelled simply by the people being against him. King Olaf the Saint lost his power with his popularity, and could not obtain assistance from his discontented subjects to oppose Canute the Great. The same cause probably saved Norway from much of the internal warfare which raged in the middle ages in other countries; and it preserved, perhaps, many institutions favourable to liberty, which transplanted, and have flourished elsewhere."

too; the number of holdings is proportionably greater here than there; but the Irish peasant is a rack-rented tenant; the Norwegian peasant is a free proprietor, the absolute lord of his little farm. The number of proprietors in Ireland is usually stated at 10,000. If the same proportion of them existed here as in Norway, we should have about 400,000 proprietors.

The short summer of Norway, the hill pastures not being habitable in winter, and the exceeding harshness of the soil, limit the sub-division of properties in Norway. With the rich soil, and genial climate of Ireland, we should reduce the average size of farms to make them correspond with those of Norway. How far this would swell the number of properties beyond 400,000, experience could alone decide.

The two tenures on which property is held are thus accurately described by Mr. Laing, and we pray attention to his words. Of the udal tenure by which the *bonder* hold, he writes.

“UDAL, or ODEL, as a term applied to land, to landholders, and to privileges attached to udal land, appears to have been originally the same word as the German word *adel*, signifying noble; and it carries an equivalent meaning in all its applications. Udal land is noble land, not held from or under any superior, not even from the king, consequently paying no acknowledgment, real or nominal, as a feu-duty or reddendo; but held, as it has been proudly expressed, by the right by which the crown itself is held. Udal land is possessed, consequently, without charter, and is subject to none of the burdens and casualties affecting land held by feudal tenure direct from the sovereign, or from his superior vassal. It is subject neither to fines on the entry of new heirs or successors, nor to escheats nor forfeiture, nor personal suit and service, nor wardship, nor astringencies to baronial courts or other local judicatories, nor to baronial mills, or other feudal servitudes, nor to any of the ten thousand burdens and vexatious exactions which in the middle ages, and even in some degree to the present day, have affected all property held under the feudal tenure. There being neither superior, nor vassal, nor feudal service connected with such land, there existed no legal necessity for the law of primogeniture. It is well known that, in all countries feudally constituted, the right of the sovereign or feudal superior to have a vassal of an age to perform the military service, in consideration of which the land was granted, was the foundation of the rule of primogeniture. The eldest son alone could generally have attained the age to perform this service. This right was even superior to that of hereditary succession, and in virtue of it a *delectus personæ* was in the earlier ages exercised. The fiefs were not hereditary of right; and even at the present day this principle is by fiction of law so far effective and acted upon, that female heirs are in many feudal cases excluded from succession; and in all feudal countries the eldest male heir has to pay an acknowledgment to the feudal superior, on his entry as vassal in the land. Udal land not being held for military service to any superior, no *delectus personæ* as to who should inherit it was competent to any authority, and consequently no preference of the eldest male heir could grow into the law of succession to land. On the contrary, all the kindred of the udalman in possession are what is called *odelsbaarn* to his land, and have, in the order of consanguinity, a certain interest in it called *odelsbaarn ret*. Hence, if the udalman in possession should sell or alienate his land, the next of kin is entitled to redeem it on repaying the purchase money; and should he decline to do so, it was in the power of the one next him to claim his *odelsbaarn ret*. It is only of late that this right of redemption has been limited as to time; it must be exercised within five years of the sale; and it has been also determined, that the value of all improvements, as well as the original price, must be paid. The effect of this *odelsbaarn ret* is evidently to entail, in a certain degree, the land upon the kindred of the udalman. This same right exists, in

fact, in Hungary, where land is held in large masses by a nobility, as well as in Norway, where it is held in small portions by a peasantry; and necessarily has the same effect of continuing the land in the class which at present possesses it."

His description of the *Housemen* is this:—

"The land is cultivated, as I have before explained, by a class of married farm servants, who hold cottages with land on the skirts of each farm at a fixed rent for two lives—that of the cottar tenant and of his widow—under the obligation of furnishing a certain number of days' work on the main farm at a certain rate of wages. The ordinary rate is twelve skillings or fourpence halfpenny a day, with victuals. And for married farm servants, eight skillings, also with victuals. In many of the best cultivated districts of Scotland, a similar system prevails; but the situation of the Norwegian houseman is much better than that of the Scotch married farm servant. Land not being of such value, he has more of it; and what he holds is not merely a rig or two of potatoes and a cow's grass in summer, taken from year to year from a tenant, and depending on his good-will or on the endurance of his lease, but it is a regular little farm, keeping generally two cows and some sheep, and producing a full subsistence for a family, and held for two lives. The law of the country has specially favoured this class of housemen. In default of a written agreement registered in the parish court, the houseman is presumed to hold his possession for his own life and that of his wife, at the rent last paid by him. He can give up his land and remove, on giving six months' notice before the ordinary term, and is entitled to the value of the buildings put up at his own expense, which he may have left; but the landlord cannot remove him or his widow so long as the stipulated rent and work are paid. By law, also, a regular book should be delivered to the houseman, in which his payments are entered by the landlord, and which in case of dispute should be adjusted at the end of the year in the court of the parish. The sons and daughters of this class of housemen are the domestic servants and the ordinary labourers of the country. The territory being peopled fully up to its resources, it is only when a vacancy occurs in a houseman's place, that a young man can settle in life and marry; and his chance of obtaining the vacant house and land depends entirely upon his conduct and character. It is this check which keeps the class of servants and labourers as willing and obedient as in England or Scotland.

"There are great advantages in this system of supporting and paying the labourers in husbandry. The land-owner or farmer might as well propose not to feed his horses when he has no work for them, as not to feed his labourers. By the community, and out of the general mass of its property, the agricultural labourers must be fed, whether here is work for them or not. This can only be done either by a poor rate; or by this way of giving them means to feed themselves by their own industry, and giving them a life-rent property of their own to work upon, and fall back upon, in case of sickness, want of work, dearness of provision, or other general or local calamity. It is a very common arrangement among this class in Norway, if old age, sickness, or the death of the houseman himself and the infancy of his children should prevent the occupant in possession from furnishing the stipulated rent and work, to give it over to a young man, reserving a living, with house-room and fuel, as long as the original life-rent interest of the parties endures. Thus the old and infirm, the widows and children subsist, without being burdensome as paupers; and the young man who works the little farm has his own living in the meantime, and the prospect of succeeding to the original life-renters.

We may add the following statistics, giving the proportion of proprietors and life owners, or housemen, in a district called *fogderie*, being the extent of jurisdiction of a *foged*, "who has the charge of the collection of taxes, police, and all executive functions in this district."

"In these five parishes, inhabited by 22,880 persons, there are fifteen churches; the largest having five, and the smallest two. It may also be interesting to the curious in

statistical details, and may show the state and distribution of property, to be informed, that in these five parishes there are 1164 estates paying land-tax; and that these are occupied by 1370 farmers, of whom 773 are udal proprietors of the land they occupy, and 597 are life-renters, or tenants; and these farmers have 1474 housemen, holding land in life-rent for their own and their widows' lives, and paying rent in work, and 278 unmarried farm servants not holding land."

And here we might rest. We venture to say that scarce one honest-hearted man will read of the land being in the hands of peasant proprietors, without at once concluding that the people are comfortable and good. But we ask the protection of no theory; we shall set down the facts as to the food, houses, clothes, and comforts of the Norwegians, and side by side with each detail on them, we shall give the state of the Irish, from the reports and evidence of the Irish Poor Inquiry Commission. Here is Mr. Laing's account of the Norwegians:—

Their food is ample in quantity, and excellent in kind.

In the morning, the first thing the family take is coffee. There are districts in which even the dairy maids expect it. The work people have a cake of oat or bere meal with butter, and a dram of potatoe brandy. About nine, what we should call breakfast is set out, consisting generally of slices of meat, bread and butter, cheese of various kinds, smoked salmon, and such articles; and at this meal the Norwegians generally take a glass of potatoe brandy. Ale, and sometimes tea, makes its appearance. The work people have for breakfast, milk, soup, and bread and butter, or pottage and milk with oatcake, and make a substantial meal. At twelve, or in some places earlier, comes dinner. This is a spare repast compared to an English or German one. It is the custom of the country, instead of one or two heavy meals, to take food often in the day. I have seen even a table d'hôte dinner without any meat, and never more than one dish; the rest fish, potatoes, and soup. The work people have herrings, potatoes, and barley broth with bread; or bacon, salt meat, and black puddings, instead of fish. They have meat at least twice a week in every family; bacon, and beef, and mutton are cured and stored in autumn for this purpose; the family after dinner take coffee. In the afternoon comes a second edition of the breakfast, with slices of meat, dried fish, bread, butter, cheese, ale, brandy, and tea. The work people have again a substantial meal, similar to their first breakfast, and a dram. It struck me as a circumstance very characteristic of them and their condition, when I saw a little girl go out to some labourers who were repairing a road at a little distance, with their bread and butter, and cheese, and the dram bottle and glass, and returning with several slices of the bread and butter left, and a portion of spirits left in the bottle."

Let us now turn to the Irish Poor Inquiry; an invaluable record, that first voice from the heart of Ireland, the first confronting of the poor and the rich, that terrible and heart-moving Scripture of the rapacity, selfishness, and folly of the wealthy,*—of the patience, misery, temptations, and virtues of the poor.

* Now that the continent is beginning, from De Beaumont's, Sismondi's, and other books, to know something of Ireland, it must look with a strange interest upon the Irish absentees. The splendid noble, the gallant gentleman, has a back ground of cruellest misery, a rotten hovel, a ragged family, with wrinkles on the young brow, and the sickness of repeated famines upon the strong man. We recollect a beggar woman in Limerick saying to a Poor Law Commissioner, "Faith, you ought to give us something, for it's we have made you what you are." It must occur to the continental friends of a splendid absentee, that it is those starving families make him what he is; and it may be a

From its pages we extract part of the general report; also extracts of evidence on each of the four provinces:—

“Thus circumstanced, it is impossible for the able-bodied in general, to provide against sickness or the temporary absence of employment, or against old age, or the destitution of their widows and children, in the contingent event of their own premature decease.

“A great portion of them are insufficiently provided at any time with the commonest necessities of life. Their habitations are wretched hovels; several of a family sleep together upon straw or upon the bare ground, sometimes with a blanket, sometimes even without so much to cover them; their food commonly consists of dry potatoes, and with these they are at some times so scantily supplied, as to be obliged to stint themselves to one spare meal in the day. There are even instances of persons being driven from hunger to seek sustenance in wild herbs. They sometimes get a herring, or a little milk, but they never get meat, except at Christmas, Easter, and Shrovetide.

“Some go in search of employment to Great Britain during the harvest, others wander through Ireland with the same view.”

Leinster, county of Dublin, barony of Balrothery:—

“The food of the labourers consists of the commonest quality of potatoes, called “lumpers,” which are used for feeding cattle; when they can have even a herring with them, it is considered a treat. They cannot afford to eat eggs, meat, or fish, and even the small farmers can do so but seldom. They usually divide their food into three meals, though, as already stated, they often have but a sufficiency for two or even one. A labourer, his wife, and three or four young children, would require, to keep them in health and strength, from a stone and a half to two stones of potatoes, with three or four pints of meal each day. In periods of distress, a labourer cannot procure provisions on credit beyond a loaf or two, or the value of a few pence.

“The potato begins to be unfit for human food in the middle of June in most cases; this, however, entirely depends on the quality of the crop, as potatoes will keep much better and longer, some years, than others. The season at which the new potato crop becomes *generally* fit for consumption is the middle of September, or the 1st of October; the labourers say, “they are too soft till then, a man cannot work upon them.” The longest period known to have intervened between the fitness of the new and the old crop, was from the 1st of June to the middle of October. The distress of the peasantry is always in proportion to the time that intervenes. At this season, which is also a very slack time of work, until harvest, there is great distress every year, its degree forming the only difference between one year and another. To the labourer with a large family, and not having constant employment, it is sure to prove a regular an-

curious inquiry to them to know how many cabins go to purchase a palace or chateau, how many virtuous and brave-hearted Irishwomen live in want and die prematurely, to buy presents for an opera girl. Oh! these feasts and equipages, these gauds and splendours are bought with the toil, the woe, the blood of Irishmen! Cursed is such greatness in God's eye, shameful is it becoming before men. Strangers from afar have come to wonder at our griefs and our patience, and ask,

“Can the wronged realm no arm supply
But the abject tear and the slavish sigh?”

“You are dancing flower-crowned on the edge of a precipice,” says Sismondi to the Irish landlords; “you are brave, but so are the people;” “evil day,” says he, “for Ireland and for you when the chateaus shall be penetrated;” and he is right, for blind vengeance and desperate staggering anarchy will not bring redress; if the people would conquer, they must have the virtues of discipline, self-restraint, intelligence, iron steadiness, unhesitating obedience.

nual return of scarcity and the severest privations. Of this, being now in the middle, though by no means the worst part of this period, the Assistant Commissioners saw but too many proofs when visiting the labourers' cabins, having taken the opportunity of calling at their usual meal hours, on purpose to see the quantity of food; the Assistant Commissioners found the dish of potatoes, of which the meal consisted, to be, in numbers of instances, only sufficient for the proper nourishment of one or two persons, although intended for the meal of five or six. This deficiency of quantity too, is greatly aggravated by an equal deficiency in the quality of the potato, which circumstance would require the quantity to be considerably increased instead of being diminished. The squalid appearance of the men would be alone sufficient to announce the reason of this periodical scarcity of food. When it is more than usually great, the poorest class are obliged to resort to boiling weeds (especially the *prassagh* or wild mustard, which renders their skin yellow,) as the only means of subsistence. It is not, however, so much that the potatoes or meal are dear, as that the people having no employment, have consequently no money to buy food, however cheap it may be; the produce of their own crop being exhausted, partial or total starvation is the result."

Connaught, county of Galway, barony of Kilconnel:—

"Potatoes are almost the exclusive food of the peasantry. *Barden*, a weaver, said, "that he never had a pound of bacon in a quarter of a-year." The eggs of his fowls are seldom tasted by the labourer; they are generally viewed as one of the easiest modes of procuring a little ready money, and often go to purchasing tobacco. Salt herrings, brought from Galway, are used as "*kitchen*" in winter and spring, when they are to be had at a low price.—(*Lynch*).—A labourer's family generally uses three meals a-day, but when in distress, they have but two.—(*O'Kelly*).—The prevailing opinion among those present seems to be, that a labourer, his wife, and three young children would at the very lowest consume two stones of potatoes in the day. In periods of distress, labourers can obtain provisions on credit, but at a great sacrifice. It is their only resource; but if a man have not some *credit*, he cannot obtain them at all. In all cases they pay high for the accommodation, sometimes two hundred per cent.; at the time of this Inquiry, meal, for money, was ten shillings, but they charge from sixteen shillings to eighteen shillings for it on credit, till November. Potatoes are now two pence a stone in the market, and they are four pence on credit till after harvest.—*Donnellan*.

"There is a general opinion that after *Garlick Sunday* (the first Sunday in August), the kind of potatoes most in use, *viz.*, "*lumpers*," have acquired an unwholesome quality; after that day, those who can afford it cease to make these their sole food, and substitute oatmeal in some degree, and use their deteriorated potatoes for feeding pigs. However, there are many cottiers who have no alternative but continuing to eat them, or procuring others on credit at a high price. Under these circumstances, much unwholesome food is consumed, which accounts in part for the prevalence of certain diseases towards the close of summer."—(*Mr. Birmingham*.)

Munster, county of Limerick, barony of Coshlea:—

"The principal food of the peasantry is potatoes, they sometimes have milk, but are more often without it. They consume no meat except at Christmas, Shrovetide, and Easter; they buy very little fish in winter, and some of them eat a few of the eggs laid by their own hens: at the present period of the year (the potato digging season) a labourer's family usually eats three meals in the day; from March until August they never have more than two, and during a great portion of that time they have only one. *Mr. Quinlan* says, "I have often known the labourers in May, June, and July, obliged to eat nettles, and a weed called *prassagh* *bwy*, &c. Witness also says, I have known labourers who have not had more than one meal of potatoes for their wives and families, consisting of five children, during the twenty-four hours." Another witness adds, "This is most common at those seasons."

The quantity of potatoes requisite for the daily consumption of a man, his wife, and three or four young children, so as to keep them in health and strength, is stated to be three stones. In periods of distress, labourers can very seldom obtain provisions on credit, from its being known that they would scarcely have the means of paying the debt. When credit is given, the article is usually charged fifty per cent. above the market price. At such seasons they are not compelled by farmers to purchase inferior food at a high price, but their necessities drive them to do so. The same cause obliges them to use the flesh of cattle which have died of disease, and sometimes to pay 1½d. per lb. for it. *Dennis Maleny*, butcher, says, "I have often sold a quarter of it to labourers for five shillings." A policeman states that at one period he knew "when the farmers bled their calves, the blood was given to the labourers, who, through want, boiled it and eat it with their food."—*James Ryan* adds, "I know this frequently to have been done."

Ulster, county of Armagh, barony of Lougher:—

"The principal food of the labourers consists of potatoes and buttermilk, often of dry potatoes, and sometimes in winter a herring. "The families of labourers usually eat three meals in the day, but these are sometimes very slender."—(*Rev. T. Brady, P. P.*)

"From two and a half to three stones of potatoes are requisite for the daily consumption of a labouring man, his wife, and three or four children. In periods of distress, labourers can get meal, but always at an increased price. Meal, when at ten shillings in the market, is sold to them at fifteen shillings; it seldom exceeds that interest in three months.—(*Mr. Mulvey.*)—Labourers are not compelled by their employers to buy inferior food from them at a high price, nor obliged to buy cattle which have died of disease.

"The potato usually becomes unfit for human food at the end of summer, and the new potato is fit for consumption at nearly the same time of the year.—(*Mr. Mulvey.*) It was mentioned that the labourers are often obliged, at great loss, to dig their potatoes before they are ripe. The distress of the peasantry is said not to increase in proportion to the extent of time that may intervene between the two crops; because, in Ulster, during that period, labourers use meal, which they get on credit, and which is a means of obviating the want of the potato at that season."

Ulster, county of Monaghan, barony of Monaghan:—

"The principal food of the labourers was stated to be "dry potatoes; we get no milk except in summer. I eat ten meals without kitchen, for one with it."—(*Connolly.*)—Some one present remarked, "How can a man work on such food?"—*Connolly* replied "Providence supports him."—To the inquiry, Whether the labourers and small farmers can consume meat, eggs, or fish? *Bess Hughes* replied, "I have a child on my breast now, and since May last, as I stand before God, four quarts of milk have not been consumed by my husband and myself and six children—we have nothing but potatoes and salt; we think as much of a drink of buttermilk, as you gentlemen do of the finest breakfast."—As to a labourer's daily consumption of potatoes, *Jackson* stated that "three stone will do a man, his wife, and four children."—"When my potatoes are out, I get them on credit from my landlord, and he does not charge me anything more than the market price."—(*Connolly.*)—"The general charge is one penny a stone above the market price."—(*Jackson.*)—The same witness stated, that "potatoes generally are about two pence per stone," and said, "it is not too much to charge one penny on every two pence—not at all, what would we do but for such help? I am often very glad to get them at that rate."

Leinster, King's county, barony of Philipstown:—

"*Mr. Odum* states that nothing can be more wretched than the food of the labourers in this barony, especially in winter; the families of day-labourers, though potatoes

are very cheap, are frequently obliged to beg in the winter season. The diet of labourers consists of the very worst description of potatoes, "lumpers," and salt, or at least, buttermilk. *Simon Bolling* says, "We very seldom eat eggs or fish, and flesh meat we never touch." He further adds that, "in summer, when the work goes on, the labourers get three meals in the day, but in winter they are glad enough to get two." And the Rev. Mr. *Hamilton* says, "When labourers are out of employment, it is almost starving with them." The quantity of potatoes requisite for a labourer, with a wife and three or four children, is considered to be from two to three stones in the day. And *S. Bolling* says, that in periods of distress, when a labourer has no means of procuring what is necessary for his family, "if he is at work with a farmer, he may give him provisions on credit, but he will charge him double." And *Barney Mangan*, a labourer, states, "I paid £1 last year for 1 cwt. of meal, got on credit, the price of which at the time was only eleven shillings in the market for ready money."

Mr. *Odlum* states, that at the end of summer, potatoes are generally consumed; and he further stated, "I have frequently known the poor man to suffer severely, being obliged to dig his potato ground, where he would have more than three times the produce in six weeks after; this is often a matter of great suffering. A month is sometimes known to intervene, after the old crop is consumed, before the new is fit for use, during which period the distress is greatly aggravated, inasmuch as the deficiency of one year's potato crop cannot be supplied by the surplus of the former; for potatoes cannot be kept over from year to year as corn can, which lasts for several years, and, as food, has this advantage over potatoes, that the surplus of one harvest prevents the destitution arising from the deficiency of the next; besides, wherever the potato is the principal food of the people, the supply of food must be in a great measure dependent on the production of the year, so that distress to the extent of the failure is almost the inevitable consequence. With regard to diseases arising from the want of food, consequent on the failure of the potato crop, the Rev. Mr. *Hamilton* says, "Diseases are undoubtedly spread from the destitution of the labourers; nor do I believe the world contains a more wretched place than this in some seasons."

And we may add the statement of the Railroad Commissioners:—

"The present social aspect and condition of Ireland is an anomaly in itself. Whilst the country is making a visible and steady progress in improvement, and signs of increasing wealth present themselves on all sides, the labouring population, constituting a large majority of the community, derive no proportional benefit from the growing prosperity around them. In many places, their condition is even worse than it has been. This apparent incongruity is, however, easily understood and explained, by a reference to the peculiar state of property, and to the complex relations which subsist between the proprietors and the several parties deriving interests under them, from the immediate tenant down to the actual occupier of the soil.

"Among the effects of the rapid increase of population, without a corresponding increase of remunerative employment, the most alarming, though perhaps the most obviously to be expected, is a deterioration of the food of the peasantry. It could scarcely be thought, indeed, that their customary diet would admit of any reduction, save in quantity alone; yet it has been reduced as to quality also, in such a way as sensibly to diminish their comfort, if not to impair their health. Bread was never an article of common use amongst the labouring poor; but it is now less known to them than it was at the time when a sum exceeding £50,000 per annum was paid in "Bounties," to induce the landholders to grow a sufficiency of grain for the supply of the city of Dublin." Milk is become almost a luxury to many of them; and the quality

* By a table published in Mr. Newenham's *View of Ireland*, it appears that in a period of thirty-seven years, up to 1798, a sum of £1,917,770, was paid in bounties for grain and flour, brought by land carriage, canal, and coastways, to Dublin. The amount lavished in bounties, during the

of their potato diet is generally much inferior to what it was at the commencement of the present century. A species of potato called the "Lumper" has been brought into general cultivation, on account of its great productiveness, and the facility with which it can be raised from an inferior soil and with a comparatively small portion of manure. This root, at its first introduction, was scarcely considered food good enough for swine; it neither possesses the farinaceous qualities of the better varieties of the plant, nor is it as palatable as any other, being wet and tasteless, and, in point of substantial nutriment, little better, as an article of human food, than a Swedish turnip. In many counties of Leinster, and throughout the provinces of Munster and Connaught, the lumper now constitutes the principal food of the labouring peasantry; a fact which is the more striking, when we consider the great increase of produce, together with its manifest improvement in quality, which is annually raised in Ireland, for exportation and for consumption by the superior classes."

Comment on the comparative food of Norway and Ireland seems needless. The houses of Norway are still better.

"There is no nation so well lodged as the Norwegian, none so generally well provided with fuel. These are gifts of nature to the greater part of the country. In the islands, and along some parts of the coast, building timber is not produced, and even fire-wood is so scarce that peat is beginning to be generally used; but these are peculiar situations, in which the inhabitants are compensated by the nearness to the fishing grounds. In the dwellings generally of the labouring class, the squalor, dampness, darkness, and total want of accommodation and comfort of the sod-built hovels which disgrace the face of the earth in Scotland and Ireland, are unknown. The meanest habitation has wooden floors, windows, apartments for the family to sleep in, besides their sitting room; also fit places for keeping their food."

"This population, also, is much better lodged than our labouring and middling classes, even in the south of Scotland. The dwelling-houses of the meanest labourers are divided into several apartments, have wooden floors, and a sufficient number of good windows; also some kind of outhouse for cattle and lumber. Every man, indeed, seems, like Robinson Crusoe, to have put up a separate house for every thing he possesses. Whoever has observed the condition of our labouring population, will admit the influence of good habitations upon the moral habits of a people. The natives of New Zealand have dwellings more suited to the feelings and decencies of civilized life, than the peasantry of a great proportion of Great Britain and Ireland, who live in dark one-room hovels, in which not only household comfort and cleanliness are out of the question, but the proper separation of the sexes can scarcely be maintained. Can any reflecting person doubt that it is an important advantage to the labouring class of a country, that their standard of living is pitched high as to lodging, food, and clothing? It is the most effective check upon pauperism and over-population. Why does the Irish peasant marry so recklessly? Because his idea of a suitable dwelling for a man in his station is a hovel of raw earth and sticks, such as a man may put up in a forenoon on a hill side; a bucketfull of potatoes is his standard of food; a tattered great coat, of raiment. With these he is in no worse condition than the population around him, and therefore he marries. If the ideas and habits of the country required a more expensive and comfortable sort of habitation for the very meanest person of his own station, he would not marry until he had acquired the means of lodging like his neighbours; nor would he find a wife who would leave a decent habitation to burrow in a hole like a pigstye. Every man looks to what is considered proper and reputable in his own rank; and the poor man having little else to give him importance, is generally more tenacious of the proprieties belonging to his station than the rich man of what is suitable to his sphere."

"If our labouring classes understood their own interests, they would find that the last century, would have sufficed to place Ireland on a par with any part of the United Kingdom in the advantages of internal communication.

timber duties press more heavily upon their comfort and well-being, than even the corn-laws. Cheap corn may only produce cheap labour. If the loaf is reduced permanently to half of its present price, it is possible that wages might, in the ordinary course of demand and supply, be reduced in the long run to half their present rate. The cheap loaf would beget cheap labourers in every branch. But a dry, warm, tight, comfortable, roomy dwelling, such as induces a man to stay at home, keeps him out of the ale-house, and his family out of the doctor's books, would be a real improvement in the condition of the working man, which he would obtain by the total abolition of the timber laws, and which could in no way affect the rate of his wages. There is, perhaps, no one cause which drives the labouring man to the spirit and beer shop, so much as the want of a comfortable, decent dwelling to retire to, when the work of the day is over."

Now turn to the Poor Inquiry Report, or look to the cabins before your eyes.

We shall make but one extract; it relates to the Barony of Galmoy, county of Kilkenny:—

"The Assistant Commissioners were enabled, from personal observation, to divide the cabins of the labouring population into two classes, with reference to the degree in which comfort was wanting, as well in one as in the other. The cottiers of the various farmers throughout the country parts of the barony contrived, through their constant employment, though at low wages, to present a general appearance in their dwellings, which distinguished them from those of the occasional labourers, which, whether in the country or in towns, but more especially in the latter situation, were characterized by the most squalid misery. Much difference was not observable between the dimensions of the cabins of the two classes; their size averaged seventeen feet long by eleven feet broad, and they were about five feet six inches high to the springing of the rafters. A minority of them contained two rooms, in which case the greater, or kitchen, was about one-third larger than the other, in which alone, in most cases, were crowded the sleeping places, of whatever kind they might be, of the several inhabitants of the house. No labouring man was found to possess a house of two stories. The walls of these cabins usually consisted of a foundation, and of about two feet in height above the surface, of stone-work; the remainder being either of mud worked up with straw, or not seldom of several courses of mere soda. In some cases the entire walls were of mud; the rafters were almost always laid on the summit of the walls, without the interposition of eave-stones; and, from the consequent soakage through the roof, the interior of the wall was always damp and dripping, with a tendency to moulder away itself, and to accelerate the decay of the straw with which the roof was, in every instance, covered: inside, this thatching of straw formed the only ceiling, and in general was a very imperfect defence against the weather. The landlord of a cabin, even where he undertakes to keep it in repair, neglects his promise in nine cases out of ten; and while the labourer in towns, from the dearness of straw, puts off the purchase of it until the roof has become unsound throughout, the cottier in the country is tempted to convert his scanty store of that material into manure, or, if he has a cow, into food for her during the winter. The Assistant Commissioners did not meet with even one cabin having any other floor than the uneven earth, which, from not having undergone any mixture, or previous preparation, was always damp, where the floor had become below the level of the adjoining surface, which was frequently the case from compression and continual wear; it was found in several of the poorer cabins about towns, to be converted into a semi-fluid mud, of the most disgusting filth, from the free entrance of pigs and fowls. In by far the greater number of cabins, the fire was made on the ground against one of the walls, having no flue to conduct the smoke, so that even where a hole had been left in the roof, it escaped in equal quantities by the door, and filled the interior with acrid fumes, which

attacked the eyes, and were intolerable to those who were unaccustomed to it; even where a flue existed, the frequent absence of an external chimney rendered the exit of the smoke almost impossible. Very few cabins were without some kind of window, which, in general, consisted of one, or, at most, two small panes of glass, set into the mud wall, without any sashes, and being, of course, immoveable, were useless for purposes of ventilation. The doors were, for the most part, good, but the door-frames badly joined, and not close. Privies were literally unknown. In the country it was rare to find a cabin unprovided with a pigsty, however rude; but, in the rows of miserable hovels which form the outskirts of the towns and villages, and are, for the most part, occupied by occasional labourers, the reverse is the case, and the dirt occasioned by poverty is increased by the necessity of sharing their only room with one or more pigs. Turf, though the supply in market was not scanty, was dear in the barony of Galmoy; and in several instances it was found that, in order to preserve their store of it from the effects of the climate, the inhabitants, through the want of sheds for fuel, had filled so much of their small cabins with it, that they had not left more space unoccupied than was sufficient for them to lie down on at night. From the information which the Assistant Commissioners had it in their power to obtain, they were unable to learn that any appreciable improvement had, of late years, taken place in the condition of the dwellings of the poor, except in the substitution of masonry foundations for walls entirely constructed of mud. The above account refers to the majority of cabins inhabited by the poorer classes: there were a few of a better description, but there were also many of which the wretchedness was still more striking: some huts were seen, of which the lateral walls consisted of nothing beyond the sides of gravel-pits or wide ditches, the roofs being scarcely elevated beyond the surface, and formed of sods covered with potato stalk, or furze bushes; these were found to be occupied by poor widows, whose husbands had been mere labourers, not possessing land, or strangers who had been taken sick while passing through the district: in a few instances, they were tenanted by persons who, having thrown down their old cabins, with the intention of building again on their sites, had discovered that they had miscalculated their means, and were obliged to content themselves with such shelter as these retreats afforded until their resources improved.

“*Patrick M’Evoy*, a builder, states that “the ordinary kind of cabins which are built for cottiers are about twenty feet long, and are usually divided into two rooms, one eight and the other twelve feet long: the cost of erecting such a cabin is about three pounds; for the better description of cabins of the same size, the cost is about five pounds. It very seldom happens that the landlord builds the cabin; the rent paid for the ground on which it is intended to build a cabin, and for a small garden attached, varies from ten shillings to one pound, according to situation; about three pounds an acre is commonly paid for such land.”—“The rent of a cabin with a rood of land attached is about one pound ten shillings. If a man gives any land to a cottier at the same rent which he pays for it himself, you may be sure it is the worst bit.—(*Messrs. Delany and Walsh.*)—On account of the inconvenience to which a farmer subjects himself in engaging a cottier, from trespass of pigs and fowls, and damages done by children, he always looks to clear at least one pound an acre on all he sublets. (*Mr. Robert Neville*)—“The landlord never allows anything for repairs.”—*Captain Delany.*)—“Without exception ’tis the tenant keeps up the cabin—that is, when ’tis done at all.”—(*Mr. Walsh.*)”

Next, as to CLOTHING AND FURNITURE in Norway.

“The people in the valley were all in motion this morning, going to Brandvold church, to some religious meeting. The men were clad in a home-made grey cloth, with bright-red woollen caps, and almost all were well mounted on spirited little horses. I met scarcely one on foot. The saddles, bridles, and housings ornamented in the style of the middle ages; the full flowing manes and tails of the steeds, and the grey

clothing and scarlet caps of the riders, made the road appear as one may fancy it to have done in the fifteenth century. The women were on side-saddles, which had a slight rail or back half round the seat, so that they sat as on a chair, and had a step for supporting the feet. I doubt if the modern side-saddle be any improvement upon this ancient one, for safety, comfort, or splendour. Some were highly ornamented with crimson velvet seats, and must have been in their day very showy. I admired very much one damsel's horse furniture of old figured or embossed leather, which had been richly gilt, and reached down in peaks over the horse's shoulders and flanks. I have no doubt these are very ancient pieces of household goods. This is on the verge of a highland district, in the remote glens of which, we may suppose that property of that kind, and the custom of using it on a church festival three or four times a year, would long be retained."

And in the following passage Mr. Laing describes the general clothing of the country, and its *manufacturing system* :—

"In the country, shoes and clothes are made at home. The shoemaker and tailor go round, cobble, and sew for a few weeks at each *gaard*, getting their maintenance, and being paid frequently in meal, potatoes, butter, or other produce. There are looms at work in every house in the country. Carding, spinning and weaving are constant occupations of the mistress and female servants. Woollen cloth, substantial but coarse, excellent bed and table linen, and checked or striped cotton or linen for female apparel, seem the ordinary fabrics in progress. The family of the *bonder*, with the exception perhaps of his Sunday hat, is generally clothed in home-made stuffs; and the country church is but little indebted to Glasgow or Manchester for any display of finery. They, however, are well clothed. Boots, gloves, and in bad weather great coats, are worn by ordinary working men, and a person in rags is rarely seen. A set of clothes for Sunday is possessed by every individual. This is the case in Scotland also; but in England it is not at all uncommon that the working man has only his working clothes, and a clean smock frock over all, to go to church in. The people of condition, or upper class, dress as in other countries; and this is perhaps the principal expense in their families beyond those of the *bonder*, as foreign manufactures are dearer; and it seems to be a kind of conventional distinction, there being none in living or lodging, that the one class wears foreign and the other home made stuffs. This family manufacturing is not the most approved way of supplying a nation with cloths at the cheapest rate and of the best quality. There is unquestionably a waste of time and labour, if the production alone be considered; and the article is more costly, although vastly inferior in quality, to what skill and capital aided by machinery can produce. But it is a better condition for the mass of the population of a country, that generally one man should have work of some kind or other for twelve months in the year, than that two should have each only six months' work. If the domestic manufactures of cloth, leather, utensils, implements, now carried on in every household in Norway, were superseded by the labour of distinct classes, as in England and Scotland, employed only in such manufactures, would the advantage of superior quality and cheapness compensate the great evil of labourers not having work during the six months of the year in which agriculture is totally suspended? It may be doubted if Norway would make a good exchange, if her present household manufactures, coarse though they be, which employ four persons in every family in Norway during the winter season, were exchanged for the possession of one second-rate manufacturing town, which would no doubt supply all those articles much better in quality and with much less waste of time and labour. There may be a greater national good than the cheapness, excellence, and extension of a manufacture. The wealth of a nation, that is, of its state or government, may depend much upon productive labour well applied, and upon great accumulations of manufacturing capital to apply it; the happy condition and wellbeing of a people seem to depend more on the wide distribution of employment over the face of a country, by small but numerous masses of capital."

Mr. Laing's description of the house for the farm servants runs thus :—

"It consists of one large well lighted room, with four windows, a good stove or fire-place, a wooden floor, with benches, chairs, and a table. At the end is a kitchen, in which their victuals are cooked by a servant, whose business it is to attend the *bort-stue*, and cook for the people. The space above is divided into bed-rooms, each with a window, and the doors lead into a kind of covered gallery, open at the side, such as we still see in some of the old inns in London; and in this gallery the bed-clothes are hung out daily, whatever be the weather. The whole house is washed every Saturday, the floors sprinkled, according to the custom of the country, with green sprigs; and in every respect, excepting an article or two of furniture, these rooms are as good, and are as warm, clean, and cheerful, as those in the main house. In this large room the people sit and take their meals, and the tailor, shoemaker, harness maker, and such tradesmen as go round from farm to farm, execute their work. There is a room in the main house, in which the spinning, weaving, and other female work is carried on, under the eye of the mistress. In respect of bedding and bed-clothes, the working class is better off with us. Rugs and blankets are cleaner and wholesomer than fells; that is, skins of sheep, goats, or reindeer, dressed with the wool or hair on. These, quilted together, form universally the bedding of the labouring class in Norway; and one consisting of six sheep-skins costs about a dollar and a half. It is cheaper certainly than any blanketing, as six shillings would not furnish a labouring man's bed in Britain. It is also much warmer, as the natural skin of the animal, with the hair or wool on, surpasses as a non-conductor of heat any artificial preparation of wool or hair. The Laplander, in his skin dress, and in a skin bag which he puts over his head and shoulders, will sleep night after night on the snow in the *fjelde*, in a degree of cold which would extinguish the life of one exposed to it in any woollen clothing. They are not hardier than other people. There is probably no very great difference between the capability of different human frames to withstand the extremes of cold. It is undoubtedly the nature of the clothing that keeps their bodies in warmth, while ours are cold. The skins, with this advantage, are, however, far from being so cleanly as the manufactured bed-clothes of our labouring class, which can be washed and scoured. These details may seem trifling; but gentlemen and ladies are not the only readers in the present age. There is a numerous class to whom the most minute information respecting the comparative mode of living, diet, comforts, even the bedding, fuel, and lodging, and especially the civil station in the community of the middle and lower classes in other countries, comes with a peculiar and home-felt interest."

The following is from the Irish Poor Inquiry Report :—

"In all the instances mentioned in both baronies, and in all the poorer cabins they visited, the Assistant Commissioners found the clothing of the women extremely bare and insufficient, and the children more than half naked, and often in complete rags, which scarcely hung about them. It is impossible to walk through the wretched streets and rows of poor cabins in the suburbs of Kells, without seeing dozens of children in a state of all but nudity, a piece of a man's old coat, waistcoat, or trousers, fastened across their shoulders or round their waists, being frequently the only garment of the boys. The *Archdeacon of Meath* stated, at the public examination, that he had travelled all over Europe, but had never seen so miserable a peasantry in any other country, and that it was a perfect mystery to him how more than half of them managed to exist. The latter part of this opinion was concurred in by the Rev. Mr. M'Evoe, P.P., and several other gentlemen who were present. The English Assistant Commissioner, having had similar opportunities of examining many other countries, perfectly agrees with the *Archdeacon of Meath*, and the greatest difficulty he also experiences is to reconcile the possibility of some of the most destitute of them finding means of subsistence, even upon the very lowest scale of human existence, with the all but total absence of any resources which seems to prevail among them. This would seem to

verify what they often said themselves in answer to the Assistant Commissioner's question of, "But how then do you manage to live?"—"We hardly know ourselves," replied they. "We manage, with God's help, to get over one day after another, we hardly know how, sometimes with a full belly, but oftener with an empty one, until we get work, or something turns up to help us."

"The general state of the labourers' clothing is very bad. The labourers get on an average a new coat once in seven years.—(Rev. Mr. *Lalor*, P.P. and others.)—The man spends about ten shillings a-year on clothes, which are generally all second hand, and last three years. A coat costs two shillings and sixpence; breeches, two shillings and sixpence, and calico for shirts is got at four pence per yard. They generally have but one shirt, and lie in bed while it is being washed. The women and girls, from the cheapness of printed cotton, manage to keep something together for an outer garment, but are sadly deficient in under clothing.—(Mr. *Corgan* and labourers.)—About one-third of the population who are of an age to attend divine service, are prevented by the want of clothes. The wife and girls have one shawl between them, and take it in turn to go to chapel.—(Rev. Mr. *Lalor*, P. P.)—Many having no cloaks borrow one when they want to go out. The children are generally all but naked; a few rags tied or stitched together are their only garments, and barely serve the purposes of decency, but impart little or no warmth. The use of shoes and stockings is decreasing every day among women and children, but the men must have shoes to dig with, though they are generally very old and bad.

"Very few of the labourers' wives can make their own clothes; besides, having generally young families to attend to, they have not time: they pay from sixpence to one shilling for having their gowns made.

"The majority of cabins contained a rough bedstead, or rather frame, propped up on blocks of wood or stone, for the man, his wife, and infant child; the elder children, and other inmates of the cabin, if any, such as parents or other relatives, sleep on the ground. In the poorest cabins all the family lie on the ground. The bedding consists, in a few of the best cabins, of a tick filled with chaff; but in all the rest, chiefly of straw. In summer, straw being scarce, the poorer labourers often sleep on rushes, heath, fern, or moss. Mr. *Brophy* stated that he had been asked permission to cut rushes on his land, and had frequently seen the labourers, wives and children, gathering moss for the purpose. Over the straw a piece of the coarsest calico, of old sacking, bale cover, or of an old cloak or other clothes, is put by way of under-sheet. So few even of the most comfortable labourers are able to have a regular sheet, though as coarse as a corn-sack, that it is needless to speak of it: upper sheets are still more out of the question. The covering consists of two blankets and a quilt in a few of the best cabins; of one blanket and a quilt in the second class; and in the third, or poorer class, of the tattered remains of a blanket, carpeting, old clothes, and other rags, either stitched together into a quilt, or used in several small pieces, each of the numerous occupants of the bed having a portion of the rags. Their day-clothes form the most of their covering. In some of the poorest cabins there is no covering whatever, but the day-clothes of the family; and when these become wet in winter, wretched indeed is the state of the shivering inmates. Even in the best class of cabins, the blankets are very old and thin, and frequently ragged. This description was not only given in court by several farmers, and all the labourers, and several gentlemen who repeatedly visited all the cabins as members of the Board of Health when the cholera prevailed, but is drawn from what the English Assistant Commissioners saw themselves in nearly two hundred cabins, which they minutely inspected in the different parts of this barony, and at times when the inmates could not have any intimation of their visit.

"The first or best class of cabins contains two or three chairs, or good stools, a table, a small dresser decked with a little stock of plates, cups, saucers, and mugs, a few tin vessels, and pots and pans for water and cooking, a chest or box or two for clothes, &c., and a tub or two for potatoes or meal.

"The second class contains two or three stools, a table, a dresser or shelves with crockery, vessels for water and cooking, a chest, and perhaps a tub, but all of a smaller and inferior description, and the articles much fewer in number.

"The third, or poorest class, have little more than the bare walls, one or two little stools, a make-shift table, one or two broken cups and mugs, an old tin can or cracked pitcher, and a pot to boil potatoes, forming the whole catalogue of the furniture; and the Assistant Commissioners saw one or two, where even some of these articles were not to be found."

We do not care to add anything of our own to this contrast between Fendalism and Udalism. Desperate poverty is the lot of the Irish peasant, perfect comfort of the Norwegian. Dropping the contrast, let us complete the account.

The morals of the Norwegians stand high; they appear honest in the best sense of the word,—truthful, candid, hospitable. A large quantity of spirits is consumed as an article of diet, which the people can afford and do not find unwholesome; but drunkenness is unknown:—

"The distillation of spirits being unrestricted in this country, and carried on in every farm-house, renders the price very low,—about fourteen pence sterling the gallon. I expected to have seen a great deal of drunkenness and disturbance in an assemblage of four or five thousand people of two distinct nations. This proved not to be the case. In the morning, I have not seen one intoxicated person. In the evening the country people returning home from the fair appear elevated or in liquor, as at our fairs, but not so as to be unable to take care of themselves. I have not seen one of the soldiers, a subaltern's party of whom are here during the fair, in the slightest degree affected with liquor, either on duty or off; yet the discipline is any thing but strict. The only individuals I have seen thoroughly drunk, or in the state in which well-clad artisans may be seen staggering through the streets of Edinburgh every day, are the Laplanders. They are selling skins, gloves, and such trifles, and run to the spirit shop with their friends, the moment they dispose of an article. Yet these people have something manly about them. I wished to buy a pair of snow boots of reindeer skin, to draw over my own, in travelling. A Laplander having asked three *orts* for them, I offered two *orts* twelve, thinking he had two prices, like other dealers abroad; but the man instantly walked away, evidently hurt at such a supposition. I have had an opportunity, from being acquainted with the local authorities, of ascertaining the amount of delinquencies committed during the fair. There has been one case of theft, one of driving a sledge without bells, and thus injuring a woman, one of bringing a diseased or glandered horse for sale. This is not a formidable catalogue for such an occasion. The division of property among the children has not, in the course of a thousand years, brought the fair-going people in Norway to the state of the fair-going people in Ireland.

"The gates across the public roads to prevent cattle from straying from one field to another are often very annoying, as you have to alight in travelling almost at every twenty yards to open one, yet I never saw one of them wilfully injured, or even wantonly left open: the people have a fine disposition to injure nothing.

"I like the politeness of people towards each other in this country; the pulling off hats or caps when they meet either strangers or friends. The custom is universal: common labourers, fishermen, private soldiers salute each other with a bow, and do not merely touch the hat, but take it off. This is carefully taught to the children, and even the school-boys bow to each other on the streets; such a custom is not to be laughed at, it has a humanizing effect. The exterior form of good-will, although but a form, introduces a pause before any expression of ill-will or passion can be indulged. He who has made a bow and received a salute, is not so likely to launch out into a

burst of abuse or violence, even against one who has offended him, as if the previous delay had not intervened. There is something good even in the forms of goodness; and it is not unimportant, that, although only mechanical, they should be observed by the very lowest class in their ordinary intercourse."

Comparatively with other virtues, sexual morality in Norway is not at all equal to that of Ireland. The law which legitimizes the children whose parents afterwards marry, and even those whom the father declares formally that he wishes to be held legitimate, may partly account for this. The deadness of religious feeling in a country where dissent is unknown, is a still further reason. And, after all, in a country peopled thickly, compared with the produce and mode of living, it is vain to look for the sexual virtue of a country like Ireland, where every one marries because his condition cannot become much worse. The problem of reconciling the laws of population and of sexual virtue so as to avoid one of two opposite evils, cannot be solved by human legislation,—religion can alone accomplish it. The women, as Mr. Laing represents, possess the rare union of being good housewives and cheerful accomplished companions:—

"If one considers how little of the real business of life in Britain, owing to the complicated and extensive nature of the different kinds of property, is ever understood by the females of any family above the middle class, and how entirely their time is occupied with objects of amusement only, the advantage, as intelligent beings having business and duties to perform, is clearly on the side of the Norwegian females. In the secondary objects of music, dancing, dressing, they are not deficient. They have naturally pleasing voices, and in every family in every station, singing and dancing are going on all the winter evening. Music is taught in the country by the organists attached to each parish, and seems, as well as dancing, to be more generally understood and practised than in England or Scotland."

The manners even of the lowest orders seem perfect.

"The good manners of the people to each other are very striking, and extend lower among the ranks of society in the community, than in other countries. There seem none so uncultivated or rude, as not to know and observe among themselves the forms of politeness. The brutality, and rough way of talking to and living with each other, characteristic of our lower classes, are not found here. It is going too far for a stranger to say there is no vulgarity; this being partly relative to conventional usages, of which he can know but little: but there is evidently an uncommon equality of manners among all ranks; and the general standard is not low. People have not two sets of manners, as we see in England, among persons even far above the middle class: one set for home use—rude, selfish, and frequently surly; and another set for company—stiff, constrained, too formally polite, and evidently not habitual. The manners here are habitually good, even among the lower ranks. It is possible that the general diffusion of property (the very labourers in husbandry possessing usually life-rents of their land) may have carried down with it the feelings, and self-respect, and consideration for others that we expect for ourselves, which prevail among the classes possessing property, although of a larger extent in other countries, and which constitute politeness. It may also be ascribed to the naturally mild and amiable character of this people; and, perhaps, also to their having retained in their secluded glens many usages and forms of politeness which once prevailed generally in the good society of ancient Europe, but have been properly discarded as unnecessary restraints upon the intercourse of the educated and refined classes of modern society; although, when these

forms and usages are, by the spirit of imitation, banished from the secondary classes also, among whom there is sometimes a want of the refinement and cultivation that render them unnecessary, the improvement is not always happy."

The institutions of Norway, based on the social condition here described, are of the most liberal kind. There is one of their judicial institutions deserving of particular notice—it is the Parish Court. "In every parish the resident householders elect every third year, from among themselves, a person to be commissioner of mutual agreement;" *he cannot be a lawyer, nor can any lawyer or attorney practise in his court*; the parties must appear personally, or by non-professional friends. The judge, after writing down the respective statements, recommends terms of agreement. If a party refuse the proposed settlement and appeal to the County Court, and be defeated on the appeal, he is usually charged with the entire costs. The statement written down in the first instance, from the accounts of plain men without the meddling of lawyers, is held conclusive on the facts in all after proceedings. The next court is a jury court, in which the judge (called *Sorenskriver*) is an assessor and professional lawyer, but with only the same voice as one of the eight jurymen over whom he presides.

Against these courts what has Ireland to show? The enlightened and impartial J. P. "alone with his glory," or constellated with his brethren at a Petty Sessions, those standing courts-martial upon the Irish peasantry? Pshaw, pshaw! men talk of freedom here, while the administration of justice is in the hands of an ignorant and remorseless oligarchy.

The executive system of Norway is remarkable; vacancies in all minor offices are advertised, the heads of the departments in appointing must enter the testimonials of the nominee on their records, for the information of the *Storting*, (Parliament) and for publication. Nor can any officer be removed save by judgment of a court of inquiry. The highest ministers of state are triable before the *rigsret*,—a court which meets without royal writ, and cannot be interrupted by the executive. Every judge is liable to an action for wrong judgment. The local administration of roads and all public works, is in the hands of the farmers.

The Legislative Constitution is equally democratic. The franchise is nearly what we would call household. The voting is open and public; no man in Norway dreams of the ballot. Political riots and intimidation and political corruption are unknown in a country where no great body exists with interests hostile to the people's. Where virtue is not, and where a faction can face a country, secrecy may protect a villain, and introduce hypocrisy and corruption, but will not purify morals, nor baffle the enemies of freedom, for political institutions are mere forms: the morals and tastes of the people, their social laws, and the memory and presence of great men, fix the lot of nations. The representation of Norway is arranged according to the population; the num-

ber of representatives which each *amt* (county) sends to the *Storting*, bearing the same relation to the entire of the *Storting* that the population of the *amt* does to that of all Norway. The members of parliament are regularly paid. The *Storting* (there being no peerage) *divides itself* into two bodies, called *Lagthing* and *Odelsting*, and thus each law is doubly discussed. The *Storting* legislates, subject to the constitution, which can only be changed by the votes of three successive *Storthings*. The king possesses only a suspensive power, like the American President.

The political morality of the people appears in their love of freedom, their enthusiastic devotion to country,—their perfectly free press not being abused to corrupt and selfish ends, as in these kingdoms,—and the absence of party spirit. Indeed we could go on multiplying instances of the virtue and happiness of these “children of partition,” but our limited space forbids.

Mr. Laing thus sums up the working of Udalism:

“If there be a happy class of people in Europe, it is the Norwegian *bonder*. He is the owner of his little estate; he has no feu duty or feudal service to pay to any superior. He is the king of his own land, and landlord as well as king. His poor-rate and tithes are too inconsiderable to be mentioned. His *scat* or land-tax is heavy, but every thing he uses is in consequence so much cheaper; and he has that which renders the heaviest tax light,—the management of it by his own representatives, and the satisfaction of publicity and economy in its application. He has the satisfaction of seeing from *Storting* to *Storting* that the taxes are diminishing, and the public debt paying off. He is well lodged; has abundance of fuel; and that quantity of land in general which does not place him above the necessity of personal labour, but far above want or privation, if sickness or age should prevent him from working. He has also no class above him; nobody who can look down upon him, or whom he or his family look up to, either to obtain objects of a false ambition, or to imitate out of a spirit of vanity. He has a greater variety of food than the same class in other countries; for besides what his farm produces, which is mostly consumed in his housekeeping, the *ffelde*, the lakes and rivers, and the *fjords*, afford game, fish, and other articles. He has also variety of labour, which is, perhaps, among the greatest enjoyments in the life of a labouring man; for there is recreation in change. His distant *seater*, his woodcutting for fuel, his share of the fishery in the neighbouring river or lake, give that sort of holiday work which is refreshing. His winter toil is of the same kind; as steady agricultural labour in the field is out of the question. It consists in making all the implements, furniture, and clothing that his family may require; thrashing out the crop, attending to the cattle, distilling his potatoes, brewing, and driving about to fairs or visits. The heaviest part of it is driving wood out of the forests, or bog hay from the *ffelde*. He has no cares for his family, because he knows what their condition will be after his death. He knows that his wife succeeds to him, and as long as she lives unmarried, the only difference made by his death is that there is one less in the family. On her death or second marriage, he knows that each of his children has a right to a share of his property; and according to their number, he makes his arrangements for their either living on the land as before, or dividing it, or for being settled in other occupations, and taking a share of the value when it comes to be divided.

“There is no circumstance in the condition of the people of this country, which strikes the observer more than the great equality of all classes, not only in houses, furniture, diet, and the enjoyment of the necessaries and comforts of life, but in manners.

habits, and character : they all approach much more nearly to one standard than in any other country ; and the standard is far from being a low one as to character, manners, and habits. In these the educated and cultivated class are, to English feelings at least, far above the higher class in other foreign countries. They seem to have more affinity to those of our own countrymen ; but the lower classes appear to have made a nearer approach to the higher than in any other countries. This is probably owing to the diffusion of property going on perpetually through all the ranks of society, and carrying down with it to the lower strata its humanising influences upon the character, the civilisation, the self-respect, the moral restraint, the independence of spirit, and the amiable manners and consideration for others in domestic intercourse, even among the lowest of the people, which in other countries are found only among the classes in easy circumstances. The cause seems to be that between the distribution and general dissemination of property by their peculiar law of succession, and the general simplicity of the way of living, a greater proportion of the people really are in easier circumstances than in any other country in Europe. The alternate descent and ascent of property through the whole mass of society, like heat applied to the fluid in a caldron, has brought the whole to a nearly equal temperature. All have the ideas, habits, and character of people possessed of independent property, which they are living upon without any care about increasing it, and free from the anxiety and fever of money-making or money-losing."

Let us now ask our readers whether any of the plans for improving Ireland, with which their ears have been ringing in these latter times, can for a moment compare with UDALISM? Will the peddling emigration, will the quackery of railroads and public works, will the cruel and chimerical "assimilation to England," will poor rates and work houses, will the romance of reclaimed landlords, or will savage attempts at "consolidation of farms" compare with udalism? Nay, take all these plans, combine them, twist them as you like, do your best with them, and say could they by possibility produce anything equal to udalism?

What are the evils under which our peasantry labour? Poverty. Give them land of their own to work on, they will then have motives to labour, and will soon cease to be poor. What else? Improvidence and recklessness. Give them the education which the possession of property gives, and they will grow prudent and economical. What else? They are subject to an alien aristocracy, who have the administration of justice, local taxation and expenditure, and a controul over the representation in their hands. Make the mass of landholders proprietors instead of dependants, and the aristocracy will crumble in the presence of the people.

Quacks will talk about the law of gavelkind causing excessive subdivision of land. Whenever you hear one talk thus, ask him, reader, whether he can point out a single instance of it, and then tell him that gavelkind is the law of human nature, that it was the universal law of mankind, and that primogeniture was a garrison order of conquerors ; tell him that when subdivision becomes too great on any farm, some of the children will sell their shares ; and finally, point to Norway, and say that *there* is an experiment of a thousand years of this gavelkind, and yet the Norwegian properties support the owners in greater comfort than any other people on earth.

We must unwillingly close this subject for the present. We have omitted much in our quotations from Mr. Laing, which would have interested those for whom we write, and we recommend them to read the book itself.

Those whom the people trust, must cease to trifle with romantic schemes, and apply themselves, body, soul, and spirit, to the work of emancipating the peasantry. While the people remain the tenants of an aristocracy, they will be paupers; so long as they remain feudal serfs, they will be trampled beggars. Free the peasantry from the aristocracy. All else is vanity and vexation of spirit.

We do not venture to point out the means whereby this great salvation is to be worked out; but we must say this much, that we think the devices of a subtle policy will delay success. Also the adoption of any particular plan for Irish tenures we think mischievous, because premature. Some would postpone this tenure question to the hope of nationality. So would not we. So should no man, for tenure is a question of life or death with the people. Yet it is equally far from us to counsel the postponement of the national question to it; for though, were that hope realized, it would not (being political) cure the ills of tenure, which are social; yet, inasmuch as the Irish landlords, if left alone, could not resist the popular demand for udal tenures, and while supported by a foreign army, will never yield to that demand, it may not be unwise to regard this political change as a good means to that social end. Some men may think, that agitated alone, the demand for proprietorship would end in some paltry and unprincipled compromise, but that if kept as an ulterior result of nationality, and agitated as one of its blessings, it will be won by the same effort,—or failing, we shall keep our principles whole, and our rights uncovenanted, till all-redressing time gives us opportunities.

At all events, let the question be spoken of, written of, taught, preached, agitated, in fairs and markets, in church and by the fire-side, in festivity and business, (for it is a solemn subject, and worthy to engross us) and then, when the nation's heart is full of godlike resolve, it will tell out in accents not to be mistaken, the means and the end, the will and the power, and the chains will fall from it. Of this we are sure, that unless they are fools or cowards, eight millions will not wish in vain.

THE PHILOSOPHER'S STONE.

A FRAGMENT.

That mind-enchaining, soul-exalting spell,
 The undiscover'd, undiscoverable!—
 The mystic stone Imagination left
 Her wayward offspring, of the beaming eye
 And open brow, the young Philosophy.—
 It hid all wealth and health within its west;
 A matchless dower; seeming gift of Heaven,
 But now bequeathed to this grosser earth,
 Yet, *where* on earth, the Parent had not given
 The child to know:—and Science must have birth,
 To guide the steps of that precocious child,
 For ever erring and for ever wild,
 In paths less dark, yet of a wav'ring light,
 In search of spell of such surprising might!
 Such light the feebly-scintillating star
 Of Hope had lent them, streaming from afar:—
 Yet on they went, for Alchymy would dream
 That light is good, however weak its beam!
 The mighty kingdoms ruled by mighty laws,
 Which mar man's wisdom while they win applause,
 Were travell'd o'er and studied—analysed—
 Yet was the great Elixir realized?
 And after centuries had shed their snows
 Upon the Sage's beard and wrinkled brows,
 With palsied step he journey'd on the while,
 Would view that star, and still would wear a smile.
 The search his pupil in her childhood woo'd,
 In vig'rous adolescence she renew'd—
 At length, in one convulsion of despair,
 He sank in the embraces of his heir,
 To whom he left each legacy of art
 Which long had clung so closely to his heart:
 These were the gifts bequeathed to that son,
 Who now, he hoped, some surer race would run:
 These were the gifts which Chemistry should take,
 And with them new enlightenment to wake—
 That, travelling with Philosophy anew,
 She might *his* Parent's erring steps eschew.
 And steadily and evenly they went,
 Careering yet with wildness of intent—
 Till, haply, Reason in the distance shone,
 And threw its beams their tottering steps upon;
 And clearly show'd that what they strove to find
 Was but the mere creation of some mind,
 Which sought but to develope matter more,
 By giving them an impetus t' explore
 The grand designs that God hath meant for man—
 To teach him what to study, what to plan.
 Philosophy, with Chemistry her guide,
 Gave up the "Stone," but gave with wounded pride—
 But Reason still, with many a friendly beam,
 Doth show them what to search—of what to dream—
 And if th' Elixir sought hath not been found,
 Much better blessings have they spread around.

J. J. C.

THE NATIVE MUSIC OF IRELAND.

APRIL.

CONTEMPORANEOUSLY with our last number, there appeared a publication, from one of the most distinguished of living Irishmen, which will mark the commencement of a new era in the music and literature of our country. On the cover it is styled, "Moore's Melodies translated into Irish, by John, Archbishop of Tuam;" but on the title page, the following Celtic characters describe the work:—

Tosa Albhan ari Eirinn, Ro can Tomar ua Flónda, Flaic na b-fleas. Airdriúite ó Sacr-béarla go Gaoilge le Seájan* Aird-eirbog Tuama. A m-baile Uta-clia: Alobraite le Gromair a3v a Lóm-cvdeact.

That is—"Selection of the Songs of Erin, (which) sang Thomas O'Mór, Prince of the Poets; translated out of Saxon-speech into Irish, by John, Archbishop of Tuam. In the town of the Ford of Hurdles, (Dublin) printed by Goodwin and his joint-company."

This is glorious. To have met thus early, in the fields where we are working, a fellow labourer so illustrious as John of Tuam, "the Lion of the fold of Judah," is a consummation which we could not, when we began, have hoped for. To the happy few, who,—casting aside the foggy bigotry of West-Britainism, too long hovering over the inhabitants of our eastern coasts—love to traverse the glorious wilds of our western shore, the bays, the lakes, the mountains, and the valleys of Connemara and Mayo, the fame of the Archbishop of Tuam, as an Irishman, cannot remain unknown. As a champion in the Catholic church of distinguished zeal, he is known to all; but those who visit the west, learn to consider him also as an Irish scholar, accomplished and eloquent, and scarcely rivalled, in his day, in the knowledge of our native tongue. The purest Celtic dialect spoken on the very borders of Galway and Mayo, and the happiest use of the classic phrases of the language, make him the admiration at once of the scholar and the peasant. That such a man, amidst his episcopal cares and spiritual duties, should have been enabled to apply himself to the task of infusing into the Irish language those impassioned strains which Moore has breathed, may well be taken as an augury that better days are at hand.

* Seájan, we believe, is the familiar appellative, quasi "Jack." We should have preferred Eóin, which is the primitive Irish for the Greek Ἰωάννης, "John;" and, as truly apostolical, we should have conceived it more appropriate.

Moore has, indeed, with surpassing beauty, given to his country's harp all the praise which his poetry can claim, denying it to himself—when he says,

“ If the pulse of the patriot, soldier, or lover,
Have throbb'd at our lay, 'tis thy glory alone,
I was but as the wind, passing heedlessly over,
And all the wild sweetness I wak'd was thy own.

Yet, however his theme may have inspired him, Irishmen, to the latest generations, will remember and cherish him for his own sake, and only not less than the strains in which his patriot thoughts first sprang into their existence. But we can neither speak of Moore, nor explain the origin of the work which we now refer to, better than in the very words of the Archbishop himself:—

“ The powerful influence of music and poetry on the feelings and habits of every people, is too well attested by experience to require any elaborate illustration. Of our incontrovertible claims to a refined and cultivated music, and to the high intellectual tone of which it is at once the index and the offspring, the few following specimens from the now classical melodies of our country, furnish abundant evidence. If further proofs were wanting, they may be found in the published *Minstrelsy* of Mr. Hardiman, or the many popular songs in the possession of Mr. Bunting, to both of whom every Irishman owes lasting obligations, for the patriotic devotion with which they have successfully laboured to rescue from oblivion some of the most valuable relics of our ancient poetry and music. That the specimens of poetry that are left us did not always correspond with the beauty of the melody that breathes through them, cannot surprise any reader, familiar with the records of that ruthless spirit which, equally jealous of both, strove to involve them in the same common destruction. Against the growth and perfection of our poetry and literature, it was, alas ! as they were placed within its reach, but too successful, and hence they were so impaired by repeated aggression, as to be almost extinguished : whilst our music, like the morning bird, so emblematic of its sweetness and its freedom, sought safety in higher regions from the shafts of its pursuers ; and whether it lighted on the valleys, or poured its wild melodies along the summits of our mountains, it always possessed the magic power of charming the wounds which were inflicted by the persecutions of the stranger.

“ Yet it is not from the poetical compositions of our native bards that our melodies sustained most injury. Though the dress in which they clothed their thoughts was simple, it was in general natural and graceful, and in our popular songs in the native dialect, passages might be pointed out to the classic reader not unworthy of lyrical poets of higher fame, so faithfully was the spirit of the ancient muse transmitted through the Irish language. It was only when our music was forcibly united with the coarse and barbarous pedantry of ignorant English songsters, that it suffered from the connexion. Under this yoke it continued to sink, and would probably have sunk still more, until taste should have at last shrunk from the contact of its acquaintance, had not a fond and master spirit seasonably interposed to save it from the degrading association. To Moore our native music shall ever be indebted, for clothing it in a manner befitting its dignity and lineage, and throwing over it much of the rich Oriental drapery, with which a congenial fancy had so amply furnished him. Thus attired, our melodies have been introduced into the most fashionable musical saloons of Europe, nay, sometimes adorned in a foreign costume ; but no sooner do they breathe and speak than they are at once revealed—the genuine daughters of the Land not less famed for song, than for the fidelity, heroism, and sanctity of its children. To introduce those melodies to my humbler countrymen, robed in a manner worthy of their high origin, has been my object in the following translation. The banishing of those gross compositions with which our musical airs were oftentimes defiled, will be doing a service to the

taste and morality of the people ; how much more so, when for them will be substituted those pure and lofty sentiments of patriotism and virtue which those selections of the Irish Melodies so abundantly supply. The genius of MOORE must ever command admiration—its devotion to the vindication of the ancient faith of Ireland, and the character of its injured people, must inspire every Irishman with still more estimable feelings. Seated amidst the tuneful followers of Apollo, he essayed the instrument of every muse, and became master of them all—sighing at length for some higher and holier source of poetical feeling, he turns to the East, and listens with rapture to its prophetic melodies—subdued by the strain, he lets fall the lyre, seizes the harp of Sion and of Erin, at once the emblem of piety and patriotism, and gives its boldest and most solemn chords to his own impassioned inspirations of country and of religion.”

The following quotation from a Dublin morning paper, at once attests the warmth of the reception which this publication has met with, and informs us of some facts connected with the continuation of the series, with which we should otherwise have remained unacquainted. In the same newspaper one of the songs was printed, as a specimen, in Irish characters.

“ We hail the appearance of this publication as an epoch in our national literature. For a long time the language of our country has remained unenriched by the talents or the studies of her sons ; in conversation it has been banished to the peasant’s cabin, in our bogs and mountains ; and in books it is scarcely to be found, except in the library of the historian, or when employed for the purposes of fanatical proselytisers. Yet, what dialect of modern Europe possesses so much richness and variety—such purity of construction and exuberance of compounds—such strength of emphasis, and so much of wild and expressive poetic imagery ? It may, indeed, be said, that one of the greatest evils of English domination has been the loss of our language. But, thank Heaven ! the spirit of nationality is abroad ; and, among other symptoms of its reviving influence, the Celtic of our forefathers begins once more to be cultivated amongst us. What more auspicious commencement of the movement than the present. The literature of these countries has long been indebted to the pious and learned labours of the illustrious Archbishop of Tuam ; and the appropriate sequel of those labours has been this tribute to the genius of his native language—this pre-eminently national production.

“ This work, the proximate appearance of which we had the pleasure of announcing a short time since, is published in numbers ; and the first number, which is before us, contains the following twelve of the most beautiful and patriotic of Moore’s Melodies, viz :—‘ Remember the glories of Brian the Brave,’ ‘ Erin, the tear and the smile in thine eye,’ ‘ Oh ! breathe not his name,’ ‘ The Harp that once through Tara’s halls,’ ‘ Though the last glimpse of Erin,’ ‘ Rich and rare were the Gems she wore,’ ‘ As a beam o’er the face of the waters may glow,’ ‘ The Meeting of the Waters,’ ‘ How dear to me the hour when daylight dies,’ ‘ How oft hath the Banshee cried,’ ‘ Let Erin remember the days of old,’ and ‘ Silent, O Moyle, be the roar of thy waters.’ Of the translation we need only say that it is strikingly literal, and that the words of our national bard are converted into some of the most beautiful and expressive equivalents that our native Gaelic affords ; of the spirit that has prompted the execution of the work we can say, that it confers honour even on the exalted personage who has undertaken it. The typography, paper, &c. of the work, leave nothing to be desired so far as its appearance is concerned.

“ The first book of the *Iliad*, translated into Irish heroic metre, together with two other numbers of Melodies, will, we understand, shortly appear ; and these will be followed by similar translations, from the same distinguished pen, of some of the most select of the beautiful and pathetic melodies of the Catholic church, such the *Stabat Mater*, the *Dies Iræ*, &c.”—*Freeman’s Journal*, 26th February.

The difficulty of the undertaking may be estimated from two considera-

tions. The one is, that the archbishop has required of himself that he should be a most faithful translator; he has not allowed himself any of those liberties in which translators, in those languages even which approach each other in idiom, usually indulge; and when we consider the extraordinary difference in idiom which exists between Irish and English—unexampled perhaps in other cases—we must see that this difficulty was no ordinary obstacle to encounter. The other is, that he has refused to allow himself to be satisfied with the rules of metre, which the ancient poetry of Ireland admits, (a specimen of which we lately had an opportunity of alluding to in our article upon the Irish Archæological Society, *Dublin Monthly Magazine*, vol. i. p. 80,) but has forced himself, in almost every instance, to resort to rhymes as perfect as those which the English language uses, and as Moore himself, above all, delights to employ. These things will render the present a remarkable instance in Irish poetry; and we confess, from old recollections, we should have doubted, without seeing the thing thus beautifully and admirably effected, that the accomplishment could have proved so practicable. No doubt the poetic structure of the pieces will thus become more appreciable by ears used to English verse.

It may easily be anticipated that there is much in the lyrics of Moore—such as the effusions of his lighter and gayer moments—which many might think would scarcely invite the labours of the Most Reverend translator; and it may be inferred from the introduction which we have cited, that the songs which he has selected are those only in which the patriotic and religious feelings of our bard are developed.

There is announced, as in the press by the same author, “a second number of Moore’s *Melodies*, as also the *First Book of the ILIAD*, in heroic metre.” We shall look forward anxiously for the appearance of the sequel, and not less so for the sake of the *notes* to these first twelve melodies, which have for the present been reserved. The University of Dublin itself will soon be intent upon these classical undertakings; for we are happy to say that the reign of wilful anti-nationalism is drawing to its close in that seat of learning also; and we expect before long to have to announce a series of the happiest arrangements effected there, for the culture and restoration of our native tongue and its literature. At this moment we can rejoicingly announce that all through Dublin the search for Irish books has become most active; fellows of the college vie with each other in the market; the prices are rising rapidly; many books heretofore neglected are in great request and readily purchased; William Neilson’s admirable grammar—once common and to be had for a few shillings—fetched, the other day, a guinea; many new hands already are busy collecting, and we shall soon see reason why many others will “do the like.”

Another translation of Moore’s *Melodies* into Irish is now also announced. It is to be by Eugene O’Cavanagh, and is to contain *all* the songs, not merely a selection from them. We have not yet seen any specimen.

No. X.

In the 4th Volume of *The Citizen*, there is a short, interesting, and well-written story, called "The Rebel Bivouac; a Tale of 'xcviii." At p. 284 occurs the following passage:—

"They spoke little, for they felt that any sound above a sigh, or a whisper, would grate harshly on that scene and hour. A spell stole over them, softening and subduing their hearts, 'till they became susceptible of the holiest and tenderest impressions, when a voice of delicious power and expression arose upon the stillness, and the entranced listeners distinctly heard the following simple verses, to that well-known beautiful Irish melody, Dermot O'Dowd:

Diarmaid O'Dubá.

I.

Farewell, and for ever, my loved isle of sorrow,
Thy green vales and mountains delight me no more.
My bark's on the wave and the noon of to-morrow
Will see the poor exile far, far, from thy shore.

II.

Again, my loved home, I may never behold thee,
Thy hope was a meteor—thy glory a dream;
Accurst be the dastards, the slaves that have sold thee,
And doomed thee, lost Erin, to bondage and shame.

III.

The senseless, the cold, from remembrance may wean them,
Through the world they unloved and unloving may roam;
But the heart of the patriot—though seas roll between them—
Forgets not the smiles of his once happy home.

IV.

Time may roll o'er me its circles uncheering,
Columbia's proud forests around me shall wave;
But the exile shall never forget thee, loved Erin,
Till, unmourned, he sleep in a far, foreign grave.

We were fortunate enough to find this air in the collection obtained from Edward O'Reilly; it is in a form varying little from the setting of it given in Bunting's first collection, No. 37, and in his second collection, No. 21.

Written as it is, in the true old Irish triple time, this is probably to be esteemed an ancient air. The prefix of the Christian name and surname may lead some to attribute it to our celebrated bard of the eighteenth century, *Toirneadhach Ó'Ceapballaigh*; who so usually named his compositions after individuals, and who lived so much in the West, where this family name abounds; but we know of no direct evidence of the fact; and it is to be remarked, that in Hardiman's enumeration of our bard's compositions, this particular name does not occur, although amongst those dedicated to Sligo families, he reckons "Maud O'Dowd."

No. XI.

We have obtained this lovely air, along with several others, from a gentleman well-known in our musical circles, to whom we have not had, until now, an opportunity to express our acknowledgements in our national magazine.

Robert J. Mac Intosh, is the eldest son of Mr. John Mac Intosh, a musical instrument maker of considerable celebrity in this city, and author of a small but interesting tract, the title of which is as follows:—"Remarks on the Construction and Materials employed in the manufacture of Violins; by John Mac Intosh, 12, Lower Ormond-quay, Dublin; Martin Keene and Son, 12, College-green. 1837."

When yet extremely young, he "astonished the natives," appearing in the Orchestra of the Theatre, and performing at the side of James Barton, then the favourite leader with the Dublin audience. He has long since risen to the first rank of our violin players, has become a leader in the Philharmonic and other bands, and is much admired for the delicacy and brilliancy of his touch, and the extraordinary ease which his style of fingering appears to give him. In 1836, (we believe) he made a voyage to the United States, where he acquired also a high reputation as a performer and orchestral leader. After his return, he passed some time (during the summer of 1837) in Tyrone, a county said to be rich in our native music, and yet little explored, where he picked up among the *Speerrin* mountains, the tune before us.

The reader will soon perceive that this air is in the primitive Celtic form, on which we lately observed, at p. 16, No. IV. of this year's music. We have arranged it as a duet, for we found it at once yielding its graces to that form, upon the gentlest pressure.

The following words are founded upon the name under which we received it:—

"THE LEAVES SO GREEN."

When life hath left this senseless clay,
 By all but thee forgot;
 Oh! bear me, dearest, far away,
 To some green lonely spot.
 Where none with careless step may tread
 The grass upon my grave,
 But gently o'er my narrow bed
 "The leaves so green" may wave.

The wild flowers too, I loved so well,
 Shall breathe their sweetness there,
 While thrush and blackbird's songs shall swell,
 Amid the fragrant air.
 No noisy burst of joy or woe
 Will there disturb my rest,
 But silent tears in secret flow,
 From those who loved me best.

The crowded town and haunts of men
 I never loved to tread,
 To sheltered vale or lonely glen
 My weary spirit fled.
 Then lay me, dearest, far away,
 By other eyes unseen,
 Where gleams of sunshine rarely stray,
 Beneath "the leaves so green."

No. XII.

This is a setting of an air of which two settings have already been published by Bunting in his last (third) collection, Nos. 18 and 19, under the title of the "Black Rose-bud." The name in our copy is *Róir beag dub*, "Little black Rose."

The present version we got from Edward O'Reilly; it varies from both of those given by Bunting. We publish it here as arranged by us for the piano-forte merely. But we have still another setting of it, which is truly original, and which we intend soon to publish with words. We shall then take an opportunity to enter into particulars respecting the ancient words—the meaning of the name—and give some account of the mission upon which an emissary of ours went to the borders of the Atlantic, in Clare island, where he had the air verified in the land of *Gráinne Ní Aol* herself, and heard at its source the gushing love of the Irish peasant, for his *Róirín dub*.

No. XIII.

Have you ever seen the 14th number of *The Irish Penny Journal* October 3, 1840? If not, go and buy it; for there is to be seen the *VERA EFFIGIES*—the true and genuine likeness of *Pádraig Línéallaí*, the author of the tune now before you, entitled, "O'Connell's Welcome to Clare." Paddy's first introduction to *European*—perhaps we might add, to Trans-Atlantic and Trans-Pacific fame, arose out of sundry visits to the wilds of the West, to which the learned and justly celebrated Irish antiquarian, George Petrie, and the accomplished Frederick W. Burton, were parties. They sojourned at the comfortable little hotel at *Glām* in the *Tír na Seoi*, or "Joyces' Country," so very pleasantly situated in the heart of the mountain passes, which give the place its name.

It would not be possible to introduce to our readers the man—his music—or "the map" of his face and figure, better than has been done in *The Irish Penny Journal*, (it is said by every body) by George Petrie himself.

First then, for the portrait—of "Paddy Coneely, the Galway piper":—

"We need hardly have acquainted our Irish readers that in the prefixed sketch which our admirable friend *the* Burton has made for us, they are presented with the genuine portrait of a piper, and an Irish piper too—for the face of the man, and the instrument on which he is playing, are equally national and characteristic—both genuine Irish: in that well-proportioned oval countenance, so expressive of good sense, gentleness, and kindly sentiments, we have a good example of a form of face very commonly found among the peasantry of the west and south of Ireland—a form of face which Spurzheim distinguished as the true Phœnician physiognomy, and which at all events marks with certainty a race of southern or Semitic origin, and quite distinct from the Scythic or northern Indo-European race so numerous in Ireland, and characterized by their lighter hair and rounder faces. And as to the bagpipes, they are of the most approved Irish kind, beautifully finished, and the very instrument made for Crump, the greatest of all the Munster pipers, or, we might say, Irish of modern times, and from which he drew his singularly delicious music. Musical reader! do not laugh at the epithet we have applied to the sounds of the bagpipe: the music of Crump, which we

have often heard from himself on these very pipes, was truly delicious even to the most refined musical ears. These pipes after Crump's death were saved as a national relic by our friend the worthy and patriotic historian of Galway—need we say, James Hardiman—who, in his characteristic spirit of generosity and kindness, presented them to their present possessor, as a person likely to take good care of them, and not incompetent to do justice to their powers; and the gift was nobly and well bestowed!"

The character of our friend—his *physique* and *morale*, are thus delineated powerfully, and with admirable truth and exactness.

"A more interesting character in his way we have rarely met with—a man deprived by fate of eyesight, yet by the light of his mind tracking his journey through life in one continued stream of sunshine, beloved by many, and respected by all whose respect is worth possessing. We had heard enough of his possession of the qualities which had procured him this respect, independently of his musical renown, before we had met with him, to make us desire his acquaintance; and on a visit with some friends to Galway last year, we made an endeavour for two or three days to get him to our hotel for an evening, but in vain. He was from home on his professional avocations, and could not be found, till, on taking our way towards Connemara, we encountered a blind man coming along the road, who we at once concluded must be the Galway piper; and we were right. It was Paddy Coneely himself, who had returned home for a change of clothes, and was on his way back to Galway to spend the evening with a party of gentlemen, by whom he was engaged to play during the Regatta. We could not, however, conveniently return with him, and so we determined very wisely to carry him off with us; and this we were easily able to do by first making a seizure of his pipes, after which we soon had him, a quiet though for a while repining captive. 'Oh! murder, what will Mr. K. and the gentlemen think of me at all at all?' exclaimed Paddy. 'Never mind, Paddy,' we replied, 'they can hear you often, but we may never have an opportunity of doing so; so come along, and depend upon it you will be as happy with us as with the gentlemen at the Regatta;' and so we trust he was. In a few minutes after, we had Paddy crooning old Irish songs for us, and pointing out all the objects of any interest or beauty on either side of the road, and this with a correctness and accuracy which perfectly astounded us. 'Is not that a beautiful view of Lough Corrib there now, Sir? That's St. Oran's Well, Sir, at the other side of the road we are now passing. Is not that a very purty place of Mr. Burke's?' and so on with every feature on either side to the end of our day's journey at Oughterard.

"We kept Paddy with us for a fortnight, when we brought him safely back to Galway; and during that time as well as since, we had frequent opportunities of observing his accurate knowledge of topographical objects, and his modes of acquiring it. Ask any question respecting an old church or castle in his hearing, and ten to one he will give a more correct description of its locality, and a more accurate account of its size, height, and general features, than any one else. Speak of a mountain, and he will break out with some such remark as this—'I discovered a beautiful spring well on the top of that mountain, sir, that no one before ever heard of.' His knowledge of atmospheric appearances and influences is equally if not still more remarkable. He can always tell with the nicest accuracy the point from which the wind blows, and predict with a degree of certainty we never saw excelled, the probable steadiness of the weather, or any approaching change likely to take place in it. He is a perfect barometer in this way, for his conclusions are chiefly drawn from a delicate perception of the state of the atmospheric air imperceptible to others, and are rarely erroneous. On a fine sunny morning when the lakes are smooth, the mountains clear, and the sky without a cloud, we remark to him that it is a fine morning. 'It is, sir, a beautiful morning.' 'And we are sure of having a fine day, Paddy,' we continue. 'Indeed I fear not, sir; the wind is coming round to the south-east, and the air is thickening. We'll have heavy rain in some hours,' or 'before long.' Again, on a rainy morning, when every thing

around looks hopelessly dreary, and we feel ourselves booked for a day in our inn, we observe to him, 'There's no chance of this day taking up, Paddy.' But Paddy knows better, and he cheers us up with the answer, 'Oh, this will be a fine day, sir, by and, bye. The wind is getting a point to the north, the clouds are rising, and the air is getting drier. We'll have a fine day soon.'

"The power thus exhibited of acquiring such accurate knowledge of localities, and of atmospheric appearances and influences, without the aid of sight, affords a striking example of the capabilities beneficently vested in us, of supplying the want created by the accidental loss of one organ, by an increase of activity and acuteness in some other, or others. These capabilities are equally observable in the lower animals as in man; but their degree is very various in individuals of both species, being dependent on the delicacy of organization and amount of intellectuality which the individual may happen to possess. Thus the power to supply the want of vision by the exercise of other organs, is not given to every blind man in any thing like the degree enjoyed by the Galway piper, who is a creature of the most delicate nervous organization, and a man of a high degree of intellectuality. Paddy is a genuine inductive philosopher, never indolent or idle, always in quest of knowledge either by inquiry or experimental observation, and drawing his own conclusions accordingly. To observe his processes in this way is not only amusing but instructive, and has often afforded us a high enjoyment. When Paddy comes to a place with which he has no previous acquaintance, he commences his topographical researches with as little delay as possible, first about the exterior of the house, which he examines all round, measuring with his stick its length and breadth, and calculates its height; ascertains the situation of its doors and the number of its windows, and makes himself acquainted with the peculiarities of their form and material: he next proceeds to the out-offices, which he surveys in a similar manner, feeling even any stray cart, car, or wheel-barrow, which may be lying in the courtyard or barn, and determining whether they are well made or not. If a cow or horse come in his way, he will subject them to a similar examination, and, if asked, pronounce accurately on their points, condition, and value. Having satisfied himself with an examination of all these nearer objects, if time permit he then extends his researches to those more distant—as the roads, ascertaining their breadth, &c.; the neighbouring bridges, streams, rivers, and even mountains; the nature of the soil too, and state of the crops, are attended to. While we were sojourning at the hotel at Maam last year, we found him one sunny morning standing on the very brink of a deep river, about a quarter of a mile distant, and examining the construction of the arch of a bridge which crossed it. How he had got there we could not possibly imagine, for there was no other mode of reaching it than by a descent from the road of a bank nearly perpendicular, and eighteen or twenty feet in height. But our friend Paddy made light of it, and remarked that there was not the slightest danger of him in such explorings.

"On another occasion, being about to visit the island castle on Lough Corrib, called Caislean-na-Circe, Paddy expressed to us his desire to accompany us, as he said he never had an opportunity of seeing it. We took him with us accordingly; and there was not a spot on the rocky island that with the aid of his stick he did not examine, or a crumbling wall that he did not scale, even to places that we should have supposed only accessible to jackdaws. "Dear me, sir," he exclaimed on our return, "but that's a mighty curious castle, and must be very ancient. I never saw walls in a castle so thick before, and how beautiful and smooth the arches were! I think they were a kind of grit-stone?" This was added inquiringly; and so they were—red sandstone chiselled.

"But we are dwelling too long on these characteristics, forgetting that we have others to notice of greater interest; and of these perhaps the most eminent is his habitual, and, as we might say, constitutional benevolence. Of this trait in his character we heard many interesting instances, but our space will only allow us to notice one or two which we artfully extracted from himself. Having heard of his kindness to some of

his neighbours who are poorer than himself, we had determined to make himself speak on the matter; and, accordingly, when passing through the village in which he resides, about two miles and a half from Galway, we remarked to him that some of those neighbours seemed very poor. 'Indeed they are, sir, very,' he replied; 'they have been very badly off this year in consequence of the wet, the want of firing, and the dearness of potatoes.' 'And how,' I rejoined, 'have they contrived to keep body and soul together?' 'Why, sir, just by the assistance of those a little better off than themselves.' Paddy would not name himself as their benefactor, so we had to ask him if he had been able to give them any aid, and then his ingenuousness obliged him to confess that he had: he had lent thirty shillings to one family to buy seed for their bit of ground, ten shillings to another to buy meal, and so on. 'And will they ever pay you, Paddy?' we enquired. 'Ooh! the creatures, they will, to be sure, sir,' Paddy replied in a tone expressive of surprise at the imputation on their honesty; but added in a lower voice, 'if they can; and if they can't, sir, why, please God, I'll get over it; sure one could'n't see the creatures starve!' This was last year. In the present summer we had heard that Paddy's turf was all stolen from him shortly after—perhaps by some of the very persons whom he had assisted—and we were curious to ascertain how he took his loss. So we enquired, 'How were you off, Paddy, for firing last winter?' 'Very badly, sir. I had no turf of my own, and was obliged to buy turf in Galway at four shillings the kish. It would have been cheaper to buy coal, only I don't like a grate, for the children burn themselves at it.' 'And how did it happen that you had no turf of your own?' 'Because, sir, it was all stolen from me, after I had paid two pounds for cutting and drying it.' 'Did you ever,' I enquired, 'discover who were the robbers?' 'Oh, yes, sir,' he replied. 'And could you prove the theft against them?' 'I could, to be sure.' 'Did you prosecute them?' 'Tut, tut, sir, what good would that do me?' and Paddy added, in a tone of pity, 'the creatures! sure they were poor rogues, or they would not have taken every bit away.' 'Well, then, Paddy,' I enquired, 'did you ever speak to them about it?' 'I did, sir.' 'And what answer or apology did they make?' 'They said, sir, that they wouldn't have touched it if they knew it was mine.' 'Did they ever return any of it?' Paddy replied with a laugh, 'Oh, no!'"

Paddy has not taken the temperance pledge. He does not recommend it *for pipers*. He tells some warning anecdotes as to the effects which have befallen some of the fraternity, who had, in his opinion, incautiously joined the disciples of Father Matthew, whilst they still continued their labours as pipers. But we are happy to say that he is by no means an intemperate man; but the very reverse; and to this point in the character of his favourite, the following ample testimony is borne by the writer in the journal:—

"Paddy is a temperate as he is a prudent man. We came to this conclusion, from the healthiness of his appearance and the equanimity of his manner, in five minutes after we first saw him. 'You don't drink hard, Paddy,' we remarked to him. 'No, sir,' he replied; 'I did once, but I found it was destroying my health, and that if I continued to do so, I would soon leave my family after me to beg; so I left it off three years ago, and I have never tasted raw spirits since, or taken more than a tumbler, or, on an odd occasion, a tumbler and a half of punch, in an evening since.'

"We only desire to add to this slight sketch, that Paddy appears to be in tolerably comfortable circumstances—he farms a bit of ground, and his cottage is neat and cleanly kept, for one in his rank in Galway. He has a great love of approbation, a high opinion of his musical talents, and a strong feeling of decent pride. He will only play for the gentry or comfortable farmers. He will not lower the dignity of his professional character by playing in a tap-room or for the commonalty—except on rare

occasions, when he will do it gratuitously, and for the sole pleasure of making them happy."

Paddy who is greatly pleased and justly proud of all this, yet regrets much that the author of the sketch from which we have been quoting, did not let him know beforehand, that he was going to write his life; *for he could have given him many other stories of himself, far better than those which have been published of him*; and, certainly, all who know Paddy can vouch that there is not a better narrator of a good thing to be found than himself; and that his powerful memory retains a vast number of interesting particulars concerning himself as well as others. But unfortunately it is not every delighted listener to Paddy's minstrelsy and conversation, that is a George Petrie; and, therefore, we shall remain the more anxious for the fulfilment in some way or other, of the *half* promise which was made in 14th number of *The Irish Penny Journal*, as to some of those anecdotes, where the writer said he might "probably give a sketch of some of them in a future number."

The air before us is not Paddy's only composition. It is, perhaps, the least Irish of his productions. He has struck off some excellent jigs and reels altogether his own—exclusively of the infinite variations to airs, which he has the power of giving, all in the most thoroughly Irish manner; and it is remarkable, that whilst he possesses the power of varying to a remarkable degree, he is one of the most faithful preservers of the original *text* of our airs; and, indeed, he is a stickler for every note and point of an air which he has once thoroughly fixed to his satisfaction, far beyond anybody we have yet had the fortune to meet with. He is, therefore, a most valuable assistant to us in our task; and we shall frequently have occasion to advert to his powers and talents in this respect—his labours and perseverance, and the triumphant success of his efforts in the good cause.

The present air was composed in the year preceding the grant of Catholic Emancipation, in 1828; upon the remarkable occasion of the return of O'Connell—whilst still under the disqualification of the odious penal laws—as a member of parliament for the county of Clare. At that time O'Connell was to make a visit to the capital of the West—the inhabitants of which resolved to receive him with a triumph. The "pipers" of Galway agreed to meet him and greet him with all the honours, and Paddy gives a most graphic and gratifying account of the whole scene. It was proposed at the outset, that a tune *must* be composed for the occasion: and Paddy almost instantaneously produced what was unanimously and rapturously received as the only real, true, and genuine thing, exactly what was wanted. **THE PIPES SPEAK!** for when Paddy plays the air, you hear an articulating voice in the chanter—and the name of "O'Connell" is distinctly pronounced; then the regulators and all the other parts so lend their aid, that you hear on the first playing, the liquid sounds of the supplication, "long life" to him; on the second, the still smarter exclamation of the wish "success" to him, greets you; and on the third, the hoarser cry of "hurra for O'Connell," crowns the performance. The most violent Anti-

O'Connellite, Tory, Whig, or Radical, (for the monomania seizes demented politicians, and no-politics-people of all classes) if he, or she, as it may be, once hear Paddy play the tune, and meet him again, and again—will be sure to ask again, and again, for this piece.

Some say that a portion of it resembles a particular version of the tune, "Haste to the Wedding;" but first of all, *that* is not *our* version of "Haste to the Wedding," and secondly, and thirdly, and fourthly, and fifthly, and sixthly, and seventhly, and to conclude,—it does not matter one farthing whether any such resemblance exists or does not exist,—can or cannot be traced. The accompaniment is only an attempt of our own, in some way to imitate on the piano-forte the *unimitable* style of Paddy's performance.

Maelzel's Metron. $\text{♩} = 60$.

Voice.

p *Larghetto.*

Piano-Forte.

Piano e Legato.

1. Fare - well, and for e - ver, my lov'd isle of
2. A - gain, my lov'd home, I may ne - ver be

sor - row, Thy green vales and moun-tains de - light me no more
hold thee, Thy hope was a me - teor, thy glo - ry a dream

My bark's on the wave, and the noon of to - mor - row, V
Oh, curs'd be the dis - tance, the waves that have sad - dled thee,

"The Leaves so green."

Maelzel's Metron. ♩ = 56.

11.

Andante.

Soprano.



1. When life hath left this sense-less clay, By all but thee for-
2. Those wild flow-ers too, I w'd so well, Shall breathe their sweet-sen-
3. The crowd-ed town and haunts of men, I ne-ver lov'd to

Alto.

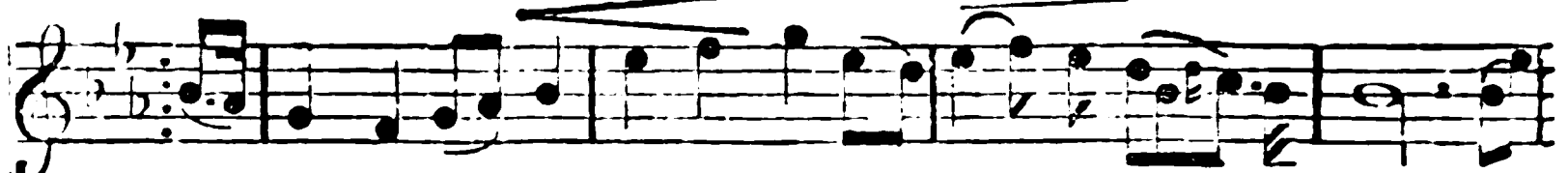


Piano-Forte.

Dolce.



got; Oh! bear me, dear-est, far a-way, To some green lone-ly spot,
there; While thrush and black-bird's songs shall swell A-mid the fra-grant air;
tread; To shel-ter'd vale, or lone-ly glen, My wea-ry spi-rit fled.



Where none with care-less step may tread, The grass up-on my grave; But
No noi-sy bust of joy or care, Will there dis-turb my rest; This
Then lay me, dear-est, far a-way, By o-ther eyes un-seen, Where



gent - ly o'er my nar - row bed "The leaves so green" may wave.
 si - lent tears in se - cret flow From those who lov'd me best.
 gleams of sun - shine rare - ly stray Be - neath "the leaves so green."

Rör bezg dub.

12.

Little black Rose.

Michael's Metron. $\text{♩} = 54$

Adagio molto.

Piano-Forte. *m. f.* *p*

O'Connell's Welcome to Clare.

Maelzel's Metron. $\text{♩} = 84$

13.

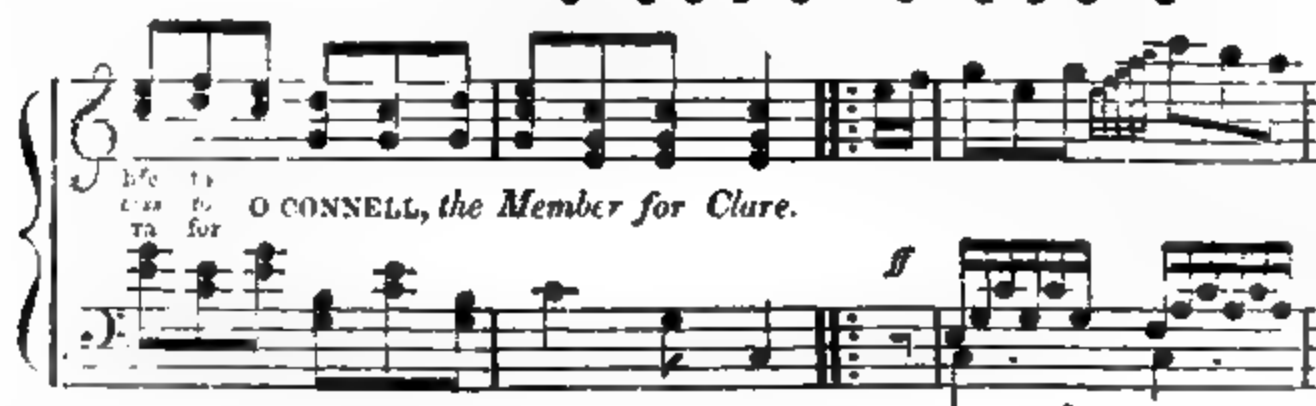
Padraig Conneally

Allegretto.

Piano-Forte.

m. f.

Long life to O'-CONNELL, Long life to O'-CONNELL!
Suc - cess to Hur - ra for Hur - ra for



THE
DUBLIN
MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

MAY, 1842.

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DUBLIN:
SAMUEL J. MACHEN, 8, D'OLIER-STREET.

MDCCCXLII.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

All communications for the EDITOR of the DUBLIN MONTHLY MAGAZINE must be addressed to the care of Mr. MACHEN, 8, D'OLIER-STREET.

Advertisements and Books for Review to be forwarded to the same.

We cannot undertake to return *short pieces*, either prose or poetry.

Contributions intended for insertion in the succeeding number must be forwarded on or before the *first Saturday* in the month.

THE WIDOW'S DAUGHTER.

"Oh! sweet my mother, cast me not away."—*Shakespeare.*

THERE stands, or rather once stood, for nothing now remains but the roofless walls, a cabin in the centre of a village, pleasantly situated by the green waters of the Shannon. Notwithstanding the neglect and decay into which it has fallen, there still remain proofs to show that those who once inhabited it, were in some degree superior to the generality of their countrymen. There is a patch of ground before the door, now overgrown with rank weeds, but which was once covered with grass, and ornamented by a few common but beautiful shrubs. There were the sweetbriar and wallflower, the tall hollyhock and the flaming marygold. These were ranged tastefully by the humble but snow-white walls. The cabin was indeed of the very humblest kind. It was low and small even to inconvenience; but there was an air of great neatness and comfort pervading the entire. The window was neatly glazed, and the frame and doors painted,—a thing that was unknown, or at least very unusual, in the simple abodes around. The interior was plain and modest, but everything was so clean and comfortable, so home-like, that one felt here a tranquillity and pleasure, that more costly places could not bestow. There was the snow-white dresser with its shining array of cups, bowls, plates, and large mugs, having each a full length picture of the Liberator, in a green coat, red waistcoat, and holding a great sprig of shamrock, almost as large as himself, in his right hand. The bed was in the corner, with its coarse blue stuff curtains, and a bunch of palm sewed reverently in the lining. There was a little bookshelf too, with a few of the most common books then in use, and their titles, as they stood upright, stamped on the backs in great red and yellow letters. It was evident that the inhabitants of this little cottage possessed a degree of taste and refinement beyond their neighbours,—beyond what even their own circumstances could allow.

These inhabitants were a widow and her only child. The former was one who had known better fortunes in other times, and owed her present situation less to her own want of conduct and management than to a series of disastrous events. Left early an orphan, she was brought up by her uncle, a country parish priest; and from him she acquired those good ideas which were discernible in her present abode. She had married an under-agent or bailiff, a person whose all depended on his own life; and his death, which happened soon after, left her with very little to maintain herself or her infant. But with that little she was contented, and endeavoured by patient industry and frugality to supply every slight want. Mrs. Brown's family had once been respectable, and with their pride (which was a quality she was largely endowed with)

she inherited also their good taste and ambition. She had brought up and educated her daughter with a care and attention more in accordance with her former respectability than her present fortunes. And yet Mrs. Brown's gentle Statia, many said, would not be a portionless girl. Her mother, it was said, had a pretty good hoard in the toe of her old stocking, the savings of her whole life; and the fortunate wooer of the prettiest girl by the Shannon side would also get a well filled purse on the wedding day.

Year after year passed on in contented happiness, and the fair Statia had arrived at womanhood. Their lot was an humble but a happy one, —care did not wear out their spirits, nor extreme poverty cast its dark shade over the few gleams of sunshine that sparkled in their path. Their wants were few and simple, and these their constant industry easily supplied. With the indifference and thoughtlessness sometimes attributed to the Irish, they had no care for the morrow; they could not anticipate care or calamity in the future. They loved each other entirely, and having no other relatives, no one who could claim a portion of their love, they lavished all their tenderness upon each other. Statia was the handsomest girl at chapel every Sunday, and like every other beauty, whether courtly or rustic, had her full share of admirers. All the young men who had a house or an acre of land came with their best looks and finery to be “discoorsin’ Miss Statia;” at every fair and every wedding they were all emulous of the honour of her hand in a jig or reel, each trying to appear amiable in her eyes. But Statia cared for none of them, if we except one young man, that good and gentle as she was, was deemed too much her superior in every respect, for any thing more than mere flirtation. But she took no heed of what any one said; she laughed, danced, and sung all day long, and in the gaiety and innocence of her young heart, thought that life would be one long summer day.

But happiness, however humble and unambitious it may be, cannot last for ever. This little family had seen many years of quiet and peaceful content pass over their heads; but they were now to taste of the bitter cup of life. Statia Brown, from being one of the merriest, gayest girls in the parish, became the gravest, the most sad. Her cheek lost its bloom and freshness, her figure its lightness and buoyant grace. She had gained nothing in exchange for these charming gifts of youth, but a profound and universal langour, which crept over her whole being. Her eyes were dull and heavy as with constant weeping, and painfully averted from her mother's anxious glances, and kind enquiries as to what was the matter. She did not stand so often now before the glass, or array herself in the bright colours she loved so much. Her step was slow and uncertain; and the evening, when her work was done, was spent brooding over the fire, or gazing vacantly on the leaves of a book, and not in the fields singing and seeking wild flowers, as in other and happier days.

Her mother saw this sad change with the utmost concern. She could not see any immediate cause for anxiety now, more than at any other time; far less could she imagine one. They were not poorer now than they ever were; they had lost nothing of their former comfort or respect, and what could it be? With an anxious heart she sought to find out the cause of her daughter's unhappiness, but she either could not or would not tell her. Her answer was always that she was as well and as happy as ever; but it was easy to see that she deceived herself, or deceived others, which was worse. Poor Mrs. Brown loved her daughter with an intensity that few could estimate. She was proud, and justly so,—of her beauty, her goodness, her knowledge; for Statia was learned in many things. Now, after rearing her up like a “born lady,” she saw her pining and wasting before her very eyes, and what was more affecting than all, preserving such an obstinate silence. Many bitter tears did the poor mother shed over the failure of all her long cherished hopes, and vainly lament the time when she had known nothing of these sad cares. Days and weeks past on, and saw Statia more ill and restless, her mother more unhappy and more depressed.

One fine day in the end of summer, when all things seemed animated and joyous, except her own withering heart, the poor widow sat to her wheel. She had thought and thought, but thinking, like the fabled bird, brought no relief upon its wing. Things grew worse with Statia every day, and she could now only trust to Providence the mystery she could not herself unravel. As she sat and drew out the thread with a languid hand, a figure darkened the sunshine of the doorway, and a friend who had come to see her from a few miles distant, came in and sat down by her side.

“An’ how do you get on, Mrs. Brown?” she asked, “though indeed I needn’t ask you,—you’re looking so bravely.”

“I’m middling, ma’am, I thank you,” she answered. “Sure, as times go, ’tis well to be middling itself. And how are all that you left at home getting on?”

“A’thin what would ail them this fine weather, an’ it such a beautiful harvest, thank God. We are very busy now, mowin’ and reapin’. Indeed we havn’t time to be sick.”

Poor Mrs. Brown sighed heavily. Every one was happy and contented but herself.

“An’ how is Statia goin’ on?” said the good natured visitor. “I don’t see her here.”

“She went awhile ago to the well for water, and did not come back since. Oh! Shusy Purcell, my heart is breaking about that colleen. She that was so merry before,—that never stopped singing from morning till night; why, she’s grown so sad that you’d hardly know her. She doesn’t eat as much as a lark, and her cheek, that was once the colour of the rose, is now as pale as death. I know that something is troubling her mind that she doesn’t care to tell, though she never speaks of it, or

indeed of any thing else. Oh! my grief! the days are gone by when she was as merry as a cricket all day long. I never felt so miserable before. My heart will break,—indeed it will.” She bent her head on the wheel, and the hot tears came streaming down.

“God help ye both, you an’ her,” said the pitying Mrs. Purcell. “You don’t know what ails poor Statia. But I’ll tell you. Is she privately married?”

“No. Why should she?” stammered out the bewildered Mrs. Brown. “Privately married, and she only eighteen years old next Lady Day. She is not indeed.”

“Then she ought to be,” said Mrs. Purcell, in a low voice, but which rang through the ear and brain of the other, like molten fire. She sprang up with a sharp cry, almost to the roof of that low cabin. Her head grew dizzy, her eyes became dim, her heart sick. She remembered her daughter’s altered looks,—her incoherent words, her absent and reserved manner, and all things carried conviction to her mind. Now were the sad thoughts,—the gloomy forebodings of many long miserable months, realized in a way that even in her most unhappy hours she had never even imagined. She had never thought of this. Who could tell her once that she should ever have to blush for the dear child of which she was so proud? or who could have anticipated this dreadful day? Like many others of an old family, she had a large store of national as well as family pride. This was now, she thought, outraged in the nicest point. Her child, that she often said reflected credit on her native parish, and was a fair and beautiful specimen of Irishwomen,—had become not an ornament to the country she was so proud of, but a reproach. She could bear pain, and beggary, and suffering, but never shame. It was a hard word; but she must now be familiarised to it,—must now apply it to herself. The sweet face of the babe that had lain in her arms and pillowed its sleeping head on her bosom, and smiled up into her face, she could not bear to look upon now. Was the child that she had borne, and nursed, and toiled for, that had moved in her poor cottage dancing and singing like a bird, making her happy heart still happier, was she reserved for this fate? All her fond hopes were blasted, her fervent prayers unheard. All the affectionate yearnings, all the boundless outpourings of a mother’s love had been outraged, and slighted, and cast away.

She sunk down again in her chair, in a paroxysm of delirious grief. She bent her head on her knees, and slowly rocked herself to and fro, with that wild sad wail so indicative in her country of extreme mental suffering. Oh! that sad, ear-piercing cry! Who that has ever heard it, does not remember it with melancholy awe? In its wild, and not unmusical cadence, it comes upon the ear with a feeling of horror, of startling grief, that we would vainly fly from and forget. Had Mary Brown seen her daughter in very truth lying dead at her feet, she could not lament more deeply than she did now. But grief could not recal the past.

A whirlwind of rage now took the place in her soul of the first shock of despair. Her whole mind was in a tumult, an uproar, an agony. All she had before suffered was nothing compared to this. It absorbed every faculty, every feeling: it seemed to infuse her with new life. She rushed out of the house, followed by the astonished Mrs. Purcell, and ran with the speed of a hunted deer, down the little path that led to the well. It was only a few yards from the house, and there was Statia, sitting on a stone, her empty pitcher beside her, and her face buried in her hands, weeping bitterly. At the sound of footsteps she hastily raised her head, and with a dismayed countenance, saw her mother approaching. The first look told her that her secret was discovered, and that she was to expect no mercy, no pardon. She tried to rise, and crawl to her mother's feet.

"Don't offer to come near me," cried the angry woman—"don't attempt it, you base thing that you are. A hardened deceiver you are, a serpent that I warmed in my bosom, 'till you stung me. A hard heart you must have, and a worse mind, to bring this sorrow and shame on my grey hairs, and to the family that never knew what the word meant until you came to tell them. Oh! you parricide, you have killed me, that's what you have done."

The poor girl to all this answered only by a low moan. She lay back on the rough stones, her eyes closed, and her shining brown hair hanging in disordered tresses around a face as rigid and as cold as marble.

"God forgive you," she went on, "for I cannot, and what's more, will not. That you may never leave this world, until he brings on you as much sorrow and misery as you have heaped on me this day. Oh! God help and pity me. Oh! that you had died in your cradle, and I with you, before either of us had seen this. Oh! mavrone. Oh! wirra dheelish! that I should see this day."

She covered her face with her hands, as if to keep down her agony. The prostrate girl slowly crawled to her feet, and caught her by the skirt.

"Let go my gown, I say," she screamed out—"how dare you touch me? The day of fawning is gone by. You must keep your distance, I tell you, miss. That work is all over now."

"Forgive me," sobbed the poor penitent, still clinging to her dress. "Don't curse your child, mother; do not, for God's sake. Whatever my fate may be, do not let me go through life with the mother's curse—the curse of her that nursed and loved me. Any thing but that—dear mother, any thing but that."

"Mother, indeed," cried Mrs. Brown, in a voice between a scream and a hysterical laugh. "No longer mother of yours, you bad, bad girl. Oh! Bhee na Gloria, did I ever think it would come to this?"

"Dear mother," cried Statia, in that sweet low tone, which the mother's heart, obdurate as it was, yet vibrated to hear. "Dear mother, but one word. Oh! look at me, forgive me, I am not so guilty as you think. Hate,

despise, but do not curse me until three days are past. Three little days, and you shall know every thing—indeed you shall. Oh! mother, remember long ago—remember our seventeen years of love. Can you forget that for that time we have slept side by side, and worked and walked together,—that you were all the world to me? Forgive me for three days, it is all I ask. I cannot bear your anger, your silence—speak to me, dear mother, I implore you for God's sake to answer me—I care not what you say, only speak. I can endure any thing—every thing. I can walk barefoot through the world, but I cannot outlive your love."

She looked up to her mother's face, in earnest, trembling supplication. Her streaming eyes were upturned, her hand convulsively fastened in the dress she held. There was on every feature sorrow, and entreaty, and love. But her trembling supplication, her fervent, passionate words, were breathed into stony ears. Mrs. Brown disengaged the weak hand that held her, and the poor suppliant dropt heavily on the ground.

"She will not listen to me," she cried in desperation—"she will not forgive me. My God, you are now my only friend."

There was a profound silence. Mrs. Brown had run back to her house, and in another moment they heard her bolting the door, as if to prevent them from entering. There was a deep calm, broken only by the heavy moans of poor Statia. The compassionate Mrs. Purcell knelt down beside her, and raised her head. She parted back the long tangled hair from her forehead, and tied it up behind under its comb. "God help you, asthore," she said—"you have a hard fate to struggle with, an' may be assist an' give you grace to bear it patiently. Oh! wirra! wirra! an' you such a young craythur, not eighteen all out. The Lord look on us, we don't know in the morning what's to happen us before the day is out. Some one surely overlooked you, agra; but for the matter of that, isn't God's blessing to be always preferred to the blessing of men. If He looks down on you with an eye of pity, and loves you still, you needn't care what the world says or thinks. But cheer up, darling, your mother will forgive and forget yet, and ye'll be as happy as ever ye were, an' that ye may. Get up, Statia,—get up, asthore, an' come along."

"Where to?" cried poor Statia, with a wild look of despair; "where to? Where are we to go?"

"Home, dear,—home to my place, to be sure, where else? I dunna who has a betther right to ax you home with them than I have, that told on you, an' was the cause of you're being turned out,—no, that's not it. It's not turned out you are, darling, but just that she's a little vexed with you for a while. My hand to you, she'll send for you in a day or two, when she hears where you are; an' then you'll be braver than ever, plase God."

She raised the poor girl gently up, and they proceeded on for a few yards. When they were turning off the road that led from the house, poor Statia paused for a moment to look at it once more. She leant her

head on her companion's shoulder, and, in the fullness of her grief and desolation, wept as if her heart would break. Old remembrances came in upon her soul—old memories, that 'till now were sleeping—kind looks and pleasant words she was never again to hear. She felt a presentiment that she would never see that beloved home again—that she was looking at it for the last time. There were some bushes of sweet briar growing about,—she pulled a sprig, kissed it reverently, and again burst into passionate grief. What thoughts did not that sprig call forth. But the appearance of Mrs. Purcell's horse and cart put an end to her reflections. Once more she kissed the little branch, and carefully placed it in her bosom. Controuling her grief with a strong effort, she cast a last fond look at that beloved spot; and leaning on the supporting arm of her kind friend, they went away together.

Among no people on the earth, is there found such a sympathy and respect for the unfortunate, as there is among the Irish. With them the rule is, never to enquire into the cause or manner of sorrow, but immediately to relieve it whatever it be. Whatever be the faults of my poor countrymen, the native delicacy, the untaught kindness of their natures, can counterbalance and redeem them all. With them the soothing word is ever ready—the kind voice—the hand ever stretched out to welcome and receive; and the *cead millia falthagh* of the Irish, gushing fresh and warm from the heart. Food and lodging are by them considered nothing, and for the greatest charity that they bestow, the approval of their own hearts and the blessing of the distressed is sufficient reward. Charity with them is spontaneous—it does not stop to ponder or consider; and like all their other impulses, it springs forth pure and unadulterated from their simple and unreflecting hearts.

All this time Mrs. Brown was alone, in her desolate home. A stupor, like that of death, had come upon her, weighing down both body and mind. On her return from the well, she had thrown herself into a chair, where the evening still found her. Meal time was past and gone, but no thought of eating had she. The shadows of evening had stolen over all things. The few flowers outside the door had long since closed up their fragrant bells, and the universal quiet and silence of night brought repose and healing to every thing, except her weary heart. For her the solitude of night could bring no rest,—the radiance of day could not impart a charm. She had built up an idol, and loved it with a mother's, an Irish mother's fond idolatry, and it had crumbled into dust. She was poor before, what of that? She was rich in decent industry, in virtuous independence, and what had she now?—nothing but disgrace. She was now to endure the pity, the comments of her neighbours, and hear them say, "We all knew no good could come of her great notions of breeding and education, and the like. This is the woman that got her daughter taught to read and write, and brought her up better than the children of her neighbours. See now the end of it." She must now suffer all this.

The night came at last, and then another day, and another long weary night. Oh! how miserable she was. She still lived on, if that state of being in which she existed may be called life. Her former wild rage had given place to a carelessness of life, a numbness, a torpor that nothing could dissolve. Her eyes were dry and stony: she remembered that long ago she could cry for a neighbour's trouble, she had now no tears for her own. She turned away from her food with loathing—she wouldn't go to the door, lest she should see a human face. She had loved her daughter intensely, and in proportion to the greatness of her love and hope for her, was now the greatness of her disappointment. She lived on, from day to day, without a wish, without a hope—careless of the future, existing only in the past.

It might be about a week or ten days after her daughter left her, that she sat one evening brooding over the remains of what had once been a fire. Her thoughts had taken a milder and holier channel, and she was calling to mind the time when Statia was an innocent child beside her knee. Ah! that was a blessed time,—she had no trouble or grief then. She remembered that when she sat to work, Statia would take a book, and read for her about some wonderful country across the sea, where the inhabitants were dressed out in beads and feathers, and where the bread grew upon trees. Now that her first burst of fury had passed away, how her heart yearned to take back to all its old love her erring, but penitent, and still dear child. Let the world frown on them as it might, they would still have each other; let it talk and sneer now, she could bear it all. She looked to the window, to try if she could see a passing shadow—any thing like that her heart leaped up and longed for. A light hand was laid on the latch—she gasped for breath—it opened—it was only a young child that Statia loved.

She came in with a cage and bird in her hand. "Good evening, Mrs. Brown," she said; "any news of Statia, yet? Will she be back soon?"

"I don't know, indeed," faltered the poor widow,—“I didn't see her since. I can't say when she'll be back.”

"I want her badly now," said the child, laying down her cage on the table; "this poor bird is pining away, and I don't know what to do with it. She was always handy about birds, and flowers, and other things."

Mrs. Brown made her no answer, and she went on:—"Statia herself had a linnet once, and it fell sick, just as mine is now. She nursed it night and day, and went very far off into the mountains, looking for some thing that she knew he loved. But for all that care he died, and I saw her crying over him. She said it was one you gave her, when it was very young, a long time ago."

"My poor Statia, my good, gentle girl," cried the poor mother, who had been greatly affected by the talk of the innocent child;—"she is sick now herself, maybe, without any one to nurse or attend or. Sad days she has seen since the linnet died, God help her."

"You must bring her back," said her artless companion; "we are all

very lonesome after Statia. She used to run over almost every day to our place, and we all miss her ever so much. The flowers she sowed for me are now up a great piece above the earth, and she promised to transplant them. I have a new book too, and I want her to tell me what the pictures are all about. But above all things, I want her about this poor bird; for if she does not come back, and tell me what to do with it, I am sure it will die."

"Be very careful, and I'm sure nothing will happen it," said Mrs. Brown, trying to say *something*. "If you keep it warm, it may recover."

The child shook her head, "I never loved anything very much that it did not die. There was my little brother that I loved ever so well, and he died while I was at my grandmother's. When I came home, they brought me to see his grave, and I put all my flowers on it, and did so ever since. And for that very reason I'm afraid of the poor bird. But I was forgetting Statia: Mrs. Brown, you must send for her again, you must indeed."

There was no answer to this, and she began to see from her companion's silence and evident distress, that there was something wrong.

"She is sick then," she cried, with a very sorrowful face, "or maybe she is dead. Oh! dear, oh! dear, I shall have to get flowers now for two graves."

In an agony of grief, she laid her head on Mrs. Brown's lap, and sobbed bitterly. The bereaved mother had not thought of death till now, and the idea was too much for her. The child's exclamations, her passionate weeping, touched the right chord. The fountains of her heart broke through their icy barrier, and her tears gushed down warm and thick on the bright head of the child.

In a short time the door again opened, and they both started up. The child hastily dried her tears, and kissing her companion, took up her cage and glided softly away. The new visitor, who was a tall powerful man, entered at the moment, with the usual salutation of, "God save all here."

"God save you kindly, Jack Purcell," she replied in a broken voice; for she remembered what a sad scene she had passed through, on the day that his wife was there.

"You're lonesome now, Mary," he said, "without Statia; an'sure no wondher, your comrade for so many years. What brought me to you now is, that if you wish to see her she's, at my place. An' the more haste you make the betther, for poor Statia will never see the grey dawn."

"My God," she fell back against the wall, and turned her eyes up to heaven, until the balls were lost in the sockets. She clasped her hands over her bosom, and every limb shook and shivered as with a palsy stroke.

"See now," he went on, "if this isn't what I call a downright rael hardship. To rear a child as dacently as yours was reared is no joke, and to have it all end this way. But don't be downcast, ma'am dear; you done your duty by her, sure enough, an' never spared yourself, where she

was concerned, an' if you're not rewarded in this life, you will in the next. An' sure to think that you *did do* your duty by her, is a great comfort *now*. If she married, an' went off to Amerikey, an' died there, in them wild lonesome woods an' places, you might never know whether she was alive or dead, or if you did know it, 'twould be a'most as bad. You'd be thinking thin that she died far away from her people, without a christian hand to retch her a cup of wather, or even to close her eyes. But the case is different now, an' you ought to be thankful that it is. She's lying snug and brave in my own bed beyant, and anything she wants is there for her, though I say it that oughtn't to say it. An' she has yourself to the fore, to wake her dacently, and lay her along side her poor father. An' isn't that a comfort too, if you'd only think so."

"What ails her, Jack avick?" interrupted Mrs. Brown, "tell it out at wanst, sure it can't be worse than it is."

"Why thin many things ails the crayther, ma'am dear, an' the heart breaking wid her entirely is worst of all. Yesterday she fell very sick, an' afther going through a power, she was delivered of a dead child, and the docthor that we sent for, as well as Molly Mac, says she'll never see the morning sun rise agin. Well, whin she heard she was to die, an' a hard thing it is for any one to hear, let alone a young craythur like her, 'send for the priest,' says she, 'an' send for my mother, 'till I see her before I die. An' tell her,' says she, 'that I'm married, though I could not tell it, nor my husband's name before, by rason of an oath he made me take; but I can tell it now that I'm on my death bed; an' I hope my mother will forgive me for all the sorrow I heaped on her, an' bless me before I go, and let me die in her arms,' says she, the crayther. Yerra if you war listenin' to her, and that your heart was med of the hard flint, conshumin to me but it would melt to hear her, so it would."

"Married or single, she's all the same to me *now*, though thank God that she *is* married. No one can say anything more now, than that she was heedless and unfortunate; but sure no one suffered by that but herself, poor thing.—I'm ready now, Jack dear, let us hurry away, an' lose no more time."

The farmer's horse and cart were outside the door, he helped her up, and they proceeded on in silence. Her heart was too full for words. One idea, that of her injured dying child, whom she had treated so harshly, alone engrossed it. She remembered how she had spurned the suppliant, kneeling at her feet, and crying in the despairing tones of a breaking heart, for three days—three little days. She pressed her hands tightly on her bosom, as if to stifle these sad thoughts; but never word or sign told her inward emotion.

The cart stopped at last at the farmer's door. Mrs. Purcell came out herself to assist her down, and led her into the house in silence. A few children sat cowering at the fire; but not a sound was amongst them. When she came to the door of the inner room, she paused for a moment to arm herself with fortitude, to collect her thoughts, to call up all her

powers of patience, or endurance. She heard a short breathing within; a few stifled moans that thrilled to her very heart: she went in, and walked slowly up to the side of the bed.

There were no curtains on the little bed; but upon a pillow and sheets as white as snow, lay the wreck of what had once been the beautiful Statia Brown. She seemed exhausted by long and great suffering, for she lay back, her eyes closed, and giving no sign of life but the thick breathing and the moans. The fair face was pale and worn, the closed eyes deep sunken; but the skin of the lid was so fair, that one could almost see the deep blue of the eye beneath. The soft brown hair was lying close to the cheek and brow, all damp and chill. One hand lay outside the clothes, fast closed; but oh! so fair and small, and worn almost to the bone.

Her mother stood over her, and gazed with dry glassy eyes upon this sad wreck. She could not move, or speak, or cry; but stood silent and tearless beside all she had loved on earth: but it was easy to see that her heart was broken. Was this Statia, her light-hearted beautiful girl? The past and future were all forgotten by her. She had now no thought, no hope, nothing! She stood mutely by, and gazed.

"Statia dear," said Mrs. Purcell, after a little time, "here is your mother, won't you speak to her, agra."

She opened her eyes, and when her mother's face met hers, she uttered a low cry of joy. A happy and triumphant smile lit upon her whole countenance. She flung one arm round her mother's neck, and with the other hand, held out something to her—it was her marriage ring.

The tenderness, the touching beauty and purity of this action, melted all around her into tears. Her mother flung herself on her knees beside the bed, and every limb trembled and shook again.

"Don't fret so, mother asthore," said the poor girl, "maybe 'tis all for the best, we could not always be so happy as we were. Oh! how I wish I had told you everything before now, and not minded that foolish vow; but it's God's will, and we must not repine."

"Statia," said her mother, in a hollow tone: "will you forgive me, your poor mother, a cushla machree, forgive her, and don't let her go down to the grave, without forgiveness for the black wrong she did you? When you were ill and heart sore, I drove you from the roof that sheltered you, and forced you to seek from strangers a place to breathe your last sigh in. God reward them that were better to you than your own. When you knelt at my feet, and prayed, and begged, I would not listen to you. It was your mother, ma lamma dheelish, that laid you where you are, and whose cruelty broke your heart. And now that you're going, and leaving me a bird alone in the world after you, cushla machree, will you forgive me?"

"Oh! mother, what words are these? there was no one at all to be blamed but myself, and sure God punished my wilfulness and disobedience. I was a foolish, silly girl; I had no right to marry any one without your

consent, and what wonder that the passion overcame you, not knowing how things were? God sees what a good mother you were to me; struggling with poverty and scarce times, you brought me up creditably; and if I did not turn out as well, as fortunate as others, no one can blame you, mother darling—you did your best since the time that I was a little child in your arms: you never said or did a thing that I cannot remember now in love. God comfort you, dear mother, when I'm gone, and shed upon your soul His holy love and peace."

"Who is your husband, Statia asthore?" she asked, "who is he, or where is he to be found?"

But Statia could not answer now. At the mention of her husband, all her firmness and resignation gave way, and she sobbed and cried on her mother's bosom. Poor creature! her fortitude and patience were no proof against the agony called up by that name. Though in the arms of death, human affection and regret for the lost still clung to her heart, in their first freshness. "Alas! alas! she cried, "he is still and quiet too, poor fellow! Oh! mother, he is dead and gone."

The poor widow looked at Mrs. Purcell for an explanation, who said, "his name was Jemmy O'Callaghan: don't you remimber him, that was livin' wid his uncle in the little house, down near the wather? His father lives across in Carrigaholt, a hard, close man, that thought to get a great match entirely for his son: whin he heard of this, he was so incinced that he sent for his son at wanst. Well, poor Jemmy lost no time in going home, the wind riz up, and the sae was roarin' about them, and the boat capsized with himself an' all that was with him. But where's the use of talking now? His father is as badly off as we are, and hasn't him now, here or there, though 'tisn't for him we are sorry; but for the crayther that lost him, an' herself too into the bargain."

"Raise me, mother," cried the dying girl, "the air is hot and heavy—I cannot breathe."

"My God, restore her to me, sweet Jesus," sobbed the miserable mother. "Give me back my child, even for thine own name's sake. Give her back to me, to be the light of my eyes and my heart's idol; take from me all I have, only leave me her. Give me sorrow, pain and poverty—only leave me her—only leave me her."

She looked up in a maze of wild agony. A change had come in her child—a dark shade had stolen over the fair sweet face. Her breathing grew still thicker and shorter; a dull heavy glaze came in her eyes; her lips were distorted with a slight convulsion, and her chest heaved up and down.

"Air, more air," she gasped out, "how hot and suffocating it is growing. Open the window, for heaven's sake, that I may breathe. Let some one bring a candle. I cannot see ye. Come near me, mother, asthore,—nearer still—give me your hand—let me feel you. Raise me—more light—more air. My sweet Saviour, forgive me. Ah!—"

She fell back. There were a few slight throbs,—a little motion of the

lips,—the eyelids quivered, and then sunk and moved no more. No one spoke. There is a quiet and sanctity pervading the presence of death that cannot be easily dissolved. She lay so still and motionless, and was so fair and beautiful in her repose, that they could not break the profound silence. She had no thought now of them,—no consciousness of their grief or despair. She was in another and a loftier presence—the veil withdrawn from her eyes,—what then was their grief to her? They might cry and scream ever so loudly now, it could not pierce the closed ear, or penetrate to the still and passionless and silent heart.

“Why don’t you speak to me, Statia?” said the desolate mother, after a long awful pause. “Speak to your poor mother, my heart’s idol. I thought when we met, you’d have a deal of talk for me, and yet you say nothing. You were ever a kind and gentle thing, that would stoop down to save a worm; now the meanest creature that crawls has the gift of life, and to you,—the humane and good hearted, it is denied. The poor beggars that wander about for their food, and lie down by the ditch side to rest, *they* can live and enjoy the sunshine and light of summer, and you must die. You are past sorrow now,—your poor mother cannot fret or grieve you any more, and shut her door against you, and curse you, like a thing that she was ashamed to own. The little child that you were fond of, loved and missed you, though your mother didn’t do it. She, that only for the anger and passion, loved you above them all, and now what can repay me for your loss?—my idol, my heart’s treasure you were—my gentle colleen bawn.”

“Why then, God comfort you, Mary Brown,” said the compassionate Mrs. Purcell, taking her hand, on which her own tears fell fast. “God comfort you, an’ He will, an’ don’t take on so. Where is the use of it? She’s gone now.”

“She was a happy girl once;” she went on, heedless of the interruption. “No bird was so happy as she was; and the merrier she was, the faster she worked. She had the typhus fever once, and her beautiful hair was all cut off. ‘Keep a lock of it, mother,’ says she, ‘to think of me if I die.’ I have kept it in my bosom ever since; see, here it is.”

She drew forth a paper from her bosom, and opening it, showed them a long tress of shining brown hair.

“It is a long time since,” she said, “but ye see how carefully I have kept it. I never will part with it. God heard my prayers then; I was worthier than I am now. She used to read, and work, and sing for me; she was my all. Alas! I have nothing now. How am I to go home without her? How am I to eat and drink and sleep, and live on from day to day, and never to see her,—never to hear her blessed voice again? I can’t do it. I can’t. Your poor mother couldn’t live without you, a grau gal, agus colleen machree! How could I live on, thinking of you, asthore, and looking at the white daisies growing over you? I can never be happy again,—you that made up all my happiness is lying there before me, stiff, and silent, and broken hearted, and dead.

The prop of my age—my darling girl—mavourneen dheelish—my poor bird !”

Why should we farther analyse the heart, or trace the working within it, of grief, despair, remorse? We are all familiar with the story of Rachel,—her who wept in passion for her children, and refused to be comforted, because they were not. The poetic and passionate grief of the mother of Ramah is often brought before us,—not in the figurative language of Scripture, but in the every day scenes of life, by the fervour and intensity of that of the Irish one. Who loves so intensely as she does? What grief is so fervent, so passionately expressed as hers? Poor Mary Brown was deprived of the only living being to which her heart might cling. She was, to use her own words, a bird alone, and remorse for her unkindness and severity still more aggravated her despair.

At the usual time, poor Statia was laid in her solitary grave. There were many tears shed over the unadorned mound, by those who remembered her goodness and mourned her hard fate. But the sorrowful, the curious, and those who from mere idleness joined the sad throng, soon went their way; and one silent and solitary figure alone remained in the churchyard. What to her was the world now,—its pity,—its condolence,—its remarks? *her* world was that spot of freshly moved earth. She had sat down beside the grave, and silent and motionless waited there for many long hours. Her cloak had fallen from her, and her uncovered head was exposed to the full force of the blast, but she did not feel it. She was bent forward, and her sunken heavy eye fixed intently upon the one spot, with a wild searching gaze; her whole heart was in that grave.

When the night came she went home, but morning found her in the same place, and the ensuing day too. On the third evening, she had raked away all the loose stones and rubbish, and smoothed the heaped up mound, and sat as before, quietly watching. She was so occupied by her own thoughts, that she did not feel the approach of a person who laid his hand on her shoulder, and spoke to her in a kind voice. She looked up into his face,—it was Jack Purcell.

“Come home, Mary,” he said to her soothingly, “come home, agrau. The wind here is desperate bad entirely, an’ I see a grate big shower there beyant, an’ ’twill be down on us in no time. This is no place for you to be. Come home, dear.”

“I have no home,” she answered, “but where she is. I went back to the cabin the other night, an’ looked about for her, but I could see her no where. I called her once, and over again, but she never came to me. How could she?”

“Aye, indeed,” he replied, “how could she? God help you, the misfortune an’ the grief is getting the betther of you entirely, so it is. Oh! Mary, where is all your patience gone to? You ought to remimber that it is not struggling with poverty an’ suffering she is, but gone home to

her good God ;" (he stopped and lifted his hat reverently from his head) "this sleep, deep as it is, won't last for ever ; don't you know that ye'll meet again ? God's mercy is very great, greater than even our sins. Doesn't He tell us to be hopin' on always, and to trust to Him as to a rock. Don't you hear me, Mary ?"

"Do I hear what?" she repeated, looking round her anxiously. "I hear something, surely, but it is not *her*. I may call her ever so much, but she won't answer me now. My God ! how many weary days and nights more am I to spend, and not a sight of her to gladden my old eyes ?"

He stooped over her, and took her hand in his, and looked up into her face with all the tenderness and pity of a woman, "I have children myself," he said, "an' I know how to feel for you. If cutting off one of my own limbs would bring her back to you, God sees how cheerfully I'd do it. But nothing can bring her back. We must, you know, suffer either in this world or the next, and maybe 'tis for your own salvation God sees fit to afflict you."

"Go away, Jack Purcell, I bid you," she said. "Go home and don't mind me. Your offer is kindly meant, I know ; but I can't go with you, and I don't want any one here. Come over to me. Here is the key of my chest. The money that you'll find in it, I intended for *her*. I have no use of money now. Take, and keep it for her sake."

His face assumed a dark and stern look, and he started back angrily a few paces. "An' is it me you ask," he exclaimed, "to do such a mean thing ? Don't insult me, by offering payment for a little kindness and charity to a suffering fellow-creature. Take back your goold, Mary Brown. I don't want it, an' what's more, I scorn it. It wasn't for it I gave the crayther a bit an' sup, an' the shelter of my roof, but for her own sake, an' for the love of God. An' now you offer me money for it. Oh ! my counthry, will I ever let it be said, that one from ould Ireland did such a mane dirty act ? Yerra ! what else would it be but givin' the strangers a handle agin us ? Thin indeed they might talk. I'm a poor man—I can't deny that—but I'm an honest one, and an Irishman—every inch of me, thank God. Selling the shelter of my roof ! swapping ould Irish hospitality for a few dirty pieces of goold ! Heavens above ! did any one ever hear of the like !"

"'Tisn't for the bit and sup, Jack ; I don't mean that ;" she said, "but 'tis for your kindness to herself. You might give your greatest enemy a week's shelter of your roof ; but it is only to a friend you'd give the kind look and the soft word, and the millia falthagh you gave to her. I have no relation, an' you were my best friend. Take it for her sake ; she doesn't want it now,—neither do I. If it was ten times as much, I don't begrudge it to you. I can't forget that only for you and yours, she might have breathed her last by the ditch side. Asthore machree ! my heart's darling she was, what a hard fate was her's !"

She covered her face passionately with her hands, and the tears came dropping down through the long wasted fingers.

The good farmer cast his own rough hand across his eyes. "I can't stand this any longer," he said mentally. "I'll go for Shusy, and maybe she might knock some rights in her, and persuade her to come home out of this lonesome place." He then added aloud, "I'm going away a dawning step; but I'll be back in no time, and Shusy too. Don't lave that now, for fear we'd miss you till we come again."

She did not answer or heed him in the least. She did not even turn her head to see him go, but remained in the same position by the grave. He hurried off, and in a short time returned with his good natured wife, thinking that the latter might induce her to return with them. She had fallen over the grave; they called her, but she did not answer them; the farmer took her hand, but it dropt again from his touch; he raised her head; it was dull and heavy as a stone.

"Oyeh! millia murther," he said. "I knew how 'twould be. She has fretted herself into a fit of sickness; or maybe 'tis in a faint she is."

"'Tis neither, Jack," said his wife, weeping bitterly. "The poor sowl is dead at last. Oh! may God have mercy on her, and grant her forgiveness and peace. An' sure it was in his mercy he sent for her. Her reason and her mind were gone a'most with all the throubles; an' what business had she here? Her hand is fast closed—open it, Jack—there is something in it she wanted to save, or to have buried with her, maybe."

They opened the hand with difficulty, and something dropped out heavily on the grass. They took it up; it was her poor girl's lock of hair and marriage ring.

STANZAS.

To * * * *

When night casts her mantle of shadows around,
As sleeping lie hush'd every feeling and sound,
And the sorrows, the joys, and the passions of life—
Like the ocean in calm are but visions of strife,
Then, then, do I think of thee!

When the future—ah! dream-like! all tinged with delight,
Opes forth its fair prospect to gladden my sight—
When the beauties of eve, all unchequer'd by sorrow,
Give promise that love may yet dawn for the morrow,
Oh! then do I think of thee!

Or mourning the changes that time so oft brings
O'er hopes that decay—to which memory clings,
As its hue to the flower, tho' broken its stem—
Or its light to the diamond, tho' shiver'd the gem,
Still, still, do I think of thee!

REVERIES OF A FIRE-WORSHIPPER.—PART III.

MY HOUSE.

I cannot be out of sorts with my house, for the apartments in it are large and spacious, well windowed, well ventilated, and so excellently arranged, (I intend no boasting) as to ensure so far as possible the comfort—nay, the health of the visitors who consent temporarily to occupy them. Verily, 'tis an open house. Not a month passeth, during which I do not bid welcome to (taking a fair average) at least half a dozen of both sexes. Yet I will receive none but those who claim relationship to my house, and who depend upon my brothers and myself—to say nothing of my housekeeper—for support. Successively do they tarry with me generally for about a fortnight or three weeks; and I have my brothers up with me every day, (theirs are separate residences) to bear them company for a while, and to gratify, so far as prudence alloweth, their wishes and their wants. I said *successively* they tarry with me; for though the house is large enough for my ambition—add too, for my views of *hospitality*, 'twere never large enough to accommodate, *en masse*, the entire number of its hangers-on and adherents. They know it too, and accordingly do not ask it. They are content to bide their time. Nevertheless, my brothers and I do not overlook “the pressure from without.” We hold our matutinal meetings to audit all outstanding applications—to decide upon the funds to be administered, and cheerfully to administer them forthwith.—’Tis on the summit of a hill, too, from which I enjoy an extensive prospect, in front, south-eastern, south and south-western—in the rear, north-eastern, north and north-western; the former directions embracing a more pleasing, a more delightful admixture of sea and land scenery than the latter. Air, purer than any I have breathed beneath other skies; air, untainted by the smoke of city factory or ex-halement of city purlieu, encompasseth me; and the climate I enjoy is at all events mild as, if not milder, than the Italian.

Ground I have none, nor do I wish for it. I have no leaning toward the science of agriculture. Even if I had, the accompaniments of “stock” and of tenantry would be likely to embarrass me much, seeing that Cobbett and Martin Doyle have never been the *compagnons du voyage*, the *vade mecums* of my rural excursions; neither hath John Paul, author of “Landlord and Tenant.” I have no eye for the marketable symmetry that clover or mangle-wurzel produceth. Had I kine, I apprehend they would all resemble Pharaoh’s. Nor can I see what visions of milk and butter arise from waggons of turnips. Again, albei constitutionally tending toward sheepishness, I am no gatherer of wool; nor do I force my eye into visions of Easter lambings. I have no nose for the troughs and the puddle of the piggery. It is not furnished with

the insusceptible Schneiderian, Parson Trulliber's had. It is thoroughly of Adam's sensibility. Nor have I ear for the crowing, and clucking, and cackling of the poultry yard. Floriculture I cannot say I entirely dislike. I can tolerate it. Carried into the house, I unreservedly hate it. Your geraniums are to me a kind of vegetable old maids, in dusty, frousy, faded green, always deriving sustenance from their saucers, eternally stuck at the windows, and shunning, fearfully it would seem, the unhoused air. Out of doors, however, I can be gratified with a well planned, tastefully arranged set of flower banks. I like much the look of a bed of pansies—it showeth like a sprinkling of foreign butterflies. I also like the look of a rose here and there. 'Tis the only flower that seemeth blushing when you look upon it. 'Tis at once beauty, and melody, and love. A rose tree, in the centre of its bed, supported by light trellis work, is in my mind an insulated queen with its royal family of buddings about it. What was said by the poet of the rose, would better apply, I think, to the wallflower, for the latter gives out an oppressive, a sickening, a poisonous aroma. 'Twere far more likely I should "die" of a wallflower "in aromatic pain," than of a rose. But, lordly as they seem, I bear a sovereign contempt for the aristocracy of flowers, those dahlias. I take them for parasites in a certain sense—that is, they assume an imputability of odours which they do not naturally possess; which they derive from the less pretending lavender and musk plant, and sweet briar, and vervain that flourish so little noticed around them. Sweet plants like these are always allowed to come " 'twixt the wind and their nobility."

But, pray, have you got a garden, some one will ask me? I answer, until my admiration waxeth warmer, Flora will play the coquette with me. Veiling her crowned head and her *cornucopie*, she showeth me as yet merely the hem of her garment; in this piece of policy, resembling some of her sex, as who should say, "*ex pede Herculem*." In the garden occupied by my late predecessor, now *my* garden (I have just come into possession) there is some sad, melancholy, withering evidence that Flora was wont to enrobe herself even there. Alas! one of the summer robes she doffed there, now saddeneth in successive ruins, and the hues of its embroidery are "faded and gone," are lost in the lichens which thicken upon and mantle it in unhealthy luxuriance. Disheartened at this sight I am not. If Flora choose what winter garb I may have to offer her, I hope to woo her back to this garden once again, or (what will answer my vanity as well) if not herself completely and entirely, at all events one of her train-bearers or mistresses of the robes.

I said, ground have I none; and I said truly, unless that be considered ground which is merely an acre, and perhaps a half, the which a wall of some ten feet high encircleth, and by the side of which, internally, a line of trees runneth, throwing pleasant shadows across a pathway I have consecrated to *Academos*. On this pathway I take my diurnal revolutions, physical as well as mental. Taking my roller in hand, and

pulling it along cheerfully, I grind down the coarser into the finer gravel; refining away at the same time the asperities, the rugosities of that path of life I have entered upon, into evennesses, over which I can have no fear of stumbling; levelling realities into dreams, which but lure me to move forward. At noon I yield myself up to this exercise—after all, an exercise of philosophy, for a little before that period of the day I am sometimes reminded of the asperities just noticed. The heart-strings, tense upon occasion, twinge. One flies to give them relaxation, to quiet them to blunter impulses, to check the insurrection of the feelings.

But not on this garden path alone do I enter upon my system of practical philosophy. I journey to the country for some couple of hours, leaving town behind; town, whose pretty littlenesses but cramp or paralyse what emotions are natural to me; and whose borrowed, rather mimicked vanities, give privilege to ape the ill-bred sneer, and the too often ill-placed superciliousness of look. I could not but smile, on many occasions, though the smile had to come through darkling vexation, at the shadow of insulting *galliardise*—the play of ostentation with intent to wound, marking the career of things of circumstance. I called to mind each caterpillar, that erewhile had crawled obscurely enough, God knows, upon the nettle by the hedge side; and next the chrysalis; I then traced this shedding off its humble coats, 'till spurning the ditch and weeds it fed on there, it felt its wings and used them. Had they derived from the nettle the nutriment enriching them, there were nothing then for censure, but with the nutriment, they also sucked the stinging property of the plant. Hence, what they touch they sting. The town and these its stinging changelings I avoid, for in the town I cannot live and be at peace.

But, oh! when I return to my home at night, how doth the fire welcome me! Whatever be the annoyances I am freighted with during the day, the fire whispereth—"come, prithee, friend, sit down, smile cheerfully, my man—like me, thou too, shalt come to ashes; nay, never rave at trifles—or, stay, come then, throw them here to me for sacrifice! There, come, content!" And then a call, and entereth Johanna with the tea service, but not alone, her tortoiseshell, and my Flo. and Fiddy accompanying her. The first advanceth with tail stirless and perpendicular, and with that respiratory crackling, congratulatory of her own internal peace and comfort,—'tis an odd noise, that purring,—and coming fireward, she brusheth her side athwart my leg. The two others trot in, wagging their tails, as it were in an ecstacy, and seem half inclined;—but still having a proper respect and reverence for the *lares*, are afraid to bark. And now the three—a kind of animated heap—hold drowsily together on the hearthrug; nor stir they 'till they hear the well-known signal after tea—the snuffing of the pinch of snuff, when lo! "*arrectis auribus astant.*" Nay, Poll, in the corner understandeth the signal. At this moment she is always endeavouring to adjust her vision to the candle-light, and having finished her supper, prattleth away in self-adulation.

Marry, "nice" enough thou art, and withal "pretty;" but, verily, Poll, thou art not "poor." Thou liest, I tell thee—nor shalt thou have condolence of mine. Thou art not "*Poor Polly*." Thou art *rich* Polly. Nature hath clothed thee in richest plumage:—thou art well-housed—well-caged—well-fed. Go to—'tis time for thee to cease thy egotism and thy jesting. Have done. Thou hast no longer need to prattle of thy prettiness, which I acknowledge, nor of thy poverty, which I must not allow thee. Turn in and dive beneath thy wing for feathered dreamings. About this period of the night—say ten o'clock—Poll falleth asleep, and Flo, Fid, and Puss must make their obeisance—must severally shew their tails. And often after they had made their exits, I would ask myself the question—"Have these creatures souls?" and, pausing long, had sought to fashion some answer, which had worn my candles to their sockets, so fretted, and perplexed, and beset was it with intricacies.

Reader, 'tis thus my custom nightly to turn my back upon the world, and, entering some alluring labyrinth, to wander about there, lost to external cares and anxieties. Nor am I in a hurry to get out of it. No!—however fatigued I may become from my wanderings, I tarry yet—nay, sleep on it, prepared to pursue my task on the morrow.

A REMINISCENCE.

ONE of my college contemporaries was J * *s * *. His character was coloured more by circumstances than, I do believe, by nature. Out of the "sloughs of despond" arose the principles infecting it—his miasmata—engendering an o'erprevailing irritability, under which whenever he was labouring, he seemed to say, "Oh! touch me not—I am not Stephano, but a cramp." His attacks, though shewing at intervals, were frequent, and then sudden; his recoveries not less so. On these occasions, a collapse of all moral courage—a kind of mental "blue stage" set in upon him; yet was there quick reaction when friendship plied a remedy.

He had observed the issue of a play lately brought out on the * * boards! 'Twas a first attempt, and a successful one. Its success worked the strangest revolutions possible in his head. 'Twas stimulus with him, as great perhaps as with the author, to arrive at a parallel to it, or get a "neck" beyond it. This spurring of ambition tickled at first his Pegasus into the gentlest movements, but at last had got him into such a wild and zigzag cantering, that he bolted from the course, and stood stock still. A seemly plot was plotted, and opened out into a coaxing introduction; but, after that, the characters were made to say and do "things unattempted yet in prose or rhyme." He had scarcely ended the first act, when something like suspicion thwarted his presumption, whispering all was not right—in short, that it would not do. He now loathed the production as a very monstrosity, and grinned a vengeful smile as he saw its black and airy *manes* curling up the chimney after the pyral sacrifice. Then one of his usual fits seized him. He fretted piteously, nay almost inconsolably,

for some seven or eight days. A paragraph in a newspaper, touching early failures in authors as in orators, coupled with an anodyne of friendly proffering, soothed down his present troubles, and on the sudden—will you believe it, reader?—urged him on the course again. A new plot now. This discovered, it remained to trot it cheerily to the end. Well, a "*quid totum*" was accomplished—'twas submitted to a friend, the friend was to submit it to the lessee of the Theatre Royal; the lessee, in his turn, to a delighted and delightful audience; and then, joy of joys! the audience were to submit it lineally to Fame! The friend, after his mission to the theatre, returned to report the result of his interview with this *αρχὴ ἀρχῶν*—this keeper of the dramatic seals, under which no illegitimate spawn is ever allowed to pass along with the accustomed currency—or a more familiar word, "run" of intellectual bantlings. The play was ordered, as they say at St. Stephen's, "to lie on the table."

A second time, (a day or two after) the friend called on the author to say it did not pass. At first, added he, the lessee spoke much of the decline of the drama—of the vitiated preference in the public for monkeys, lions, tigers, and the like incongruities on the stage, instead of the rational animals that legitimately belonged thereto—then wound back to "the author's evident unacquaintance with the *modus operandi* of theatricals, as shewn in his exits and entrances, in his soliloquies and dialogues, in his causes and effects; but"—here followed the Kalydor to smooth the harshness of these features—"the language and the ideas evince"—"Enough," shouted poor J * *. "Enough, good J—,'tis plain I can never be a Knowles." And another fit of bile turned sour his inward workings, only to be neutralised again by the usual doses of comfort and condolence. From that moment, he was cured of his presumptuous aspirings after the stage; and, alternately with his proper studies, came other means of occupying his most restless and most tortuous mind.

In calling up this brief memoir, I have no thought of ridicule. A feeling of pity for his misplaced labour and loss of time—a feeling of sympathy too for his several disappointments—led me into it. Had he been content with the meed of thought which nature gave him, he never would have trespassed upon ground belonging to the richer and more favoured intellect. He would—I say it not in vanity, (where *could* be the vanity?) have taken things quietly and with a good grace, as I do. He would never have grumbled. Do I grumble, although of the field of thought which lieth open to me for cultivation, but a small, scanty, insignificant, unenriching patch hath been left to me? On the contrary, I use my industry upon it with light-heartedness and a something approaching to good will. In preparing it for my crop (*not crops*) I lay it thick with trifles, being the cheapest, and, to my mind, the most effectual "top-dressings." I experience too my succession of seasons. The morning is my winter; noon my spring; evening my summer; and night my autumn. In the morning, the soil hath the snow on the surface—it looketh cold and unencouraging. At noon, it receiveth the grain (the surplus of yesterday's harvest), which

gradually undergoeth, and withal kindly, its various forms of advancement. Evening is the ripening time—the sultry hours are then—(the *fire* is *my* sun) and I reap, collect my sheaves, have the produce in my mill at the commencement of night. To *my* mind, constituted as it is, this produce affordeth *pabulum* full of healthfulness and enlargement of the spirits. Had *he* made use of his *modicum* in like manner, then had he sent no play to be damned—left no reminiscence like this to be written.

AN EXTRACT FROM MY JOURNAL.

No sooner had Mr. Kearney's* years of tuition expired, than it was deemed necessary to send us to school. Accordingly, my oldest brother was sent to Clongowes Wood, but I was kept under the parental eyes—weakly, sickly creature that I was, and sent daily to the best school the town afforded; that kept by the subject of this memoir. Denis D * * was a little above the middle height, and though his age bordered upon seventy, he looked far older. You were struck at once by his appearance. His head, had he the full grown beard, would have been patriarchal. A marble surface of baldness ran upwards from his forehead, bounded at the temples and pole by thin locks, which “the snow-fall of Time” had whitened. His eyes, that once must have twinkled, but that now beamed hazily, had projecting roofs, along whose eaves ran silvered lines of hair, giving them a singular expression of placidity—lines which, viewed in connexion with some wrinkles at their outer terminations, might add to placidity an expression of mirthfulness. The rest of his features were commonplace. He always wore a blue surtout, black “smallclothes,” and grey worsted stockings. He seldom sat; he was a thorough-paced peripatetic. His qualifications as teacher were unexceptionable in their kind; and, with the proud feeling of giving him only a well-merited tribute, I will say it, unapproachable. None knew classics, both prose and verse, so thoroughly as he. With their grammatical, derivative, mythological, and metrical details he was as familiar as with their historical and geographical. His education, nevertheless, shewed blanks—naturally, perhaps, barren, and on that account, unsuited to the seeds of mathematics that might have been strewn upon them in his youth. Accordingly, he had a subordinate employed, one of those schoolmen called “writing masters,” who had a ready growth of this kind of learning, and who during his daily visits obliged us to lay aside the “bolt,” or the “trident,” or the “thyrsus,” the “far-flashing sword,” or the “shadow casting spear,” and—(Oh! ye divinities of Olympus! and ye *manes* of the ten years' siege! and ye heroes of Marathon, and Salamis, and Thermopylæ!) “from what height fallen!” to humble ourselves by taking up instead of these, an ignoble goose-quill!

I shall never forget the odd impression the first few days at his school

* See “Mr. Kearney,” in “Fireside Ramblings,” *CITIZEN*, vol. iii. p. 153.

created in me. I was a mere child. This old man and the "big boys" struck me as beings I had never met with before. Sent expressly as a pupil, the new doctrines of "strange gods" broached at this school puzzled me much, directly running counter as they did with the religious inculcations received previously from poor Mr. Kearney. The locality of Mount Olympus my young imagination had already set in the sun; and, naturally enough, having heard some "big boy" telling in solemn cadence of the "Great Jove holding in his right hand the lightnings." To my frequent enquiries (after school hours) at home, touching these "immortal gods," the answers were not entirely satisfactory. The light broke at last, though slowly, and I was put in possession of the mysteries of fable.

Yet another month at school, and there was a circumstance which now arrested my attention. In the Homer class, he who recited the usual portion of his task, kept up an unceasing whine about "*men* indeed." I never heard a word about women. Surely there must have been Trojans and Greeks of the latter sex as well as of the former, thought I, and how is it that the writer of this "big book" should say nothing at all about them? I revolved the thought frequently, but gave it no expression till, *longo intervállo*, I saw its absurdity revealed before me in the Greek of St. John; this Gospel constituting in my time (I know not if it is at present) the next study after having got half way through the Greek Grammar. From this moment I knew the difference between the Greek adverb *μήν*, and the English noun *men*, and my libel upon Homer was at the same time removed, from having been made aware, through the medium of Pope's translation, of the "*teterrima causa belli*." Nor shall I forget the first trial of my wings in flying to the height of a Lexicon—the hopping along word by word into the story of Polyphemus and Ulysses. How buoyant was the first delight in achieving so much! How superior I had felt myself to the boys of yesterday—to the "*hic, hac, hoc*" dullards, and above all, to Mrs. D * * and her maid. And when galloping homeward with suspended books, pedlarwise, at my back, how would I scream out (hawking my learning, as it were) did I meet a man with one eye on my way—Polyphemus!—Polyphemus!—not so much in the wish to hurt his feelings by the sobriquet, as in the pride of its attempted application.

Poor old man, how lively was the interest thou wouldst take in thy pupils. Pacing up and down that school-room, what side-winds of instruction were caught up from thee on every side—how mixed up with remarks on the beauties of passages—how replete with anecdotes and funny translations. Full of a kind of classical homœopathy, thou didst make us to hear the galloping of horses, the fracturing of spears, the brattling of trumpets, the rushing of rivers, and the roaring of ocean, in hexameter verse. And when opportunity offered, with what a comical leer thou wouldst give us specimens of translations current among the

wags of thine own time, far outstripping those of Lucentio and Bianca,* in the "Taming of the Shrew"—for example; "*Conticuere omnes, intente ora tenebant*;" all were county Kerrymen, and seemingly catching flies—"Cupio omnia quæ vis." I wish you the compliments of the season—"Cantat absentem amicam." Sings "The girl I left behind me."—"Sed motos præstat componere fluctus." But, second thoughts are best.—And innumerable extravagancies of the kind, long passed from my memory. These were thy accustomed "*crustula*," for assuredly thou wert one of the "*blandi doctores*."

What I have been able to learn of D * *'s history is this:—That at one time he was teacher of the classics at the celebrated school of Dr. H * *n, yet was not allowed apartments in it, because, poor fellow, (and here he differed from the majority of ushers) he was a married man and had a family. To suit the convenience, therefore, of all parties, he took up his residence near the school, and attended it for some time; until it was suggested to him, with a view to amend his fortunes, to come into the neighbouring town and stand a principal in his own right. In this town he succeeded amazingly well, having had upon his first step to independence five or six boarders, with a fair share of day boys (amongst the former was the late lamented Jeremiah Callanan of Cork). In his new capacity many a lad he had put through the *curriculum*, preparatory to his entrance into college; and many a young man he had the pleasure to be visited by, who had obtained honours in college, or who had been called to the bar or to the church, or who had graduated in medicine.

His only son, Matthew, was as dear to him as life, for this talented young fellow gave him all that assistance, zealous in the extreme, which the highest salary to another could never have secured. But the son grew ambitious, and the father, instead of checking, only stimulated the passion. Matthew, like his father on a former occasion, proceeded to Dublin, and like his father triumphantly obtained a sizarship. This was the grand gateway then, (as it is still to many) from which the several roads through life branched out; but whither branching and where terminating, the prospective mists that settled on them kept completely out of view. 'Twas enough that the *beginning* of a road was clear from them; it remained only to trace one's way steadily, until, at all events, half the journey was accomplished. This at least was Matthew's notion; but little dreamed he that the road he entered upon was the "*via lethi*." On his return from Dublin he caught a severe cold; the mental and bodily fatigue from a rigorous course of studies previously, now began

* "LUCENTIO. *Hac ibat*, as I told you before,—*Simois*, I am Lucentio,—*hic est*, son unto Vincentio of Pisa,—*Sigeia tellus*, disguised thus to get your love. *Hic steterat*, and that Lucentio that comes a wooing—*Priami*, is my man Tranio,—*regia*, bearing my port—*celsa senis*, that we might beguile the old Pantaloon.

"BIANCA. Now, let me see if I can construe it:—*Hac ibat Simois*, I know you not; *Hic est Sigeia tellus*, I trust you not; *Hic steterat Priami*, take heed he hear us not; *regia*, presume not; *celsa senis*, despair not."

to work upon his constitution: fever was the consequence—he died. Oh! fearful, readers, was the change his death occasioned in that fondest of fathers. His weeping, now, was that of the tenderest girl; condolence opened but new channels to his woe; each sympathizing pupil that called on him came only to inflict fresh pangs; his sorrow knew no bounds, had no intermissions save when the poison-glass was administered to him—save when he slept the sleep of intoxication.

About the period when his son was preparing for Dublin, I became one of his pupils, and from having been four or five years afterwards at his school, I was not unobservant of the other viscissitudes occurring in his family. He had two daughters—one of them was married about a year after her brother's death to an Englishman, who, having lived with her for a short period, basely deserted her, and left her a sorrowful mother with a provisionless child. The babe lived but a few months; the mother was not long its survivor. Now indeed was the old man's unhappiness at its height, and in the utter madness of despair, now more than ever would he lose himself in the indulgence of his propensity. From this moment his intellect became clouded, the second childhood advanced, the confirmed dotage set in. Year after year his school was less frequently attended, until at last he had not a single pupil left to him. By the kind contributions of those who esteemed him, he continued to be supported for a time. Death hurried him from further support. His aged widow is now a beggar in the streets of * *. I have not been able to learn anything of his second daughter.

A week ago I visited the grave-yard of Templerobin, near * * *. A feeling of affection for the dead tempted my steps there. Here, in the correlative distances they held in life, lie the remains of the principal and the usher, of the entombed Dr. H * * n and the sodded Dennis D * *. Near the latter, are the son, daughter, and her infant. The epitaph the old man wrote on the headstone, marking their burial place, considerably affected me; the tribute it asked from me I could not help shedding on the spot. I copied the lines: they are simple, and entirely characteristic of him who indited them, inasmuch as they are adopted from a favourite author. Reader, do not think them a fiction of mine. They are not: verbatim they are to be found in that grave-yard as I give them:—

“HIC SITI SUNT
MATTHÆUS D—— EXIMI
INGENII JUVENIS
ET SOROR EJUS CARA
CUM PARVULO AB UBERE RAPTO
QUOS FATA TERRIS TANTUM OSTENDERUNT
ET TANQUAM ET INVIDA
ANTE DIEM RAPUERUNT.

—
SISTE VIATOR, ET TRIBUE QUOD
NATURA POSSIT.”

I was struck with the appearance of the railings enclosing Dr. H * * n's tomb. I had often taken a cursory view of them before, but had never noticed them particularly until now. They were cha-

racterised with what have come down to us as the remnants of the old "votive offerings"—remnants such as are noticed too on bushes overhanging those wells, sacred to the memory of some of our Irish saints. To each of these bar railings, were tied from six to eight stripes of linen, cotton, and silk, and I am informed they have never been without a succession of these fragments since the death of that saintly old clergyman. Yet, while I assert the derivation of these customs from the "votive offerings," I must acknowledge their intention is different. Instead of constituting offerings, they are left merely to mark the number of times the visitors kneel in prayer at the well or tomb, as it may be, begging the intercession of a person to whom, from his or her virtues and piety, they appeal as to a friend.

The consideration of this leads me to dwell upon other customs noticeable in these countries, whose origins, methinks, are likewise traceable. Of these, I have noticed that one among soldiers, of holding their muskets reversed at their funeral processions. I take this to be one of the *ultimate* modifications of the Roman custom described by Kennett in his "Antiquities." "The Lictors, too, made part of the procession going before the corpse, to carry the fasces and other ensigns of honour, *which the deceased had a right to in his lifetime*. It is very remarkable, that the rods were not now carried in the ordinary posture, *but turned quite the contrary way*." This custom was, no doubt, amongst others, brought over to Britain, pending the dominion of the Romans over the Island, for it appears that in the pride of that dominion, "some usurpations," according to Hume, "of the imperial dignity by the Roman governors" were observable. From these the Britons may be said to have got the *reversion*, retaining it typically through centuries, under the various forms which a change of insignia in the civil or military authorities had suggested. Beguiled easily into speculation, I have thought over the meaning of this custom, and have ventured into the following explanation:—That "*which the deceased had a right to in his lifetime*," he hath no longer need of now. He yields it back, as it were, to those behind. It concerneth now only the living—it pointeth *away from the dead*. Amongst the commonwealth of the grave, there are no civil or other commotions; with the dead dwelleth an eternal peace. Another custom among soldiers, that of firing over the deceased—this appears to me to have been derived entirely from Christian feelings and sentiments. From the position the soldiers are made to assume on either side of the grave, the muskets in being discharged describe an imaginary cross. Here, then, the belief of the deceased, the standard of his hope, is at once exhibited, and the consoling words symbolled—"sub hoc signo vinces."—But, reader, I have got a little too far in my journal—I find I have strayed out of my intended path; I shall therefore stop here, and bid thee a good night.

RHYMES OF A RAMBLER.—No. I.

THE BAY OF DUBLIN.

While travelled poets ply their polished rhymes
In praise of distant lands and southern climes,—
While tourists tell of gorgeous realms afar,
How bless'd by heaven,—how beautiful they are !
While every scene, but moderately fair,
Shines on their page as if all heaven were there !
Scenes, which if viewed by their discerning eyes
Within the circles of their native skies,—
Tho' decked with all that Nature's hands bestow,
Were passed unheeded as too mean and low !
While thus are praised in learned rhyme and prose
ITALIA'S sun and wild HELVETIA'S SNOWS,—
The trackless forest and the teeming mine,—
Ice at the poles and earthquakes at the line,—
One who, yet free from fashion's freezing zone,
Admires not every country but—his own !
Whose heart unchill'd and whose impartial eye
Dare to be just to scenes which round him lie !—
With skillless hand he ventures to pourtray
A sketch, EMLANA, of thy beauteous bay,—
Rival and twin of bright PANTHENOPE !*

'Tis that sweet hour when morning melts away
In the full splendours of the golden day,
When sea and sky,—when mountain vale and stream
Bask in the glories of the noontide beam !
Oh ! what a vision bursts upon my sight !—
Offspring of heaven and parent of delight.
This scene, which now my raptured eyes survey,
Those purple mountains and this silvery bay,—
Those verdant heights, with tall trees waving o'er,
Those fearful crags which guard the crescent shore.
Those dazzling villas, crowding every steep,—
Those snow-white sails which skim along the deep,—
Those pointed hills which pierce the cloudless sky,
Those ruined towers which tell of days gone by,—
Form such a picture both for eye and heart,
As puts to shame the poet's—painter's art !
What words can tell—what pencil here can trace
The mingled magic of this matchless place ?
On either shore what glorious views expand !
What varying wonders crowd on either hand !

Oft have I paced and traversed o'er and o'er
MARINO'S woods and MOYNEALTA'S† shore,—
Both classic spots,—both worthy of the bay,—
The one of old, the other of to-day.
Here aged BRIAN taught the Danish horde
The offended justice of a patriot's sword.
Here too, when nigh a thousand years had roll'd
Their blood-stained waves to mix with those of old ;
When peace and freedom bless'd again our shore,
And BRIAN lived in CHARLEMONT once more !
Mid those fair groves, with taste and virtue bless'd,
Here did the patriot take his well earned rest.
But not alone the lore of vanish'd days
Gilds this sweet spot with its reflected rays.

* The resemblance between the *Bay of Naples* and the *Bay of Dublin* has been noticed by almost every traveller who has had the good fortune to visit both those charming scenes.

† The ancient name of Clontarf.

Here Nature sports in most indulgent mood,—
 Laughs on the lawn and wantons in the wood !
 The pansy opes its gold and violet wings,—
 The soaring sky-lark in the sun-light sings ;
 The red valerian and the ivy green
 With fragrant wild-flowers weave their tangled screen
 Round ancient trees and rocks and aged walls,
 Where the thrush whistles and the cuckoo calls !

Now passing o'er, but not with careless haste,
 BATHENY'S strand and wild KILBARROCK'S waste ;
 By rushy fields whose herbage oft disclose
 The green-winged orchis and the pale primrose ;
 Let us ascend to scenes more wildly fair,
 Up the brown slopes of lofty BENNADAIR !
 That lonely mountain which above the tide
 Lifts its tall head and swells its dusky side !
 As some dread monster from its ocean lair
 Bursts o'er the wave to breathe the upper air ;
 Then, fixed by magic in eternal sleep,
 Spreads its huge length along the shuddering deep !
 What tho' no giant oaks adorn the scene,
 As fond tradition tells there once had been ;
 What tho' its groveless heights no more prolong
 The cheerful chirpings of the wild bird's song ;
 Still is it rich in many a charm and grace,
 Which age revives and time cannot efface ;
 Rich in the relics which its glens retain,—
 The druid altar and the ruined fane.
 The samphire gatherer on each mossy glade,
 Here may pursue his wild and "dreadful trade."†

Here those who love to view a noble scene,
 Tho' vast, distinct,—sublime, but still serene,—
 Here may they rest, and feast their dazzled sight
 With all the glories circling round this height.
 From EDRIA'S ISLE‡ to where THREE SISTERS § stand,
 Like giant graces o'er the southern land,
 The waveless sea like one vast mirror shines,
 Bright as the glitter of ten thousand mines !
 Here, lovely bay, above thy tranquil sea,
 Here let me take my fond farewell of thee.
 When grief or pain, despondency or care
 Fell on my heart, and worked their ruin there,
 One quiet walk along thy silent shore,
 One look at thee, and all my grief was o'er !
 When friends and brothers quickly pass'd away,
 The fond companions of my earlier day—
 When disappointment came to dwell with me,
 Still, still I clung to Nature and to thee !
 Like a fond mother watching o'er her child,
 Thus hast thou ever on my footsteps smiled.
 Oh ! shame if then I acted not my part,
 And gave not back to thee my ever grateful heart !

* The Hill of Howth,—there seems to be some doubt as to the meaning of this word. D'Alton, in his History of the County of Dublin, says "it was anciently called *Ben-na-dair*, as it is supposed, from the quantity of venerable oaks that then waved o'er its fertile declivities,"—while Moore in his History of Ireland, vol. 2. p. 105, spells it *Benadar*, and explains it "the mountain of birds."

† On the sides of the hill grows *the samphire* celebrated by Shakspeare,—

"Half way down

Hangs one that gathers samphire,—dreadful trade."—*Lear*, Act 4, Sc. 6.

‡ Ireland's Eye.

§ The Rochestown Hills, of which Killiney forms the centre, from the extraordinary resemblance they bear to each other, have been called "The Three Sisters."

MACKLIN; OR, THE SON'S SACRIFICE.

CHAPTER XI.—THE FATE OF THE USURER.

“WELL, Nell,” continued the soldier, after paying another copious libation to his thirsty powers, rendered doubly exactive of homage by his present oratorical exertions, “all matters being finally arranged by the prime mover in the transaction, my foster-brother Michael, it was at the close of a dull rainy day, and the setting in of a wild dreary evening, that, in the disguise of a peasant, I approached the spot selected for the meditated attack upon the usurer. I knew the place from old associations well, and felt a strange sensation—something like a chuckle of malicious pleasure, at the thought of his viewing it as the last spot which could offer either impediment or peril to the continuance of his journey; and which, if passed in safety, left him free to canter down an easy descent, until he drew his bridle at the gate of Maryville. I imagined him getting nearer at every pace to that home he once found so happy, but left so miserable; and feeling a savage joy in the start, the fear, the agony produced by his arrival. I fancied him brimful of the exciting notion, that in no case could he be defrauded of a certain fierce and peculiar enjoyment he proposed to himself from this visit. Either the shame of poverty, the dread of the jail, the misery of anticipated separation, would fling a beautiful but reluctant bride into his arms; or if she shrunk from his proffered hand, then would come the joy of the tyrant heart,—the exulting sense of the power of dealing out pains and penalties upon our fellow-men, which some so dearly covet and so mercilessly exercise, and with them the recollection that he had broken the spirits he could not bend, and steeped in misery and despair the hearts he could never fill with gratitude or love. Such, I conjectured, from what I heard of his character, would be the feelings with which Murdoch would approach the termination of his journey; and the thought of them, —though I myself, in gaining possession of Mary, had baffled him in the darling aim of his selfish heart,—quickened both my pulse and my pace, until I found myself in the midst of those who had met for the purpose of somewhat roughly interrupting (I dreamed of nothing further at first) such pleasing anticipations.

“A place better suited for the deed of violence meditated could not have been selected. It was the crest of a long straggling hill, which commanded the approach along the level country for many a mile. The road which pushed onward boldly, in a long straight line, over the plain beneath, seemed, like a living thing, to creep but slowly and wearily up the base of the hill, and diminishing in vigour and effect as the difficulty of the ascent increased, at last crossed the summit of the mountain with a very feeble track. For a wide circle around all was barrenness and loneliness,

and the smoke of a fire-side never flickered over the scene. The last fifty yards of the ascent were not only quite precipitous, but the road jagged and uneven,—the rocky material of the mountain protruding in broad slippery masses, while channels ploughed by the wintry torrents scored it deeply in every direction; making it evident that any horseman who regarded the safety of himself or beast, would alight and lead the animal upwards. Immediately from the summit a patch of low tangled brushwood led to the right, covering a deep hollow some paces inward; and couched in this I found Michael, and some six or seven associates.

“I told you, Nell, that at first I apprehended nothing fatal from the intended movement, but I was not long in the presence of the party, when I had terrible misgivings as to the consequences of the proposed attack. When I looked around me, there was visible on the countenances of all a smile of grim satisfaction, united to an expression of stern resolution, which told me too plainly they had a purpose of their own in the work before them, and that they were prepared to set about its accomplishment with no ordinary determination. My charge, I found, was not the only item in the account they had met that evening to settle with Giles Murdoch. There were wrongs, individual as well as general, to be redressed that night,—vengeance to be taken for oppression which had fallen witheringly upon some,—too many of the men about me, who now grasped their weapons with an impatient hold. I soon learned the whole fearful truth. Murdoch some time back had been made the agent of an extensive property in a remote part of the county, and whether in obedience to the orders of the landlord, or for the gratification of his own cruel spirit, had dealt most mercilessly among a numerous and impoverished tenantry. Two attempts had already been made upon his life, which had been foiled by his great presence of mind and undaunted courage. A third conspiracy had been defeated through the treachery of one of its members, and the executions, imprisonments, and transportations which followed these abortive efforts, coupled with his previous acts, made his name a sound of terror and execration throughout a wide circuit. Yet in the district where those dwelt, who thirsted most for vengeance upon him, he was comparatively safe,—safer at all events than he was now. For the terrible examples which had been made,—an increased police force judiciously distributed in the places chiefly suspected, and his own armed hardihood, vigilance, and activity made it a matter of imminent peril, present or to come, to attack him. But by the present plan all these dangers were obviated. At such a distance from the circle of his power, they had nothing to fear from the watchfulness of himself or his myrmidons, and *he* could never suppose that in such a spot so many relentless enemies would be gathered for his destruction. Thus, I may say, both parties proceeded to the completion of their several purposes, with a sense of security and anticipated success they could not have expected at some miles’ distance.

"Every moment some one of the party would creep through the brushwood, and peering anxiously about him first, then spring out upon the road, and gaze long and earnestly adown the hill, and as often come back to say, "there was no sign of him." At last, one of those who had thus been out on espial, stole back quickly, and raising his hand to motion silence, said—

"'By heaven he is just upon us, coolly walking his horse up the hill.'

"Now, from where I sat, the last few paces of the ascent were clearly visible, and hearing, after the lapse of a minute or two, the tramp of the horse's feet over the rocky surface, I looked out, and saw Murdoch, with the bridle thrown over his left arm, walking slowly up the hill. He was a remarkably tall able-bodied man, with amazing breadth of chest and girth of limb, and there was that easy rolling carriage, and firm well placed tread, which told of a stout heart in an iron frame. He was dressed in a large outside coat, and wore a low-crowned broad-brimmed hat of glazed leather. In his right hand he carried a long heavily-loaded whip, which he held by the smaller end, and had coiled the lash several times round his wrist, as if he bore it more as a weapon of defence—a formidable one, indeed, in his grasp—than as a stimulus to the speed of his roadster.

"When he had passed the place of ambush a few yards, one of our party, a tall muscular fellow, rose from his concealment, and stealing noiselessly after him, raised his bludgeon the full swing of his arm, and dealt him a ringing blow about the region of the ear. It was mighty enough to fell an ox, and yet, whether protected by the leaf of the hat, or the high thick collar of his coat; or whether, receiving it in its full force, it was his own iron-bound nature that thus easily repelled the violence; but at all events, it only for an instant had the effect of knocking him against his horse's shoulder; and, quick as the lightning's flash, he wheeled around, and, just as his assailant was about repeating the blow, dealt him the most desperate stroke I ever saw given. The massive whip seemed actually *laid in* with crushing force to the skull of the man, and he fell, doubled up to the earth, as if every joint of his frame were dislocated. Two more, directly following the first, were just upon him, when, drawing a pistol from his coat-pocket, he shot the nearest to him dead, and, dashing at the second, as he stood a moment, daunted by the shot and its effect, struck him down also. His horse, at this moment, galloped madly off, frightened at the report of the pistol, and Murdoch seemed for an instant to stand alone the triumphant survivor of the murderous strife. But it was only for an instant that affairs presented such an appearance. A wild yell told him he had more foes to encounter; and looking in the direction of the shout, he saw some four or five men rushing in a body upon him. He felt, of course, that it was hopeless to contend single-handed against such numbers, and, with an effort to escape, equally bold and decisive with his former exer-

tions, he dashed down the hill after his horse, which was now standing quietly at the base. But he failed in the attempt to reach the animal. There were fleet active fellows on his track,—sure and merciless as the blood-hound, and exasperated by the fall of their companions. Before he had passed over a hundred yards, his pursuers were so close upon him that a few seconds more would have enabled them to strike him down as he ran. But he had no notion of dying a coward's death. Stopping suddenly in his course, and springing nimbly aside a yard or more, he suffered his assassins to sweep past him in their furious haste, and then, for he was truly a brave and resolute fellow, he faced about to meet them like a stag at bay.

“ ‘Come on, hell hounds,’ he shouted out. ‘I’m ready for you. If you take my life, you’ll buy it dearly. I’ll sell it at full cost, to the last drop of my blood. Here’s the purchase-money,’ and he made his whip to fly in almost flashing circles round his head.

“And on they did come, Nell, and a murderous battle it was. Oh! he fought fiercely, and did his savage nature credit. The whole strength of his merciless and untamable spirit was roused up, and he seemed,—now that the battle was joined—that blood was shed and smoking on the earth,—to feel something like a tiger’s joy in the conflict.

“As the whole party, keeping together, sprang towards him, he drew a second pistol, and almost in their faces pulled the trigger. But the treacherous weapon failed him, it merely flashed in the pan, and the next minute was beaten from his grasp, and the arm that held it shattered by the same blow. Yet on he fought with undiminished energy, and not one of his opponents but bore deep and bloody marks of his vigorous resistance. Twice was he struck down to his knees, and as often regained his feet, casting more than one of his assassins sprawling before him. At last he seemed to grow confused, and to strike his blows wildly and at random. He had grown exhausted by his terrible exertions, and was weak, too, from loss of blood; for he had suffered dreadfully. His firm stand, so conspicuous at first, with foot advanced and body squared and well thrown back, was now changed to a staggering drooping position, and it was with difficulty he could any longer lift his arm. In this state he was laid prostrate by repeated blows, and the strokes of the bludgeons fell thick and heavy upon him, until he lay not only a lifeless but almost a shapeless mass at the feet of his murderers.

“It was the first time I had seen blood shed and life taken, and I need not tell you, Nell, how horrified I was at the spectacle; of course I took no part in the business, nor was it expected I should; but I felt all the guilt of an actual participator. When his cruel fate seemed inevitable, I would have given worlds to save him, but could make no exertion, were any indeed available. During the whole dreadful scene I stood rooted to the spot on which I sprang at first. My heart appeared to have leaped up into my throat, and to be choking me there; my

eye-balls felt as if they were starting from their sockets, with a strain that seemed to stretch to the most agonizing tension every fibre of my brain; and a cold creeping sensation ran along my frame, as if some crawling insect were in every vein, and stung me from an hundred points at once as it twisted along. When all was over—the last blow stricken—the quiver of the extremities—the final indication of the death-struggle ceased; and the murderers, with weapons yet brandished,—eyes glaring fiercely—teeth closely set, and breath labouring hard, looked from the body to one another, as if, unglutted by the blood that had been shed, they for the moment contemplated the notion of an indiscriminate slaughter among themselves, then I felt brain and sense within me reel, and I fell to the ground insensible.

“When I recovered,—and my stupor had been of long continuance,—I found myself reclining against a bank by the road side, some distance from the scene of the murder, and my foster-brother at my side engaged in some rude endeavours to restore consciousness. I sought at first to believe that all which had passed was a frightful dream, but the evidences of the reality were too direct and palpable to permit me. I was horrified at the recollections that came crowding on my mind, and, in the agony of my spirit, I sprang to my feet, and exclaimed aloud—‘just God! am I then a murderer?’

“‘Wisha, then,’ said Michael, in his cold sarcastic manner, ‘if you are one, it is mighty little trouble you took to earn the title; and what is more, master Gilbert, it is only a jury can satisfactorily answer the question, for a good lawyer and a good alibi are often sore puzzlers of the truth.’

“I heeded not his ill-timed levity, but continued passionately to exclaim—

“Oh, devilish tempter, why have you plunged me in my unguarded ignorance throat-deep in this bloody business? Why did you not warn me such would be the probable consequences of the measure? Why did you not tell me such would be the agents you would employ? Oh, God, I am a ruined man; I have lost all that made life valuable!

“‘You have lost nothing, sir,’ replied Michael, coolly, at the same time motioning me forward with a significant gesture, ‘you have lost nothing but may be a little rayson and patience, and if you will only listen to me quietly for a minute or two, I hope to bring the same back to you. The thing couldn’t be helped. He would never give up his money or his bonds but with his life, and you saw yourself how he fought for ‘em—three fine fellows stretched by his hand, and others to bear its bloody mark for many a day to come; perhaps for life. You didn’t hear him ask for mercy or quarter,—no, no, he would neither give nor take the likes where property was concerned. You could not open one of them saddle-bags while he could lay a living touch on it; and he would suffer his hand and every limb of his carcase to be hacked off by inches

ere he would willingly give up his hold if he could maintain it. Believe me, sir, there was no other way to deal with him.'

"'But were there not some there who came sworn to take his life—to murder him in revenge for certain cruelties and wrongs inflicted by him?'

"'Every man of 'em but your honour and myself.'

"'Then it was to accomplish their own purposes, not mine, they met?'

"'Ayeh then, master Gilbert, is your knowledge of the world so little, as to make you ask such a question in earnest? Do you think it is so easy to find men to run the risk of the gallows and the convict ship for another's revenge, or do you think if I found 'em so easy and ready to do a job of the kind, that I'd consider 'em worth depending on hereafter. No, no, sir, trust me for knowing human nature better. No man runs into danger like him who has a spur at his own heart goadin' him forward; and he plays the game the best and surest who has the deepest stake in it. And then, sir, such are the boys that can be trusted hereafter, who'll neythur peach for money nor save their own lives at the expense of their comrades. There's not one of 'em who acted with us to night but will be as true and as staunch as the welded steel, and therefore it is little trouble the fate of such a villain as Giles Murdoch should give any of us.'

"Such were the reasonings of my acute and daring foster-brother, to convince me of the expediency of the men he had selected and the measures they had adopted. I know not if they convinced me at the time; but remembering them accurately after so long a lapse of time, I relate them to show the character of the man to whose guidance I consigned myself for many a year of ductile youth, and who certainly possessed a strong and very peculiar influence over me.

"That night, at a late hour, wearied in limb and stricken in spirit, I reached the mountain hut—it was little better,—which Mary thought her bridal home, and loved it, rude as it was, for being so. I know not how I accounted for my too perceptible agitation; but whatever explanation I then gave, was such as to prevent her asking any other. But I had a questioner in my own bosom that was never silent. I became the victim of remorse. I felt myself to be the sole and only cause of Murdoch's hideous murder, and the frightful picture of his assassination was before me night and day,—I lost the calm and steady sleep of healthy manhood, and was the night-long watcher of a troubled conscience. I slunk from the day-light like a dying hound, and though I hated the darkness, yet I loved it because I thought myself safest in shelter; and the worst torture of all was, I had to play the hypocrite to keep down the evidences of my agonies and terrors; and sometimes, when my heart was panting with a nameless fear and horror at some mental spectre, stiffening the hair upon my head, I have had to wear a calm exterior, and try to talk in a calm and easy tone. Poor dear Mary,—why start you at her very name,

Nell?—did all she could to soothe me; but her very endearments became my fiercest tortures. But," he added, after a pause, "what am I dwelling on?—the memory of this period has always well nigh maddened me—bear with me, Nell, for a moment." Leaning his forehead upon his hand, he was for a considerable time buried in deep abstraction.

CHAPTER XII.—A BROTHER'S RAGE—THE SOLDIER'S STORY
CONCLUDED.

WHEN the soldier, after a long pause, raised his head in order to resume his narrative, it was evident that during his silence his feelings had been powerfully affected, and it was in a decidedly altered tone he proceeded, as he said,—

"But come, Nell, the night is waning fast, and I must hasten to bring my story to a close. Security, if not happiness, again smiled upon those who were left of the inhabitants of Maryville. Murdoch came not with his bonds to claim his money or his bride on the day appointed, and many a one rolled on without the appearance of his hateful presence. At length tidings came that he was missing; that he had left the metropolis on a certain day, and had not been heard of since. Bills descriptive of his person and dress, and offering large rewards for information of his fate, were widely circulated, but tale or tidings of him never reached public authority or private friend. Mr. Macklin received his bonds, mutilated and torn, but in all other respects the fate of the usurer remained a mystery, and not one of his murderers was even suspected of the crime.

"I come to the closing act of the drama of my early life. Mary, by the agency of Michael, communicated frequently with her family, and assuring them of her safety and comparative happiness, she hinted 'that the time was fast approaching when she would present herself in a new character before them, and bring with her another claimant for their affection.' She wished to write thus, and though I knew how miserably such promises would be broken, I could not refuse her the pleasure of writing so at the time; and her letters, if they did not remove their apprehensions, had the effect of lulling them, for they were old, and simple, and credulous people. Her brother, the only one to be feared, a proud, suspicious, and hasty man, was absent with his regiment, and not expected to return for some months. With my own family I easily accounted for my absence. A letter, announcing my departure for a tour in England, satisfied those who had most interest in my welfare. My mother, fond soul, was glad of any prospect that promoted my amusement, and my father thought the proceeding a wise one after our last interview, and both sent me a supply of money. Their letters, directed to my college quarters, reached me through the exertions of my indefatigable agent. As to the rest, the precautions we had taken for ensuring the inviolability of our concealment were, for the time being, eminently successful.

"Matters were in this state, and I was rapidly growing weary of my mode of existence, when one morning Mary told me with a bashful pride that she was about to make me a father, and at the same time, with tearful earnestness, begged that the period of our secrecy and disguise might be brought to an end, and a joyful return to her family permitted. The event disturbed and perplexed me, and all the day I roamed about the hills in company with my foster-brother, devising expedients to extricate myself from the three-fold net of hypocrisy, crime, and falsehood in which I was involved ; but we could hit upon none safe or satisfactory, and this failure of our craft and ingenuity was sending me home with a clouded brow and an angry feeling.

"I was pacing along in a moody silence, some distance from home, when a voice I knew well, and you may be sure its intonation startled me, called out—

"‘Stand, miscreant ; I have found you at last.’

"I looked up at this strange salutation, and saw before me George Macklin, the officer, the brother of Mary. He was at once deadly pale, hoarse, and frantic with the wrath that was boiling within him, and could scarcely articulate the torrent of abuse he poured upon me. Every foul epithet that could stir up a man's anger he lavishly applied to me, while he carried in his hand a riding-whip, which he shook in my face at every word with the most insulting gestures. He called me ‘liar, perjurer, and seducer ; a damned and despicable wretch, without faith, feeling, or principle ; a violator of the laws of hospitality and honour,’ and concluded a string of the most scandalous reproaches, by then and there challenging me to deadly combat.

"I bore all this with calmness, Nell, though it made the hot blood to run through my veins, because I felt he had cause of provocation, and I had already done enough of wrong to him and his without adding the item of his blood to the account, and so, rather than meet his anger, I strove to soothe and pacify him ; but it was in vain. When I bid him be calm and hear me, he called me, with a mocking laugh, a ‘gabbling coward,’ and asked me ‘did I think my slippery tongue would have the same power to beguile strong men of their purposes as weak women of their virtue?’ then tossing a pistol to me, he bid me use it for my life, and, stepping back a pace or two, fired another deliberately at me. I not only heard the whirr of the bullet, but felt the wind of it brush my temple as it glanced by, yet I stirred nor hand nor foot against him, but again renewed my entreaties that he would be patient and hear me. But he was deaf to all remonstrance—he had been at the cottage, had seen what he called ‘the damning evidence of his sister's shame—he was craving for blood to wash it out ;’ and he took an effectual mode to bring about the spilling of it. When he found neither scornful taunt nor opprobrious epithet would rouse me to battle with him, he stepped rapidly up to me and struck me with the whip he carried a ringing cutting blow across the face, that seemed to blacken and scorch

me like a flash of lightning. It was enough; I never yet could bear a blow, and the one I had just received would have roused the spirit of an anchorite, and so—the next minute he was stretched and bleeding at my feet.

“At the same instant I heard a cry of ‘secure them, secure them,’ and, looking in the direction, I observed three persons making swiftly towards me. ‘Fly, sir,’ said Michael, and without further hesitation away we went at the top of our speed, and our pursuers at the same headlong dash behind us.

“‘If we can gain the mountain, and distance them only the space of five minutes, we are safe,’ said Michael, as he led the way fleetly in the direction he pointed out. We were both sinewy active fellows, but we had met our equals on this occasion; those who were now bounding on our track, and shouting out encouragement to each other, were no ordinary runners, and they put our speed and endurance fully to the test.

“On we went gallantly over the level plain, about a mile in length, which intervened between us and our place of refuge, crushing through the hedges, leaping the wide ditches, and scrambling over the walls which opposed our progress. We were obliged to take every thing in the straight direct line, and encounter in the front, promptly and without hesitation, every obstacle which met us; for to turn aside, though it were but for a yard, would have given an almost fatal advantage to our pursuers.

“When we reached the foot of the hill, the pace of both parties slackened, the cries of those behind, cheering on each other, ceased, and it now became a dull, silent, heavy race. Yet on we went without stop or stay. For the first quarter of a mile we breasted the hill bravely, and with Michael a little ahead, encouraging me onward by voice and example, we began to gain ground at every step on our pursuers. For some yards further I held on steadily, but then, in spite of every mental exertion to keep up my flagging strength, I found myself failing. My sight became confused and dim, and the objects seemed to dance before my eyes—a tightening spasm was grasping my chest—the blood spouted in gushes from my nostrils, and my knees were sinking under me at every step. In this state, while our pursuers were yet about three hundred yards behind, my foster-brother, with a noble self-devotion, said,—

“‘You are unable to go further at this rate, sir—it would kill you; stay, and appear to rest yourself on the hill, while I’ll go and meet them; they are well nigh fagged themselves, and, may be, will be content with one prisoner. At all events I will find employment for more than one of them; and if a third pursues you, why then, sir, you must only take your chance with him. Good bye, and God may bless you, master Gilbert; and let what will happen, I know you’ll not forget poor Michael.’

“Before I could prevent him, the heroic fellow had turned from me, and taken his course down the mountain. When within hail, he cried out ‘that he would give up,’ and, with a slow and apparently jaded step, he went to meet them. The stratagem succeeded. Either the pursuers were already wearied and satisfied with recovering one prisoner ; or else, finding that two would be necessary to look to his safety, no single one among them was willing to continue the pursuit of the remaining and necessarily desperate culprit. Accordingly they left me free to take my course unmolested over the mountain. The rest of that adventure may be told in a few words—in your own,—‘I came to you for shelter and refuge like a hunted hare, panting and breathless, the wet of the river and the dust of the mountain on my soiled and torn garments, and worse stains upon my hands.’

“A few words more, and I have done. My foster-brother, Michael, strange as it may seem, was transported for life for his share in what was termed ‘the murder of George Macklin.’ It was well known that his was not the hand by which the young man fell ; but as he steadily refused, even when offered freedom and reward, to give information as to the real perpetrator, or to the circumstances which led to the commission of the deed, he was accused and punished as an accomplice. It soon, however, transpired upon whom the guilt of blood lay, and double infamy was heaped upon my name, when it was further reported that I had seduced the sister under the semblance of a mock marriage, and that the gallant young soldier had been treacherously sacrificed in an attempt to redress her wrongs. Accordingly every effort was made to secure me. I was hunted from place to place, and through every disguise and stratagem a fertile brain could devise. At last, as you are aware, I was forced to quit the land of my birth, fallen in fortune, debased in principle, a liveried mercenary, a characterless outlaw, and a disinherited prodigal. I left behind me darkness, sorrow, and ruin. All who loved or clung to me were crushed by my fall. My mother drooped from the hour the tidings of my disgrace reached her, and my father, a proud, haughty, and silent man, first willed away every shilling of his fortune (you see he kept his threat, Nell) to a distant relative, and then in gloom and solitude sat down to brood over his blighted name until the grave closed over his broken spirits. My poor faithful servant was exiled for my sake. Mary, the beautiful and the young, bore shame and affliction to the home she left in innocence and hope ; and now after long years have passed away, and another generation has sprung up, crime and blood still haunt my footsteps, and those who were once happy and guiltless are involved in the consequences of my evil deeds. Nell, my tale is told, and I have grown sad with the narration. I’ll drain another bumper—it is my old remedy for drugging sorrow.”

“But the night of the murder, Gilbert, and your participation in the business—you have never told me of that,” said his companion.

“I believe there is little to tell more than you already know,” replied

the soldier. "On that night, as you are aware, I was to receive a sum of money from Mary, on condition of leaving the country, or at least troubling her no more. Well, her son—aye, her son (how that word sticks in my throat!) unexpectedly arrived—you recollect our strange meeting at the inn, and Cauthleen's horrid prophecy. I would have staid away that night, but you urged me forward, and so I went at the appointed time, and was secreted on the premises until about midnight, when all being still and motionless, we met for our last earthly conference. It was in the kitchen we sat, it being the apartment most distant from the sleeping room of Tracy.

"We had not spoken many words, and these in a very suppressed tone, when, hearing a stir or rustle in the room, I looked up in the direction of the sound, and there, to my horror, saw Tracy the miser, just as he had risen from bed, standing a pace or two within the door, and shaking from head to foot. On his pinched and withered features there was spread the ghastliest expression of rage and malignant joy, I ever saw pictured on a human countenance; and his lean and shrunk figure, rocking there with the violence of his wrath, was a hideous spectacle. Mary neither stirred nor cried out when she saw him, but fixed her eyes upon him, with a resolute glance, as if to watch his every motion. He was not long silent, but in his sharp shrill voice, poured out a whole torrent of the foulest and filthiest abuse. I may not repeat all the vile and scurrilous epithets he applied to her; at last, singling out the word "adulteress," he yelled it aloud several times, and then called out to "Charles Macklin, to come and witness his mother's shame." This was too much for human patience. She sprang towards the old man, and bade him, at his peril, to interfere with her son, and then called to me in mercy to leave the house. I proceeded at once to do so; but ere I could gain the door, Tracy, springing from his wife's hold, fastened upon me, and clinging around me with feet and knees, as well as hands, held me in a grasp I could not with all my power shake off. In the struggle, we dashed from side to side of the room, overturning every article of furniture, and trampling to pieces all the domestic utensils,—leaving the place in the state it was found the morning after. At length we reached the door, and the unhappy wretch finding himself there, again commenced calling upon Macklin with a loud outcry. In this state, I heard the dull heavy sound of a blow, and felt myself *free*. You may be sure I did not tarry an instant, but made my escape with all rapidity through the door, which I found partially open. It was broad moonlight, with not a cloud in the sky when I rushed abroad, and the glare fell so fully on the house and every object about it, that I gladly hurried to a hiding place. Several wild prolonged shrieks followed fast upon my retreat; but after that, all was still for a considerable time. At length,—and, Ellen, it was the most pitiable sight I ever looked on,—out from that open porch came the young man Macklin, partially dressed, with the body wrapped in the bed-clothes, and flung

across his left shoulder. It was blowing a fierce gale at the time, and what with the violence of the wind and the ungainly nature of his burden, he made but a slow and unsteady progress. Curiosity induced me to track his progress to the river, and as I went along, the demon of selfishness arose in my heart, to ask what 'would be my position when the murder was discovered?' I knew it *would be* discovered. Was I in Macklin's, or he in my power? I decided upon the instant. I saw at a glance my safety lay in his ruin. I could only be secure by seizing and imprisoning *him* on the charge of murder, according to my own evidence of the transportation and burial of the body. You know the rest, Nell."

"And you mean to follow this up by appearing against him at the trial?" half questioned the woman, with a look of great earnestness.

"What else,—chained and trammelled as I am," answered the soldier,—“can I or dare I do? If Mary in her ravings will disclose where she has hid the gold, and thus will enable us, as you propose, to fly the country before the assizes, I will peril my neck sooner than willingly appear against him. But otherwise no alternative is left me. Were I to hesitate now, or falter in the least with my first story, I would be perilling my own neck without saving his. I stand already on a critical position. His virtues are weighed against my vices,—his honoured character against my reprobate life. Let me then yield one inch of my vantage-ground,—let my story be weakened in a single particular, and I will be hailed by the shout of rejoicing thousands as the murderer. No, no! things must take their course. Besides, if the worst we anticipate ensue, why, as I believe, the young man is making a noble sacrifice, courting the halter and the gibbet to save a mother from their ignominy; he is fitter to meet his Eternal Judge than I am. Nell, Nell, the idea of such an act is a holy and glorious one, and if bravely carried out,—as I surmise it will,—will stamp a divine origin on human nature, in spite of all the growling sceptics of the world. But, Nell, the morning is about to break, and we must part for a time. I will visit you soon again. In the mean time, watch closely for the discovery of this money. Would to God it were found before the assizes! I would hold it the dearest blessing of my life, if I could escape being present on this trial; when I think of it, Nell, my very heart seems to shudder within me. Good bye, old girl, good bye,” and the soldier, after folding his strange companion in his arms, took his departure from that mansion of mystery and madness.

CHAP. XIII.—TEARS AND STRATAGEMS.—THE SOLDIER'S REMOVAL.

WHEN the door closed upon the retiring footsteps of the soldier, and the unhappy as well as guilty Ellen came again into the apartment which they had occupied, the pent-up feelings with which she had listened to his narrative—and his words had stirred up a wild tumult in her bosom—

burst forth with sudden and irrepressible force. Although she had always supported a character of masculine firmness and endurance, which almost looked upon a tear as a disgrace, and certainly through life had shed but few of them; yet on this occasion, passion proved stronger than habit, and, sinking into a chair, she buried her face in her hands, and wept with all the bitterness and intensity of woman's affliction. But the paroxysm was of brief continuance. Her tears and sobs subsided with the same suddenness with which they had gushed forth, and the sterner attributes of her nature came forth into bolder relief, from the momentary weakness which obscured them. With a strong condemnatory exclamation upon the folly of yielding to such feminine impulses, when her whole being should be full of one implacable purpose, she arose from her seat, and taking up a small hand-bell, rung it gently. Presently a shuffling tread came along the passage, and the hag Cauthleen entered the room.

"Cauthleen," asked her mistress, "is she sleeping yet?"

"Aye," grunted the hag, "as sound as if it was the sleep that knows no waking. She has worn herself out, poor soul, and will be still enough, I'll warrant, till morning. But for fear of danger, I have left the crayture Dhonal with her, and he's as safe as myself."

"Right, Cauthleen," replied the other, "and now sit down by me, and take this to warm your old blood; for though the morning is breaking fast upon us, and for more than one long night sleep has been a stranger to my eyes, I have much to speak to you upon, as I have both heard and spoken strange things to night."

"Let me tell you about myself first. I fear me, Cauthleen, I have played the fool—the arrant fool, with Berkely. Without being perfectly sure he is the thoroughly hardened villain—as steeled in heart as he is bronzed in visage—which his language, manners, and actions seem to stamp him; or whether he is insensible to all feelings of humanity or gentleness, I have told him secrets, which, unless he be that hardened villain, he will loathe me for."

"Ugh! then, mistress," said the hag, "I wonder much what could lead you so much astray, when you had so much need of being wary."

"I know not myself, Cauthleen, unless indeed I allowed a false excitement, coupled with a misplaced credulity, to hood-wink my perception at the time when there was most need of its keenness and sagacity, and convert me into a giddy and blindfolded babbler, when I should have abided by the old maxim, 'the least said is soonest mended.'"

"But how know ye," asked the hag, "that your words worked another way on his feelings from that which you intended?"

"I'll tell you, Cauthleen. I anticipated the story of my revengeful persecution of Mrs. Tracy would be, as the saying goes, 'one after his own heart;' but when at its conclusion I thought he would have folded me to his breast, with something like the exulting satisfaction I felt myself; well as he disguised it, I saw him inwardly turn from me,

as if my vengeance and myself were alike abhorrent to his inmost soul. Nor is this all. It was but now he told me the story of his early connection with my hated rival ; and, curse him ! if his eye did not dance and his features brighten while he spoke of her youthful beauty, goodness, and gentleness. And when he alluded to her present distress and suffering, his loud and confident tone became as soft and as plaintive as a lover's whisper, and trembled upon the reflection of his 'Mary,' till I thought, in my scorn, he would have blubbered outright."

"Ugh, ugh," coughed the hag, "ye might have known this. The first love of the young heart is not so easily shaken off and forgotten as some folk imagine."

"But, Cauthleen, even now he told me she never had and never could have my place in his heart."

"Likely enough," answered the hag, with a malicious grin ; "but he did not tell you you were to have the corner she once occupied."

"Cauthleen," replied the other bitterly, for the taunt struck home as it was aimed, "Cauthleen, wherever mischief is to be set a blazing, it will not be for want of your kindling that the fire will not burn. Curse it, woman ! can you never see anything fair or kindly in human nature, but you are thus ever ready to add a darker colour to every picture of its perfidy and baseness?"

"Ugh, ugh, ugh," replied the hag, chuckling aloud in her satisfaction, "I see how it is, mistress, I spoiled the game by following your lead. Ye wanted me to contradict you, it seems ; to prove ye wrong, when ye spoke too truly of him. Ugh, one would think the worse he is, the better ye love him."

"It matters not, Cauthleen," said Mrs. Conolly, in a tone almost of fierceness, "what our mutual feelings are now ; but he was mine, and I thought, *mine only*, when we were both fair, and fresh, and young ; and now, in age, wrinkles, and crime, he shall be mine, or I will bury him beneath such ruins as never yet tumbled upon the head of man. Cauthleen, hearken to me ! I will tell you somewhat of my early life, and of this same Berkely. We have been busy with the memories of the past to night, and it has stirred up in me, as well as in others, the impulse to go over the events of other, and, if not happier, brighter days."

"Cauthleen ! Berkely speaks of his high and honoured state, and tells me of the respectability of the condition in which he and his 'Mary' once moved ; so that in their present miserable position there is a fall—a degradation. But I, in the depth to which I have sunk, have but returned to my original state. I never disguised it. I am sprung from parentage usually termed 'the lowest of the low,' and my earliest recollections are associated with pinching poverty, a damp and gloomy cellar for a habitation, and often, I believe, the doles of capricious charity for support. But after a time there came a change, a happy one for me ; we emerged from the cellar to the street, from the night to the sunshine. My parents became petty traders at first, dealers in the meanest

and, I may add, filthiest substances. But from step to step they progressed rapidly and secretly, until at last my father was reputed not merely a successful and independent man, but one of extensive wealth. People wondered at this, for the time was brief, and the apparent sources shallow. Some said he had found a buried treasure ; but more, for he was a man of saturnine and forbidding aspect, that he had made a bargain with the Evil One, and given up his soul for the yellow dross of the world. Be this as it may, from my childhood I heard but one topic at our fire-side—‘ money, money, and the way to get it.’ I neither heard of God nor his gospel, religion nor truth, principle nor feeling. I was reared up in the belief that to acquire wealth was the sole business and the only true pleasure in existence. Oh ! Cauthleen, what mean and darkened souls those I called parents had. Not a ray of goodness, or charity, or kindness ever illumined them. They had neither identity with the joys, nor pity for the sufferings of their fellow creatures. They lived in an atmosphere of their own, and it was as cold, as cheerless, and as fruitless as that of the frozen zone. While this passion existed in its strength, the more wealth they acquired the more they pinched and denied themselves every thing like comfort. Yet as regarded me, their idol—the child of their old age, they were lavish of expense even to folly, and until the contrast between the richness of my appearance and the meanness of *theirs* woke up the derision of our neighbours. And as I increased in years it was still the same ; I was accustomed to have every wish, every caprice gratified, no matter at what cost. I placed no value upon money, because my acquaintance was with its abundance, not its want ; and thus I grew up to girlhood with all the froward will, the love of show, the petty tyranny, and the restless craving that usually accompany the consciousness of wealth in an ignorant and low state of life.”

“Ugh, ugh,” coughed the hag, who listened to this part of the story with great satisfaction. “It is a pleasant story, mistress ; it makes my old heart glad to hear of such.”

“Cauthleen,” resumed Mrs. Conolly, heeding little the hag’s interruption, “I had silks and satins, laces and brocades, gems and jewels to adorn me ; but at sixteen I was as ignorant as a cow-herd. I was taunted with this, and felt it so keenly, that I was determined, let what would be the cost of money and labour, the cause should be quickly removed. I told my father I should be educated, and that speedily ; that is, that by means of what were believed his almost unlimited resources, I might obtain what is called a smattering of that knowledge and those accomplishments, for the want of which I was contemned. I was soon surrounded by every agent that could promote my wishes, and as I laboured diligently to imbibe and retain the instruction my teachers imparted, it was not long before I was not only on an equality with those who scorned me for my ignorance, but might, with perseverance, have obtained something like a name for learning.”

• “Och! then, mistress,” interrupted the hag, “the thought of the learning was a fine and a bold one. The bit o’ readin’ and the writin’, that’s what makes the men and women of us.”

“Cauthleen, it made a devil of me; but then it was human wickedness that poisoned the fountain. Among my teachers was an exiled nobleman from France, at least such he represented himself to be; he had fled from the Revolution on account of his loyalty, but he brought with him all the taints and corruptions of that infidel movement. He was, in truth, a singular man. Varied in learning, accomplished in manner, and with a tongue whose flowing and silvery accents might well deceive an unguarded bosom, he was yet cold, suspicious, and distrustful in the extreme; he seemed not to have any thing like a particle of affection in his composition, and he hated his fellow beings so thoroughly and intensely, that it made one shudder to hear him speak of them. Yet he was always scrupulously polite in his dealings with society; and his attention to females was marked by an ease and elegance few other men could exhibit. This man became a teacher, because his poverty required even the small stipend my father paid him. As the world would say, he did his duty by me, in endeavouring to impart to me a knowledge of the language; but would that he had stopped there. Finding my mind unstored by early religious impressions, he filled up the vacancy with all the noxious and pestilent doctrines of French philosophy. He taught me to believe there was neither divinity in God nor virtue in woman, and that what was so called in the latter, was but a tyrant device of man for the security of his own pleasures. You may readily believe what I became in mind and feeling, after such impressions. As I scorned religion and its laws, so did I the world and its opinions. I only thirsted for an opportunity to prove how little I regarded the applauses and censures of my fellow creatures. In this state I met Berkely at a place of public amusement, and there being something mutually attractive, and nothing whatever of repulse on my part, we became friends—lovers from that moment. We were soon so intimate, that the world began to babble of us; but I heeded it not, and the reality was so rapturous, I cared not to mar its enjoyment by a denial. You heard the raving creature upstairs describe him as a being of light, and with a beauty like that of Lucifer’s; he was all that in the pride and prime of his manhood;—what is he now?

“My parents fell into dotage, and I became the uncontrolled mistress of their hoards. I lavished upon Berkely with an unsparing hand, and when he refused to accept further assistance from me, I bestowed my benefits upon him through a quarter he never dreamed of.

“Cauthleen, one fine morning I found myself almost a beggar; the store I thought inexhaustible failed from the immense and repeated draughts made upon it, and could my wretched parents have been sensible of their condition, they might have mourned in the evening of their days the wreck of that fortune they had made its morning so miserable to accumu-

late. Yet, even in this state, I did not ask Berkely to perform his oft repeated promise of marriage to me. No, no, Cauthleen, I knew him well, too well; nor did I mention to him our fallen circumstances, least he should consider himself in honour bound to return any of the sums I had advanced him.

"What might have taken place I know not; but in this crisis came on his connection with my rival, Mary Macklin. You know full well, Cauthleen, better perhaps than I do, all the details of that transaction, from her elopement to her brother's fall. I saw him but once after, and that was as a breathless and hunted fugitive. The rest is known to you. Do you blame me then, after having risked and lost so much for this man, after having in early life steeped myself in poverty and shame, and in latter days in blood and guilt,—if I pause not *now* at any measure which can make him securely mine? And yet there never was a moment when I trembled more for the possession."

"Ugh, ugh!" said the hag, "why fear ye to lose him now? Sure he was never so tightly bound to you as now; nor does he seem to me to have the least liking for slipping the knot."

"Hark ye, woman," quickly added the other, "with all his bravery and determination, he is quailing at his heart's core about his appearance at this trial. I read it too plainly to-night in his changing countenance, and a slight shudder crept over his huge frame, at every mention of its approach. Think you if Charles Macklin's rich friends got a hint of this, they would be slow of acting upon it? or that they would spare any cost of money or labour to remove so principal a witness against him from the country? The very thought of it, Cauthleen, is maddening. Oh! God, were he lost to me now, after so unhopd for a re-union, every minute of life would be an age of intolerable torture."

"Stay, mistress, stay," said the hag, a gleam of intelligence lighting up her wrinkled features, "you need not distress yourself about the matter of his escaping the trial, for that can be easily managed. Ugh, sure it is done every day. When they're afeared of any witness, that he might not prove true, or the likes, they put him in the police barrack, or maybe send him to the Castle, to keep him secure till the assizes. Now then, mistress, just send word, or maybe a bit of writin' to one of the magistrates, to give them a hint, that if they don't look sharp to Berkely, he won't be forthcoming on the trial; and you'll see how well they'll guard and keep him for you. I've known the thing done before now."

"Bravely thought of, Cauthleen," said Mrs. Conolly, in a tone of great satisfaction, "and it shall be acted upon this instant. I will write both to the magistrate who presided on the inquest, and to his commanding officer, a statement of my suspicions; and I have facts enough to adduce to cause them to be immediately acted upon."

With the quickness and energy so remarkable in her character, she at once proceeded to the task, and placing writing materials before her, soon produced the letters required.

Turning to the hag, she said, "do you think the crayture Dhond will carry and deliver this safely?"

"Ugh, as safe and as sure as the post boy himself," replied the hag.

"Then," said Mrs. Conolly, "call him to me, and I will give him half a crown for his trouble."

It was astonishing with what alacrity the hag rose from her seat, and hobbled from the room, returning in a few minutes with a being of stunted and misshapen growth, and an expression of idiotcy in his weather-beaten features not to be mistaken. Nevertheless, it was strange to observe, after the letters had been shown him, and the use he was to make of them explained to him in Irish, how soon he comprehended what he was to do. The single idea at once infixed itself in his vacant mind, and being judiciously left there undisturbed, there could be no fear for the result. But when the promised reward was shown to him, then it was curious to see the play of his idiot features. It might indeed be called the very writhings of delight, for the contortions and twistings of the muscles appeared as much the exhibitions of pain as pleasure. When the coin rested in his hand, he gazed one moment upon it eagerly, and then, with a low chuckling sound, ran and placed it in the lap of his mother, for such was the hag Cathleen. The next minute he was pursuing his journey with a sure and steady pace, which promised a speedy performance of his mission. The hag returned to her anxious watch; and Mrs. Conolly, in absolute fatigue, sought the troubled pillow of remorse.

Leaving them, we will follow the soldier, as with slow and meditative steps he took his way from that house of death and mourning, if not a better, at least a sadder and a wiser man. A new leaf in the science of human character had been turned over for him, and the lesson he had read awakened feelings and recollections he thought for ever buried in oblivion. I do not say he was taught repentance, or that sorrow for the past which gives hope for the future. But he was shewn, by a clearer and better reflected light than had yet played upon the events of his troubled life, the sad and rueful consequences to himself and others which had followed his wild and lawless career, connecting crime and punishment by a chain, every link of which was forged by a retributive Providence. However lightly at the moment of commission or indulgence he might have thought of the results likely to spring from his crimes and passions, he now felt that not one guilty or flagitious act of his existence but had met its own signal punishment, while aggravated suffering and calamity—the accumulating produce of all—seemed heaped up for him as a final consummation. It was not alone that the heavy hand of justice had fallen upon himself,—sinking him, by its irresistible pressure, from high station and its concomitant advantages to a rude and thorny path, denuding him of every fair ornament and bright possession, and lopping off from him, as with an axe, every branch that could in future bear fruit or the promise of it; but every living thing he had touched, every one

he had loved or who had loved him, were included in the same penalty, and buried in the same ruin with himself. Nay, there was even a bitterer reflection than this. He felt that the misery which a connection with him entailed upon others, was so wholesale and crushing to them, that the infliction upon himself seemed comparatively light and trivial. He was like one who carried pestilence and death in his presence, and yet bore a charmed life himself; everywhere had joy and hope fled howling at his approach, and groans and sighs and tears had come to take their places.

The tale of revenge he had heard, strangely affected him. Could the narrator have conjectured beforehand,—as she truly suspected afterwards,—the feelings it excited in his mind, she would either have kept the story to herself, or have modified its utterance. Despite his protestations of continued attachment, wrung from him at the time by pity or remorse, the confession made to him that night had done its author irrevocable injury in his opinion, while the sufferings of the wretched victim touched his nature with a keenness that made it wince again, stern as it was.

“Poor Mary,” he exclaimed, “poor, desolate, broken-hearted, maddened Mary. Thine has been indeed a cruel fate; and thy life a succession of unexampled trials. Treachery and blood at the beginning: treachery and blood at the end. Thyself a helpless suffering maniac, and thy son all but a convicted felon in thy stead.”

“But that son,—that son,” he resumed, after musing awhile, “is he not the damning evidence of her frailty? Tracy’s marriage I mind not, for it was formed under the belief I was dead; but the intrigue of which *he* is the living proof, and the proof too of its occurrence so soon after my departure, shows she held her love for me by as light a tenure as my own. Pshaw! I should think no more of her. And yet I cannot—I cannot bear the thought, that she should have been hunted down so malignantly and fiend-like, by that jealous woman on my account. It gives her a kind of claim on me I cannot shake off. Nell, Nell! I did not think so fierce and merciless a nature as you have shewn, could find a place in a woman’s heart. I wish you had been guiltless of it, or had not confessed the fact.

“This trial too,—I would I could escape from it. There is enough upon my soul already, without aiding that man’s fate. Yet I dare not withdraw one forward step I have taken. My presence there that night is suspicious enough, and were I to hesitate now, we might exchange places. No, no! I will go on with the work as I have begun; there is a destiny in the whole matter which it is in vain to contend with.”

Thus communed he with his own spirit, as he travelled with a pace which varied with the excitement of his emotions, along the unfrequented road, in the solemn quietude of the breaking day. And thus, for hours and days afterwards, he would sit in solitude and utter abstractedness,

thinking of the story of his life, and the catastrophe to which all its strange and eventful occurrences had led. He became a totally altered man in his habits. He shrunk away from the society of his fellow-soldiers; his footsteps turned *from* the threshold of the ale-house and the tavern,—the loud voice, the rude jest, and ruder imprecation were hushed into a gloomy settled calm; and in look and tone and manner he was another being. By order of his commanding officer he was confined to his barrack until after the assizes, but save any lingering wish he might have to visit his guilty associate at the house of Tracy, and to gain tidings of the buried money, he had no desire for further freedom. And so, for a time I shall leave him and the other personages connected with him, while I lead the attention of the reader to the prison cell of Macklin, in order to learn how he and those connected with him bore themselves under their terrible affliction.

CHAP. XIV.—THE PRISONER'S CELL.

It was a bright day abroad in the world, and a portion of the light which was gladdening its busy occupants, and guiding them to their labours, had passed with cheering influence into the cell of the prisoner; and though it could not help shadowing the iron grating through which it came, yet it was a very welcome visiter, and the captive would have missed it sadly. But the sun-shine was not the only soother of Macklin's sorrows. The lovely being who would have graced his proudest path in life, was now his patient, gentle comforter, bringing healing and balm for his wounded spirit, by her presence and her smile,—sad as the one and faint as the other was. Now that she had grown familiar with affliction by daily intercourse, and had fairly grappled with the calamity that at first had well nigh strangled her in its grasp,—now that she had brought her mind's eye to look with steady and unflinching gaze upon his situation, and all the dark probabilities involved in it; and now too, that she had habituated her thoughts to dwell and her words to flow upon the once dreaded topic; the grim spectre which before could affright by one glance, now lost all its terrors by association, and haunted her footsteps a familiar thing. She not only became wonderfully calm and firm herself, but seemed to have the power of shedding composure,—like a grateful fragrance,—around her. It is true that Macklin could never look to the future with any thing like a joyful or even a complacent expectation. One stern recollection, forced up to the tyrannical supremacy of his mind, had,—Herod-like,—laid its merciless grasp upon all the young hopes and smiling visions of existence, and worse than the Jewish despot, left not one spotless innocent behind to atone for the rest. He felt,—bitterly felt,—that if freedom were his to-morrow,—if by some unexpected interposition of Providence, he could walk from dock and prison an acquitted man, and were permitted to mingle in society as he had done before, an esteemed and

accredited member, yet he was in possession of a secret that would sour every cup and taint every viand on the board of enjoyment. But from the hour of his capture to the present he never dreamed of escape,—never looked forward to but one fearful consummation of his trials and sufferings; and the contemplation of this grew daily less appalling, both from the certainty with which he viewed its occurrence, and the life-long misery which was all the prospect liberty could hold out to him. Nevertheless, although such could not but be his state of mind, he was neither insensible to the unwearied exertions of his beloved Helen to cheer and comfort him, nor unaffected by the settled,—almost holy,—placidity of her demeanour and conversation. And when she invoked religion to her aid,—not the jealous cant and exclusive hypocrisy we see so often mocking high heaven in its name,—but fervent, glowing, trustful reliance on a Saviour's promises, belief in his infinite goodness, and implicit resignation to his Almighty will,—he would feel, as he often said, “as if an angel from heaven had come to teach him its ways, and fit his soul for a community with the pure and blessed, and was only tarrying with her pupil till he was strong enough to take wing with her back to paradise.”

He always spoke of his doom with the certainty of its being a fatal one, and at the same time expressed his entire and perfect submission to the dispensation. On the day I write of, he had been unusually eloquent in his description of his feelings, and yet both the tone and direction of his reasoning failed to give satisfaction to his anxious listener, for as yet she was not a partaker in his dreadful secret.

“I do not doubt, Charles,” she said, looking at his pale and wasted features with an earnest smile—“I do not doubt your fortitude, nor your inherent firmness to meet misfortune as a brave man should. But I cannot help thinking there is a misanthropic bitterness and a disgust of life pervading your discourse, which argue that you resign the boon of existence more through a conviction of its worthlessness than its value—more through an utter weariness of its continuance than a knowledge of the gift you were surrendering up.”

“No, Helen, you wrong me,” replied Macklin, “I do not affect to feel now what I never experienced, a hatred of my species or the world they walk in. Among the former, there are the many warm hearts and kindly dispositions I ever loved; and the latter is just the same fair bright scene, for the developement of charity, faith, and goodness, it ever was. Believe me, love, I never thought that man a philosopher, however he may have affected the title, who despised his fellow man, or the theatre upon which his Maker has been pleased to set him. It is true, perfidy and meanness, falsehood and hypocrisy, violence and wrong, run rampant over the earth. But if there be spirits who love these dark and sinuous paths, there are others who love the broad bright ways of dignity and honour, truth and principle, philanthropy and right; the labour of whose life it is to scatter peace and comfort around them, to teach the ways of recti-

tude in this world and salvation for the next. So, Helen, darling, those who look for the good, and love to associate with them, may find them in every walk in life, and 'tis a man's own fault if he meet with sufficient duplicity or depravity to make him hate the many for the sins of the few. Were I leaving the world to-morrow, I could from the depths of my soul say farewell to it in all love and gratitude for the past, and the kindest wishes for the future."

"And yet, dearest Charles," said Miss Butler, "how is this affectionate and noble feeling to be reconciled with that stern disregard of your reputation, that determined infliction of long wasting suffering upon yourself and those who love you, which night after night bars this dungeon upon and shuts you in from that world you look so kindly on, when it is in your own power to throw open the one and walk abroad into the other? Viewing the world in the light you do, it can be no ordinary motives which confine you to this narrow cell, and keep you from that society you both love and honour."

"Helen, dear," said Macklin, "you wring my heart more than you imagine by these implied solicitations to act a part I dare not. The time has not yet arrived for entrusting even to *you* the secret which explains my present conduct; but when it does, you will allow that I have had indeed strong motives for the course I follow. One thing however is certain, my beloved one, I can never mingle with the world as I have done, let that innocence I protest be ever so clearly established. In society and its pleasures I would be as strange and as unwelcome a guest as the mummy at Egyptian banquets, mocking the feast and daunting the revellers with my presence. I may not be exactly a believer in what are called broken hearts, but I know it is possible for a calamity to occur, so terrible and crushing, as to deaden and paralyze all our capacities for future pleasure and enjoyment, and leave to hope no better task than to picture to us the period of our release. Helen, such a blow has fate dealt me."

"Oh! do not say so, Charles," she cried, "for I would fain believe there are better things in store for both of us. I will not resign to hope so sad and solitary a task as you have marked out for her. She shall tell me of calm and tranquil hours yet to come, when in some quiet home, away from the stir and bustle of the world, it shall be my inestimable privilege to sit by you, to soothe and sober down the griefs that are violent and pressing,—to while away and cheat of their bitterness those recollections, whose wearying wasting pangs are the surest because the slowest. I will speak to you and sing to you of days gone by; of the many social hours we have spent together, and of the kind friends and the gay companions, the laughs, and songs, and jokes of the olden time: and then I will teach you to weep as I do now, for I know it will do you good; it will melt away the sternness of your affliction, and when the tears are done flowing, a blessed calm will come upon your spirit. Then we will both dry up our tears, and learn to smile again. I will watch

and count the smiles as they come back again to your lip, noting down their increase from day to day. Thus, Charles, I will win you back to happiness if not to gaiety. It shall be slowly and warily done ;—just as they restore to health and strength the famished wretch found on the drifting vessel, giving him only morsel by morsel till his stomach becomes habitual to the food ; so shall I from one bright thought to another lead you onward, till you can stand erect once more in the light and freedom of your cheerful spirit."

Helen Butler spake these words with such a fervent beaming trustfulness shining out through her tears, and exhibiting her earnest belief in the truth of the picture she had been drawing, that the very soul of Macklin sickened as he gazed upon her.

"My beloved girl," he said, in a faltering voice, "God knows I would not rob you of the portion of comfort you draw from your credulous reliance on the future, if I did not know how much severer your sufferings would be, if disappointment and blasted hopes be added to the infliction. Helen dear, you must be prepared for the worst, not the better contingency. Nothing short of a miracle can save me. The evidence against me is so conclusive, that no one who values his oath could hesitate to convict me. And as to the effect of a declaration on my part, it would be looked upon as a coward endeavour to shift the penalty from my own shoulders to another's. Believe me, dearest, there is no hope for me but that which teaches me we shall meet in another and a better world. Nay, love, we will not argue the question now. You have forgotten your daily task of reading to me—I would gladly fly to any refuge now from the thoughts which distract me."

From this specimen of their conversation which I have given, the reader will judge of the respective states of mind and feeling with which Macklin and his beautiful companion looked forward to the coming of the assizes and of the trial, upon whose issue the life of the one and the hopes of the other were staked ; and I am willing to let that judgment be formed without any further observations of my own, for it is not a subject pleasurable to dwell on.

Some may perhaps think it an over-strained conceit to make a young and lovely female, high born and bred, leave her splendid home and brilliant circle of acquaintance, in order to be the comforter of a reputed murderer in his dungeon, incurring by so doing the censure and reprobation of a jealous and reproachful world. But not only is it the fact in this case, but it is an act of devotion so perfectly reconcileable to the noble uncalculating heroism of woman's affection and fidelity, that I envy not his perception of the true and the beautiful, who doubts it. Nor is it to be cavilled at, on the score of being more forward and adventurous than maiden delicacy and reserve should sanction. Prudery in such a case would argue the absence of love, while the sacrifice thus freely made at the altar of duty has such an all-atoning sanctifying power, as to leave nothing of human prejudice to impede, or human frailty to stain its acceptance.

But while Miss Butler, in defiance of conventional criticism and censure, if any such sat in judgment on her case, was proving her sterling faith and affection under the severest of all possible trials, her father was attesting his friendship by the application of all his energies, abilities, and experience to the preparation of Macklin's defence. He not only engaged the ablest counsel travelling the circuit, with the services of a solicitor of great celebrity in criminal cases, but he himself visited the scene of the murder, in order to discover some clew to the mystery in which the whole matter was involved. He spared no expenditure of time, labour, or money to get a clue to the dark mazes of the labyrinth in which he knew the truth to be involved. Although guarded with a jealous care, and many pretences were made to exclude him her presence, he gained access to the widow of the murdered man, the moment her recovery was sufficiently advanced to make his visit an innocuous one. But if he hoped to arrive at any decisive information, he was miserably disappointed. The unhappy Mrs. Tracy arose from her bed of phrenzy a helpless and irreclaimable idiot. The only glimmerings of intellect she at all revealed, were confused shadowy recollections of some terrible event she was forbidden to disclose, and an equally vague and uncertain idea of something of value deposited in some place, whose site she had forgotten. The former she betrayed by pointing at some dreaded object before her, and muttering with a ghostly expression of countenance some unintelligible words, and then suddenly stopping, and gliding away with crouching form and finger laid on lip. The second was known by her searching, whenever she thought herself unobserved, every nook and cranny, hole and corner, and stealing away on the same pursuit out of doors, whenever she thought her keepers—for such they were—otherwise engaged. From such a person, of course, no information could be gained by Mr. Butler, although her conduct filled his mind with strange surmises ; and all he could do regarding her was, to direct her maintenance in her present situation until the result of the trial was known, providing amply for her comfort, and remunerating on the same scale the services of those attendant on her, and promising to take steps for her future permanent settlement. Nor was he more successful in other quarters, where no such impediment to his progress existed. Impenetrable mystery assailed him at every step ; and all he could glean, after a very patient and laborious search, were some accounts of Tracy's dissipated habits, with instances of his tyranny as a landlord, and his brutality as a husband, with the fact of the disappearance of a large sum of money which he was known to have in his possession up to the day of the murder. It was deemed prudent by the law authorities, from the suspicions raised in their minds, to prevent all intercourse with the principal witness for the prosecution, Berkely the soldier ; so that nothing of the nature of his evidence could be known, but from the record of his testimony at the inquest. Under these circumstances, Mr. Butler's sole dependance for the acquittal of his friend lay in the talents of the advo-

cates he had engaged, suggesting as they did the hope that either the credit of the witnesses against him would be broken down, or some important confession elicited, which would bring the guilt home to its real author.

When Macklin heard of the condition of his mother, and the measures taken for her welfare, he could only press the hand of his friend in silent gratitude, for he could not tell him how glad he was that the agonising—it must be so to her—power of reason was taken from her.

Here we take leave of all parties concerned, until we meet them on the eventful day of trial.

THE SAD BALLAD OF THE NOBLE WIFE OF HASSAN AGA,
AFTER THE MORLACHIAN.

(Klagegesang von der edlen Frauen des Asan Aga, aus dem Morlackischen.)

FROM THE GERMAN OF GOETHE.

What's that so white, through yonder greenwood seen,
Is it the winter's snow, or swans at rest? ~~ay~~
The winter's snow would long ere this have melted;
The swans had flown away. It is the tent
Where Hassan Aga, wounded chief, is lying:
Mother and sister watch beside his couch;
False shame forbids his wife to tend her lord.

When now his wound was healed, and health returned,
Thus to his gentle wife he spake in anger:
"Go—leave my house and home—no more with me,
"No more with mine shall be thy lot henceforth."

The lady heard these words severe, and stood
Silent and full of sorrow. Hark! the tramp
Of a proud charger sounds before the door;
She thinks—she doubts—'tis Hassan's steed. All breathless
She springs upon the loftiest turret, thence
To dash her to the earth; but filled with woe,
Her lovely daughters fling their arms around her,
And weeping bitter tears, cry through their tears,
"Oh, calm thee, mother—'tis not Hassan's courser,
"It is thy brother come to visit thee."

Then rushes she to meet him. Then she throws
Her arms, despairing, round his neck, and cries—
"Oh, brother, brother, see thy sister's shame:
"Me to cast off—the mother of his children!"

Nought said the brother stern; but from his breast
He drew, enveloped in rich crimson silk,
The deed of separation. She was free
Once more to dwell within her mother's house;
Free once again another lord to wed.

Bursting with grief, she saw the fatal scroll—
She kissed the foreheads of her two sweet boys—
She kissed the cheeks of her two weeping girls;
But from the babe, all helpless in the cradle,
She tries in vain to tear herself away.

Th' impatient brother drags her from her darling,
Flings her behind him on his mettled steed,
And, with his weeping burden, wends his way,
Slowly and sadly, to their sire's old halls.

Short time it was, scarce seven days flew by—
Short time enough in sooth, when many a chief
Came wooing the young widow. Haughty lords,
With humble homage, sought her heart and hand.

The proudest suitor was Imoski's Cadi;
But the sad lady prayed her brother thus:
"I do beseech thee, brother, by thy life,
"Give not my widowhood a second spouse,
"Lest seeing once again my children dear,
"Beloved and lost, my heart might break with grief."

It moved him not, her speech—his mind was fixed
To wed her to the Cadi of Imoski.
Still weeping, she besought and said, "O, brother,
"Grant me this last request,—a letter send
"To the proud Cadi, with these words. 'All happiness!
"Thy young bride sends thee greeting, and herewith
"She humbly sues thee, that when, with thy followers,
"Thou comest to bear her hence, that thou wilt bring
"A veil of ample folds, so may she pass
"Shrouded the door of Hassan Aga's house,
"Nor see the faces of her loved, lost orphans.'"

Scarce saw th' impatient Cadi these few lines,
Till, gathering all his train, he took to horse,
Hastening to meet his bride, and with him bearing
The veil of ample folds, her sole request.

With happy omens came the bridal train
To that high lady's home; with omens fair
The wedded pair departed. When, as now
Beneath Lord Hassan's towers they pricked their steeds,
From out the casement looking down, alas!
The children knew their mother. "Come," they cry,
"Come to thy own old hall—the evening meal
"Is now prepared—come join thy little ones!"

Sadly the wife of Hassan heard these words,
And, bowing low, she thus addressed the Cadi:
"Oh, for a moment halt we here, my spouse,
"Before these well known doors, that I may leave
"To my poor children some few gifts of love."

The bridal train stood motionless, while she
Gave to her offspring tokens of remembrance.
She gave the boys gay slippers wrought with gold;
The maidens, garments rich and rare; the babe,
That helplessly lay smiling, him she left
A robe to wear in boyhood's future days.

Unseen had Hassan Aga watched her acts,
And, sorrowing, cried he,—
"Come to me, my children,
"Come to your father's arms,—your mother's breast
"Is iron; there nor love nor pity dwells."

Oh, when the wife of Hassan heard these words,
Shudd'ring she fell to earth—all pale she fell,
And from her tortured bosom fled her soul
With the last look she gave her parting children.

SKETCHES OF THE SOUTH OF IRELAND.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE DUBLIN MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

DEAR SIR,

I take the liberty of transmitting to you a few extracts from the letters of a tourist, which have fallen into my hands, and which you may perhaps find suitable to the pages of your periodical. The writer does not profess to give accurate information upon every subject on which he touches, but merely to communicate to a friend the impressions which were made upon him in passing through some interesting scenes, and by the revival, in a few instances, of historic and family recollections. Indeed the careless style in which he writes, makes it almost needless to convey this caution to your readers. His views on politics and political economy are in some respects different from yours, as will appear from the few slight allusions which he makes to those subjects; but I am confident, notwithstanding, that these sketches will be acceptable to you, from the unaffected attachment to Ireland which they evince—I might almost say from the genuine Irish spirit in which they are written.

I am, dear Sir,

A CONSTANT READER AND OCCASIONAL CONTRIBUTOR.

Inner Temple, 14th Oct. 1841.

THE SHANNON.

THE first object of interest I encountered in my brief excursion was the River Shannon. I reached its banks after a tedious day's journey from Dublin, by the "swift passage-boat" of the Grand Canal, and the following morning, at an early hour, found a steamer ready to start, immediately opposite the Shannon Harbour Hotel, for Limerick. I embarked on this fine river, the finest, the most extensive in proportion to the continent, which can be found in any country in the world. We were here perhaps, by the course of the river, nearly one hundred miles from its source, for more than forty of which it is, I understand, navigable. The distance to Limerick is about eighty miles, and from Limerick to the sea upwards of fifty; so that in an island only three hundred miles long, and not two hundred wide, you have a river of nearly two hundred miles in length, almost the whole of which is navigable. It is of course subject at present to several natural obstructions, but they are such as could easily be removed; and the advantages which the improvement of the navigation of this river might afford to Ireland, seem to me incalculable. But I shall not impose on you at present the very imperfect statistical information on which I build my theory, nor the data upon which I have formed

another very crude and much less popular opinion, that the principle of *railways* is altogether inapplicable to all the characteristics of Ireland—to its agricultural wealth, its dense population, and its compact and limited extent of locality. A railway from Dublin to some western port, which might serve as a packet station and principal medium of communication between this country and the American world, is the only exception I would make. Were this to cross the Shannon or terminate near its mouth, it would of course vastly increase the importance of its navigation. There are works of some extent already in progress on the river, which, however, bear no proportion to the magnitude of the plan which merely suggests itself to my very ill-informed mind.

As to the scenery, it is, I am told, more romantic towards the source of the river, and grander as it approaches the Atlantic, than in the middle part, through which I journeyed. Of this, the country for the first twenty miles is flat, and over a part of it the river flows widely during the winter months, enriching it with slime and marle, and leaving it dry in summer to produce abundant meadows; while in another part it divides itself into several deep narrow channels, the closely wooded banks of which seem almost to close upon the steam boat. The river then expands into a lake, about thirty-five miles long, at the northern extremity of which, on the western bank and close to the town of Portumna, are the ruins of Clanrickarde Castle. It was burned about twenty years ago, by accident I believe; and it recalled to my mind the ruin of a still finer edifice, on the border of a still grander lake, and the mansion of the representatives—the present, alas! the last of his line—of a still more ancient and princely Irish family: Shane's Castle, I mean, on the banks of Lough Neagh; and the coincidence is not a little remarkable, that the late Lord O'Neil, upon whose mind the destruction of his castle (by accidental fire also,) made an impression of melancholy, which was never effaced, dwelt ever afterwards, up to the time of his death, as the present Dowager Marchioness of Clanrickarde does, in the out-offices or stables, which in both cases were fitted up as temporary residences. It is more than doubtful whether a De Burgo will ever again inhabit a mansion in Connaught suitable to the rank and splendour of his sires; and it is nearly certain that the fire which consumed Shane's Castle, was the last which will ever blaze upon the hearth of a fit dwelling for the descendants of the princes of Ulster. The present Earl O'Neil, whilome 'The General,' is the last, as I have said, of his race; and in person, at least, a noble and most characteristic specimen of it: but time-stricken and unwedded, he looks—to use a simile of Scott's—"like the last tower of a ruined palace, with its walls of splendour and bowers of delight, scattered in desolation around." He resides in a solitary lodge on the stormy and unfrequented but most romantic shore of Cushendun, like the old Marquis de Mirabeau, "the friend of men," in his desolate castle, in the gorge of two windy valleys.

At Portumna the small steamer which had conveyed us so far, pre-

pared to bring passengers back to Banagher, while a large and very handsome one was plying up the lake to receive us, and sail with us to Killaloe, at the southern extremity. Before we had left the former boat, the passengers who were to return with her, came on board; and amongst them was one, to be whose *compagnon de voyage*, I have seen the day when I should have retraced my steps, and changed perhaps, God knows how far, my course—and courses. She was a girl of about sixteen, and of striking beauty. Her profusion of dark hair was disordered by the breezes which blew freshly up the lake; her complexion, heightened perhaps by the same cause, was of the richest crimson; her eyes, which corresponded in colour with her hair, and “gleamed with deep meaning,” were surmounted by a fair, polished forehead of most intellectual formation; and round her beautiful lips a happy smile was playing, which told that she had never known sorrow. She was a Limerick lass, and was going to Banagher with her father, who was ‘seeing to’ the luggage on the deck, while the daughter sat in the cabin. I sat there too, ‘till I was informed that our vessel was under weigh, when wishing this bright being a prosperous voyage, not only up the Shannon, but through the wide and weary sea of life, I threw myself on the current, and, springing on the deck of the Dolphin, sped down Lough Derg.

Not alone to the engineer and the artist, but perhaps still more to the antiquarian, does this excursion hold out singular attractions. To the noble and diversified scenery of the Shannon, an increased interest is given by its position with reference to the ancient territorial divisions of the kingdom. You have Connaught on the west, Leinster and Munster on the eastern shore. Lough Derg, which is but one of a chain of lakes into which the river forms itself in its course, seems shut out from the world by thickly wooded hills and lofty mountains, and is flanked by old castles—the once strongholds and hospitable residences of the provincial kings and chieftains—some of which top the heights, while others stand boldly out on the water’s edge. Extended parks and improved domains, with fine modern mansions, intervene; and the relics of ancient warfare on the shores, are rivalled by those of literature and religion upon the islands on the border of the lake. Upon one of these in particular—the Holy Island—are the picturesque ruins of several churches, and the time-honoured Round Tower, peculiar to Ireland. The scenery, as we approached Killaloe, became singularly beautiful. We passed O’Brien’s Fort, where the Kings of Munster used to reside; and, farther down the river, a spot of still more interest to me—O’Brien’s bridge—near which a gallant ancestor of mine, old Sir Nicholas ———, fell, soon after the invasion of Ireland, fighting the O’Briens of Clare. It is singular enough that the first of my father’s maternal ancestors who went to Ireland, Sir Richard ———, should likewise have fallen on the same field. The names of both are mentioned, with those of Earl Thomas de Clare and two others, as the Englishmen of highest rank who “were slain (say the annals of Innisfallen) in a battle fought in Thomond, against Torlough, son of Teige Caoluisge

O'Brien, and the Thomonians, in which battle all the knights and Englishmen of Munster were cut off with dreadful slaughter." Could the old Norman warriors have foreseen that, when six hundred years should have passed over, one with the blood of both in his veins, and the first of his family, since their day, born out of Ireland, should, in passing their death-field, have triumphed in their defeat, how would they have blushed for their degenerate son. But the descendants of the one soon became *Hibernis ipsis Hiberniores*, and a noble scion of the other's house had another death-grapple with the Thomonians in a better cause than that of the invader; we shall see anon.

LIMERICK.

It was night when we arrived in Limerick. I muttered Moore's anathema on the minion who calls Ireland disloyal. Here was the very sanctuary of loyalty. In the anomalous,—and if not disgraceful, certainly disheartening state of modern party politics in Ireland—it is a relief to dwell upon the recollections which these old battered walls call forth. My knowledge of Irish History is most defective,—almost necessarily so; for you know we regard it as no portion of the education of a scholar or a gentleman, still less of an English lawyer; and I know not that I ever met with what could be called a History of Ireland. But I have read with deep interest, some dusty old manuscripts and letter-press volumes in the British Museum and elsewhere, in which the deeds of this faithful people are recorded; and twice, at least, I recollect, Limerick held out for Ireland and the king, when English disloyalty beset her walls; and characteristic enough of the contending parties were the issues of both contests. When the news of the fatal battle of Worcester reached Ireland, an O'Neil commanded the royal garrison in Limerick. He had been besieged for three months by the rebel troops under Ireton, who, victorious elsewhere, found the son of Owen Roe, at the head of his Ulster regiments, somewhat more than a formidable defender of the city, for he made several sorties, from which the forces of "The Commonwealth" suffered grievous damage. Once he cut to pieces an entire corps which had been landed on what is called the Island. The career of the "Lord Deputy" was sadly baulked; and though his spirit rose with the prostration of the royal cause in England, that of O'Neil was unsubdued. To a summons to surrender upon terms, consequent upon the disastrous news, the latter returned a proud defiance. Three thousand men, the choicest of Cromwell's troops, arrived from England, to reinforce the besieging army. Once more, Ireton, eager to proceed to the subjugation of the country, proposed terms. The force of the besiegers seemed overwhelming, and the fate of those towns which had previously resisted Cromwell's power, foretold an awful catastrophe to the inhabitants, should they continue to hold out. But two venerable ecclesiastics counselled, and preached the high duty of loyalty; and O'Neil encouraged

the wavering townsmen in tones of patriotic valour, backed by the most valourous deeds. Ireton raised a new battery of heavy cannon, which was also a fresh importation, and effected a formidable breach in the walls. The citizens, now become dreadfully alarmed, assembled in the townhall—a surrender was talked of. O'Neil entered the meeting sword in hand, covered with sweat and powder. He reminded the civic authorities that *he* was commander of the garrison; *they* might, to be sure, betray the cause of their king, but he who was an independent chief would never yield to the enemies of Ireland. Unfortunately, however, when he undertook the defence of the city, a stipulation had been made, that the mayor, (confound all corporations !) should continue to act as governor, and of course, what was of more importance, to hold the keys of the gates. This civic officer, notwithstanding O'Neil's declaration, and in defiance of the remonstrances, and even threats of the two bishops, handed over the keys to a person of military rank, who was not in the service of the Ulster chief, and who, after turning the cannon on the city, opened one of the gates, and admitted two hundred of the enemy. Notwithstanding this treachery, the experience which the English General had already acquired, led him to propose a treaty, rather than drive the garrison to desperation. The lives and the property of all within the city were to be spared, save those of twenty-two individuals, who were to be made victims. The mayor, on account of his responsible post and previous obstinacy, and to serve as an example to other governors,—was one of these; he was hanged and beheaded: while O'Neil himself, to the credit of the English officers be it told, owed his safety to his consistent valour. For he was twice condemned to death by a court-martial, in obedience to the directions of Ireton, who, with an eye to his own military reputation, ingeniously made it one of the charges against him, that the year before he had contumaciously held the town of Clonmel against the "Lord Lieutenant"* himself, during a siege which was nearly as protracted as that of Limerick, on the last day of which, after a bloody conflict of four hours, consequent upon the storming of the breach, he had driven back the besiegers from the walls, and forced them to break up their camp; and that his ammunition having been exhausted, he silently evacuated the town that night, directing the townsmen, before his retreat should be discovered, to procure favourable terms for themselves, and not mind asking quarter for the garrison, which shrewd deceit had been completely successful. The admiration of the officers who composed the court was wonderfully excited, as well by the strange adventures they heard narrated, and the valourous feats they had themselves witnessed, as by the gallant bearing of the hereditary hero, and they besought their General to spare him. The sternness of Ireton at length gave way, and he handed him over a third time to the court, to deal with him as

* Cromwell.

they thought proper. So he was safe. But the pious and loyal Bishop of Emly, having no earthly intercessor, when his iniquitous sentence was pronounced, appealed to the tribunal of God, and addressing himself to the fierce soldier, 'I summon *you*,' he said, 'to meet me at the bar.' His honoured head was struck off, and fixed upon the southern gate of the city; and three weeks afterwards, his sanguinary judge did indeed stand before the Divine justice-seat, having met his death from pestilence.

The circumstances of the last siege of Limerick, referred to so often in recent parliamentary debates, are, of course, fresh in your recollection; and are not they too, as I have said, characteristic of the parties engaged in the conflict? are they not illustrative of Whig duplicity and faithlessness, as the former are of Round-head blood-thirst, and ferocity? while both can be proudly appealed to by the descendants of men whose humanity and honour were alike untarnished, and whose—

"Loyalty was still the same,
Whether it won or lost the game;
True as the dial to the sun,
Although it be not shone upon."

I went to see the stone on which this latter treaty had been signed, ere the gallant defenders of the city, self-exiled to fulfil their truth, sought service under the *Grand Monarque*, and became that famed brigade, which for a hundred years in a foreign land, continued to anticipate and verify the motto which the last virtuous representative of that royal house, in the days of its deepest calamity, inscribed upon the banners of this gallant corps,—

'1692,—1792,'—*Semper et ubique fideles.*'

DUHALLOW.

From Limerick I proceeded to the little town of —, in the county of Cork, to visit our kind hearted little friend —, who though as you are aware of no poetic temperament, and residing in a most unpicturesque locality, has lately taken to himself a young dark-eyed wife, and in the routine of common every-day occurrences, unconsciously leads a life which the lovers of romance might envy. I was informed that there was nothing to lead one out of doors in this neighbourhood, save viewing of moving bogs and snipe shooting, for both of which species of amusement the season was unsuitable. I have always, however, found that there is no spot in Ireland without its peculiar interest, arising either from scenic beauty or some local tradition or historical association. I had wandered but a short distance up the stream on which — is built, when I came to a deep and secluded valley, where the cawing of the rooks which dwelt in the lofty pine trees, gave evidence of the neighbourhood of some venerable habitation. I accordingly found a straggling, almost delapidated old house, with whitened walls, in a small green lawn in the midst of

the wood ; and on enquiry I learned that this was 'Priory'—the favorite retreat of Curran, and I believe his birth place.* Diverging from the course of the river, about a mile farther on in a wild church-yard, I found the grave of his daughter—her of the broken heart. She sleeps beneath an old elm tree, with no artificial monument to mark the spot ; an Italian sculptured urn which had been designed for the purpose, and sent forward after her remains had been removed to 'her own loved island of sorrow,' having by some accident (oh ! call it fortunate) failed of arriving at its destination ; her sorrows the more sacred, that they are unrecorded : for like —— (how beautiful is the elegiac prayer of his gifted class fellow—one feels it a profanation to 'breathe his name') she too would have asked from the world but 'the charity of its silence.'

Again, in another direction of this same neighbourhood, the spot was shown me where the brave Kolkitto fell, stabbed in the back by a Cromwellian soldier, while watering his panting jade, after the battle of Knocknisross, in the barony of Duhallow. He had brought the remnant of that distinguished band of the M'Donnells, of the Antrim glens, at the head of which he had attended the great Montrose through his whole campaign, and helped to win *all* his victories,—to end their honourable career even as they had begun it, true to the good cause,—and shed what blood they had left, under the last shred of the royal standard which was still upheld in the south of Ireland by Lord Taaffe. It was previous to this battle, I think, that in an interview between the Irish General and Lord Inchiquin, Commander of the Cromwellians, the former happened to allude to an old prophecy, that on the field of Knocknissross his countrymen should win a great victory over the English. "True," replied the subtle but very valiant traitor, "and the prophecy shall be this day fulfilled ; the contest is between *us* ; I am Irish,—my name's O'Brien ; and you, my Lord Taaffe, will not deny your English name and extraction". The result verified this construction of the prophecy. The Irish troops, defective in numbers, exhausted in strength, and dispirited by the fate of their associates on all sides, were scattered or cut to pieces. The sword, helmet, and breast-plate of Kolkitto, all remarkable for their size and strength,—for he was the tallest of his clan,—were deposited in the armoury of Lowhard castle, immediately adjoining, which was given by the usurper to a branch of the Percival family, and a tower of which still remains in perfect and habitable repair. The armoury was very recently removed to the Tower of London for safe keeping, where it most probably perished in the late conflagration. M'Donnell's remains were buried in Buttevant Abbey.

* Here, we apprehend, the writer and his informant are both in error. It is generally understood that Curran was born in the town of Newmarket ; and the "Priory" is certainly the seat of that name situated between Ballinteer and Rathfarnham, in our own county of Dublin.—ED.

KILLARNEY.

At ——— I found myself within thirty miles of Killarney. Notwithstanding the celebrity of the lakes, I had no anxiety to visit them; but, when my host proposed an excursion thither, I of course willingly joined; and supposing Killarney to be merely a spot celebrated for its beauty, was prepared, as is my wont with all celebrated beauty, to admit its existence, and pass on. There is much more however there to interest than I had at all anticipated, and my visit afforded me all the delight which arises from unexpected pleasurable excitement. Our party consisted of five; we set out early—had an agreeable drive, and reached Killarney several hours before sunset. The hotels in the town were all full, and though there are two at some distance from it, in different directions, which from their close neighbourhood to some of the most attractive scenes, are more frequented by sojourners, we, supposing on that account, as well as from the season and weather being propitious, that we should be still less likely to procure accommodation in either of them, took lodgings at the house of Mrs. Casey, and had no reason to regret our exclusion from the more regular inns. After an early dinner, the ladies proposed a visit to Ross Island, which is but a short distance from the town; but I, still caring little for what was to be seen, and indisposed as usual to stir after dinner, ran the risk of shocking their romance, by declining to join them, and throwing myself on the sofa, near a blazing fire of peat, misoccupied myself in reading one of Bulwer's clever, immoral, and unlife-like novels.

I was awakened in the morning by the tolling of a bell. It was from the old Catholic church directly opposite to us. I enquired if there was any peculiar festival commemorated that day; but, was informed that every morning the venerable bishop, who resides in the town, offers up the "daily sacrifice," (you know my opinions upon that subject—"and have horror of them too," you will add,) and that the bell summoned the congregation to attend. On entering the breakfast room, I found that two of our party, who were Roman Catholics, had answered to the call, and like Richard Cœur de Lion, wouldn't breakfast till they had heard mass. "*Talis cum sis, &c.*," thought I. Truly whatever may be the termination of the journey, these people will make progress. "*Il ira loin*," said Mirabeau of Danton, "*Il croit!*"

A reveillé for the lie-a-beds now sounded. The notes of the bugle struck upon our ears. Party after party drove past in quick succession; for Mangerton—for the gap of Dunloe—for the lower lake—for Macraes Abbey, each provided with a bugle to awaken the numerous echoes which lie in the hollow of every rock, and in the depth of every wood, and in the recesses of every ruin in the neighbourhood, and to 'discourse music' to them. I was very much struck by one air, which they all played on setting out. It is, I take it for granted, an old Irish one, and a song of Lover's has been set to it, which though by no means, poetically, the best

of his lyrics, embodies a sentiment which fully redeems it, and which took from our present locality a peculiar interest. It was "*The Land of the West.*" Its appropriateness made it beautiful.

We set out in our turn. The first thing worthy of note was Mucruss Abbey. An extensive domain, which the courtesy of the resident proprietor throws open to all strangers, at present surrounds this venerable ruin. Thick forest trees conceal the Abbey from you till you have come close to it, and it is besides, built in a plain, so that from no distant point whatever, that I could discern, have you a view of it. All its beauty is therefore architectural, and subjected to the strictest criticism. But it is architecture of the true order. It is a fine Gothic ruin, totally roofless; but the walls are in a state of perfection; and the centre arch of the church, and the oriel window are of exquisite beauty. The apartment which was the refectory of the monks, contains a noble monument of its antiquity even as a ruin. A huge yew tree has grown up in the centre of it, which must of course have been planted, or sown rather, subsequent to the demolition of the roof, and it is a tree, you are aware, of the slowest growth. The arches communicating with the vaulted corridor (still in a state of perfection,) which surrounds the refectory, are on each of the four sides of different style or formation; and the narrow cells in which the holy fathers used to dwell, are exterior to this gloomy passage. All these, protected by the lowly arch of stone, have refused to yield, as yet, to the stern hand of time. The cell of friar Lawrence was called to my mind, perhaps by a sylph-like girl treading the stone corridor with noiseless step, of whose fairy foot I thought, like hers whose presence made the old friar's heart "feel in its barrenness some touch of spring;" he might have truly said "so light a one would ne'er wear out the everlasting flint."

On emerging from the wood, we found ourselves on the borders of the middle lake, which though of considerable extent, is nearly surrounded by the domain of Mucruss. We fronted, too, the entire mountain region, which extends from the spot where we stood, for nearly thirty miles to the south and south west. Tork mountain rises immediately over the lake. It is the least lofty, but most prominent of the frontier hills, of nearly conical formation, and most precipitous; and clad with luxuriant wood almost to its summit. At its base, and on the very edge of the lake, stands a white cottage, Mr. Herbert's present residence; and a sweet simple one it is: but, he has commenced the building of a mansion more suitable to his wide domains. The site of the latter is admirably chosen; standing in a verdant lawn, overlooking the blue lake, and commanding a varied view, nearer or more distant, of mountain, rock and wood, which are scattered fancifully and luxuriantly around. But it seems to me that it will be less a portion of the fairy scene than the cottage he is about to desert. However, as we used to say of poor ———'s ugly husband, it will at least look upon unmatched loveliness. Poor ———! I wonder were this sweet vision to vanish from before the eyes of its

lord—were the rock which he climbs, the torrent which he stems, the mountain on which he sports, the lake on which he plies the oar,—were all that he admires, and loves, and revels in, to be no more—would he be contented to dwell where it once had been—to take a farm to himself, and thrive upon it.

We proceeded up the mountain by a smooth and shady pathway, which led us along a rolling rock-embedded torrent,—the noise of which became louder and more loud till we stood beside a grand cascade, which, profusely supplied by the late rains, threw itself, not in one unbroken fall, but foaming from ledge to ledge, down a rock of one hundred feet in height. Thence the pathway winds through the tall firs, up the steep ascent, and conducts with little difficulty to Torr's summit. The woodsmen were felling timber as we passed beside the waterfall; and the proprietor was standing, overlooking the work, with a child in his arms. I fancied it was the commencement of the education of the young forester. It was, at all events, directing his young heart to the formation of the simplest, the calmest, and sometimes one of the most consolatory of earthly attachments—that to the scenes of our childhood; and, as I looked on that boy, I could not help thinking: sorrow and disappointment should be his lot in life,—“if solitude, or fear, or pain, or grief, should be his portion, with what healing thoughts of tender joy he might yet turn to that romantic glen.”

As we drove along to the foot of Mangerton, I observed a gentleman approaching on foot, whose slight figure and thoughtful mien, together with the portfolio which he carried, bespoke the artist. I was delighted to discover who it was; G—— P——, one of the most accomplished antiquarians, as well as artists, in Ireland. I had frequently met him in literary and social circles in Dublin, and been always deeply interested by the patriotic melancholy and mild enthusiasm which characterised his discourse, as he communicated to those around him what he regarded as the richest of earthly treasures—the legendary lore of Ireland. Knowing how very much such a companion,—the poet's, scholar's, artist's—eye, tongue, pencil, could aid us in appreciating such scenery as we were visiting, I besought him to join our party. But some of his own family—he is always attended in his summer excursions by one of his daughters—had already driven out and appointed to meet him at the Eagle's Nest. So I reluctantly parted with him.

In the village of Cloghereen, a number of mountain ponies were ready saddled for the use of those who regarded an ascent of nearly three thousand feet, as too formidable to be undertaken on foot; ——— and his lady selected two of these, and rode up the mountain by a circuitous path. But the fair lady of the cave, whose spirit, like her limbs, bespoke her thorough-bred, ('tis Lord Byron's phrase) scorned this easy mode of journeying, and, putting herself under the guidance of the senior of our party, (as a true Paddy would say,) *showed him the way* up the mountain. I was therefore left to pursue my course

alone, which circumstance I more easily reconciled to my solitary habits than I could the cause to my wounded vanity. The gentleman was, in fact, a practiced mountaineer, and resembled an ancient cavalier, principally in this, that with all the gallantry of old, he was constantly at the lady's side,—though i' faith it kept him on his mettle to be so. I once or twice in the course of our ascent encountered his fair charge, when she had paused and turned to view the wood and water, which gradually broke in increased extent and beauty upon us; and as she stood upon some green knoll with tiny foot, and sylphid form and brow and mien too like some queen of fairyland, I could not help thinking that had my friend P—— been prevailed upon to join us, his sketch of the Horse's Glen would not have suffered from such a figure in the foreground.

I had supposed that the Lakes, called so *par excellence*, the Upper, Middle, and Lower, were all that were to be seen; but lakes are as numerous here as hedge-rows in the plains of England, or dikes in Holland. In the lap of every mountain they glittered in the sunshine, and gave relief to the scarped rock and verdure to the heath. The names which are given to them, are fanciful and of traditionary interest. Every rock too has its legend, and you may read the history of some local hero in every object around, under the guise of traditions equally beautiful and significant. They are almost all associated with the ancient families of the place, whose fine-sounding patronymics take corresponding grandeur from the territorial appellations. O'Donoghue of the Glyns! To him the grand lakes, as indeed every thing grand around, are dedicated. From them he takes his romantic title,—he is Prince of the Lakes. There are too O'Donoghue's castle, O'Donoghue's library, O'Donoghue's White Horse. This last is a most remarkable object, and you are, perhaps, acquainted with the story of its wonderful origin. When I saw it, it sadly recalled the last amiable representative of this interesting family to my recollection. I had known him intimately in boyhood, and met him again when we were both just beginning to be men. He was about to proceed on his travels, and for a short time previous to his departure we partook together of the amusements of London. Having turned one night into Drury-lane Theatre, we were struck on seeing the bill with the title of the after-piece. It was "O'Donoghue's White Horse," and was founded on the tradition to which I have alluded. There we sat, and saw his great ancestor cross the treacherous waters—we saw all that was too truly emblematical turned into a miserable farce.

Amongst the crowded audience, who were pleased with the romantic scenery of the piece, and amused by what they regarded as the extravagant tradition, O'Donoghue sat, unknown of course to all but myself, and sadly gazed upon the picture of the territories of his fathers, and the home of his own childhood, while he witnessed the tragicomical, but to him most melancholy catastrophe. There is truth mixed up with the wildest traditionary fables in Ireland; or they are rather allegories,

through which the antiquarian, and very frequently even the poetic natives, can read the too true tragedy; or at least they believe in some awful reality which it disguises. He told me the true origin of this legend of the White Horse; but I cannot call it to my mind; nor whether it is associated with a doom which still attends the family. For his daring ancestor had left one infant son—who in time married—and died; leaving in his turn too, one only boy to hand down his princely name; and so from generation to generation; the father ever dying in the infancy of his heir. His I knew had left him when he had just begun to prattle: and his own apparent delicacy of health afforded, I thought, little promise of his exemption from the doom. I never saw him since that night. He married shortly afterwards; the daughter of a robust and peculiarly long-lived race; one too of no unnoted name. The lady is the niece of O'Connell. One son was the issue of the marriage. The boy is, I believe, some four or five years old—and O'Donoghue is dead.

Were I writing to another I should apologize for this digression, but of you I must rather entreat pardon for returning to the subject of my letter! What! back again to the mail coach road you will say! No my dear —, but to the wild trackless mountain; the summit of which, though not hid in the clouds, you might suppose could be hardly arrived at, were you to judge by the number of guides who present themselves to you in the course of your ascent. Guides are in most places my aversion. They are to a traveller what reviewers are to a discursive reader, and will not suffer you to enjoy anything beautiful in nature or art, without obtruding themselves upon you and boring you with their monotonous descriptions. But commend me to the guides in the Kerry mountains. They are like their countrymen of all avocations—their professed offices are what they least concern themselves in. The inhabitants however of the western districts of Kerry, are evidently of a different race from those of any other part of Ireland which I have seen. Unlike the Irish peasantry in general, they are strikingly handsome. Pale, fine-featured, generally dark-eyed, but all with very dark eye-lashes, brows and hair. They have less vivacity, at least less 'wild merriment' than one expects to find in Ireland: but through countenances which appear to be habitually thoughtful, you observe a gentle mirth, blended with a peculiar degree of shrewdness, which in the women is exceedingly fascinating. They joke and banter you with the coyest rustic coquetry, and many a drawing-room belle might envy, how gracefully the play of their dark eyes contrasts with the blush with which unfeigned modesty tinges the cheeks of these beautiful mountaineers. When we had arrived at the Devil's Punch-bowl, and sat down by its brink to refresh ourselves by partaking of the very cold water, which, notwithstanding its brimstone name, this lonely little lake affords, our unsophisticated companions, who were by this time on very familiar terms with us, grouped themselves around, and amused us with stories, real or invented, of each other's adventures and courtships, and by sur-

mises on our own respective characters, pursuits and relationships. They conversed with us in English, beyond all comparison more grammatical and correct than any you ever heard spoken by a similar class in this country, and ever and anon addressing each other in their native tongue with still greater fluency and animation, left us in the dark as to the real conclusions to which they had come with regard to us, and which they were evidently communicating to each other, while they enjoyed all the advantages which linguists have over the unlearned in tongues.

We found it necessary to draw upon all our remaining energies to run up the very steep brow of the hill which overhangs the Punch-bowl, but they fortunately did not fail us, and we completed the ascent of the mountain without having found it very toilsome. There is a marsh at the top, which I crossed in company with a bare-legged gillie, (he was better equipped than I for the adventure,) to the turret or mound which has been raised by the sappers and miners, who have, I believe, completed the survey of Ireland, and left a memorial of this kind on the summit of every mountain. From this I enjoyed a very beautiful and sufficiently extensive prospect. Kenmare Bay lay to the south, opening the view to the Atlantic. In a south-easterly direction was Bantry, concealed by the lofty mountains of Glengarriff. Westerly, and immediately under us lay Mucruss, and the middle and lower lakes. Over against us to the south-west rose the rugged-topped chain of hills, from which another Kerry chieftain, M'Gillicuddy, is entitled, "of the Reeks." In the intervening valley was the upper lake, the loveliest of all. Far in the north-west my guide pointed out the river Shannon to me; and in the north, at a still greater distance, the Galtee mountains.

We remained in Killarney for several days, during which we had, I believe, our fair share of the enjoyment, limited as it always is, which nature condescends to afford to sight-seers. 'Tis like the pleasure one experiences from such an intimacy as can exist with the most highly gifted in mind and person, whom one encounters only in the fashionable circles of town life. You may see enough to convince you that they are possessed of all the qualities and accomplishments which can fascinate and delight; but to enjoy these—to know their possessors in their full beauty and power, you must be *with them* in those scenes where nature triumphs over the artifice which in the former sphere veils the gifted, and supplies the place of gifts to the worthless; you must be *of them* in their familiar rural haunts and fire-side circles. For my part, I never willingly join in the systematic excursions which parties of pleasure make to celebrate scenes of rural beauty; but I love to make a temporary home amongst such mountains as I have been describing, to locate myself in some rustic inn, and throw open my portmanteau, and fling my Shakspeare, my Don Quixote, or Wilhelm Meister, on the table to greet me when I return to 'take mine ease;' and wander *chaque jour* over the mountain tops, and 'travel free as air the clouds among.'

The object which struck me most in the neighbourhood of Killarney

was the gap of Dunloe. We saw this grand mountain pass under I think peculiar advantages. A continued torrent of rain had prevented us from stirring out the entire of the previous day. It lasted all night; and in the morning it was raining still. The appearances, however, of the clouds on Mangerton, which is the Killarney weatherglass, foretold some dissipation and sunshine, and the time for our sojourn was limited. We set out therefore on a 'jaunting car.' As we approached the gap, a sullen mist seemed completely to block it up. We entered it notwithstanding, having first dismissed the car and arranged our party as before, in cavalry and light infantry. Had we been really scouts, bound to ascertain the difficulties of the pass and to report on the danger which might be encountered from an enemy in possession of the heights, we should have had this morning small hopes of satisfactorily performing our duty. But we were happily both free and irresponsible agents, (a reflection with which I always endeavour to console myself for having been baulked in my design of becoming a military hero,) and who could object to the mountain region that it is misty? Our buglers, for another party were close upon us, played several airs beside the rivulet which longitudinally intersects the pass, and the dimly seen perpendicular rocks sent back distinct and repeated echoes. An old Italian soldier of Napoleon's time discharged a small cannon, which is, I believe, his only earthly possession, and by the use of which he contrives to live, 'although the wars have worn away;' and the explosion, so re-echoed as it was, might have sounded on the ears of an approaching enemy, like that of a whole park of artillery. Here, too, we encountered several guides. We did not all observe whence they came nor how they contrived to join us, but suddenly we found that one by one they were of our party. They were most striking and picturesque figures, with their slight well-formed limbs bare from the knee down, their pale faces and dark eyes, and long black hair, surmounted by leathern hats. They are as fleet as the red deer upon the hills, over which they often run for thirty miles without resting. They would be invaluable in the service of Guerilla chiefs. Gradually as we passed through the gap the mist became dispelled, till it completely uncapped the magnificent rocky heights which hung over us, and the sun at length bursting forth in unobscured brilliancy, displayed the whole grandeur of the scene.

The valley into which we were conducted, lay in beautiful loneliness. It seemed as if there were no entrance to it from the world without, other than through the cleft mountain which we had penetrated. It led us to a wooded spot, in which there is a cottage, belonging to Lord Brandon, the very beau-ideal of secluded loveliness. Thence we passed by a causeway of only a few perches in length, to the top of the Upper Lake, where we found a boat, which we had ordered to be in readiness, manned by four dark-eyed mountaineers. We embarked, and were rowed along rapidly and silently, till the bugler, who had taken his seat

at the helm, sounded once more in appropriate melody, the praises of 'The Land of the West.' He was answered alternately by two of his brother minstrels, who accompanied other parties at some distance, and the effect of whose notes was much more pleasing than the immediate proximity to so loud an instrument, suffered our own to be. And thus as we glided along—the smooth lake enclosed by heaven-kissing hills, with heath covered brows, or more threatening rocky precipices, relieved at the base by luxuriant shrubs which shaded its verge, and studded with islands, covered with the myrtle and arbutus—the national melody stealing along the waters, and thrown back upon our ears by the echoing rocks—our boats crew, with sinewy strength and picturesque garb and mien, tugging swiftly at their oars, and our fair companions, with delighted eyes, the only living things in sight, save one strong eagle which hovered aloft over its giant rock—and then the stillness of the air and the (I believe unwonted) clearness of the blue canopy which covered us—the effect was such as I shall not attempt to describe.

At the base of a rock, nearly under the Eagle's Nest, there is a curious inscription, connected with which I heard an anecdote related, which reflects little credit upon the performers. A few years ago some Frenchmen were visiting the Lakes, whose devotion to the memory of their chief became kindled with intenseness, (as all fine sentiments do in such enchanting scenes,) and they engraved upon a rock, just above the water's edge, the name of Napoleon. They had completed this harmless and (one would think,) inoffensive tribute to a fallen hero, when a party of British officers reached the spot. They were perhaps youths whose campaigns had not been bloody, or they might have generously sympathised with, or at least forgiven the sad homage of the strangers. But their valourous indignation was excited, that any other rock should tell of the Imperial captive, than that of St. Helena, and they inscribed upon the cold stone, over his mighty name, that of a field which might have been too hot for them. The Frenchmen watched their operations in silence, but when they saw the word Waterloo overtop their Emperor's name, they uttered the bitterest exclamations, and vehemently challenged the offenders to the combat. I know not that there was an encounter, but at all events there was no fatal result. But the poor foreigners retired grievously discomfited; for the testimonial which they had hoped would be perpetuated even within the dominions of the victors, was far worse than obliterated, and ever since, there has, and henceforth will be seen in that secluded spot—

"WATERLOO.
NAPOLEON."

At the western extremity of this beautiful Lake, there is what the Scotch would call a *kyle*, which had attracted, I was told, the peculiar admiration of the author of *Waverley*; let that be its eulogy. It terminates in a rapid fall, over which there is an arch; and here it is the practice of the boatmen to ship their oars, and abandon the boat to the helms-

man and the current. It is regarded as a feat of some danger ; but we shot the bridge in gallant style, and the cheer of the crew announced that we were over the border.

For we were now in the middle Lake, and no longer in the highland regions, but at the base of the mountains, and exterior to all, where this and the lower one expand themselves boldly in the plain. It was sunset as we crossed the wider sheet of water below. The clouds were tinged with the loveliest colouring, and had assumed such fanciful and picturesque shapes as corresponded with the scenery through which we had passed, and seemed to image it. The gap of Dunloe was peculiarly distinct in this vapoury sketch—we were all struck with the faithfulness of the picture.

The night had nearly fallen when we touched at a small island, where the boat's crew performed a usual ceremony of rude gallantry by crowning the younger of the ladies with arbutus, and calling the island by her name. 'It was the only one in the Lake,' *they said*, 'that had not before been christened. They poured the *mountain dew* upon the rock in naming it. They used formerly, on such occasions, with more economy, to break the empty bottle upon it, having disposed otherwise of the contents ; but Father Mathew had decreed that the liquor should be spilled. We lay under Ross Castle when the darkness had set in, and the tallest of our crew standing up in the boat, with stentorian lungs hailed 'Paddy Blake,' who returned his greeting from the old castle walls in identical words as distinctly and loudly spoken. Again and again the greeting passed between them. 'Good night,' shouted the boatman—'good night,' echoed Paddy, and one long pull of the oarsmen sent our little craft ashore ; and Paddy Blake's farewell rested mournfully upon my ear ; for I felt loath to quit this scene of 'lake and sky and mountain,' and the phantom wonder of the castle. The following morning we left Killarney.

CORK.—THE WORKHOUSE, &c.

I arrived in Cork in the evening, dined at my hotel, went early to bed, and was off at six in the morning. I remember the most striking object to a traveller in each county town in Ireland, used to be the jail. The police station-house, after perhaps the landlord's agent's, was the building of most importance in the smaller towns. But these are inoffensive at present, compared with the ostentatious glare of the new workhouses. Not that those last are unsightly buildings ;—on the contrary, they are of handsome and generally uniform architectural design, and occupy commanding and healthful positions ; but the associations connected with them, their purpose, and effect, made them to me most disgusting. I am happy to find that this altogether utilitarian system is regarded with execration by all classes in Ireland. Beyond the enormous expense at which it has been made, I confidently trust it will be a harmless experiment. There can be no doubt of its utter failure.

In the town of Fermoy, where we had stopped to breakfast, a poor woman came up, and asked a young gentleman, who sat beside me on the coach, to give her a halfpenny. He told her in a pompous accent to go to the workhouse. She began to explain to him why that wouldn't do—but stopping short, “Musha! bad luck to it for a workhouse,” said she; and turning from him with a look of despair, seemed willing to add, “bad luck to you too!” How much more readily we respond to evil than to good. I gave her six pence, less for the sake of charity than as a reward for her curse. No munificent boon you'll say—but remember it was twelve times as much as the poor woman begged for.

No, no! begging is no such evil, or no such degradation either, amongst a people whose habits and manners are unsophisticated and pure, as in a highly artificial and comparatively immoral community. Legislative enactments can but ill supply the place of the principle of voluntary charity. ‘The quality of mercy is not strained,’ and no where was its two-fold blessing ever experienced with more salutary effect, than amongst the unhappy peasantry of Ireland. Never, in that land of misery, was the meal's meat or the night's lodging withheld from the “unfed sides and houseless heads” of the destitute, by the poorest who had them to share; and never yet was a single complaint uttered by them, to give a colour of justice to those officious reformers who professed to relieve them from the burthen. But the tax-gatherer now relieves them from the trouble of dispensing; and they have the satisfaction of knowing that the old white-haired beggarman, who once a month, or once a week perhaps, used to take shelter beneath their roof, and warm him at their blazing hearth, and share their frugal meal—who was tended by the wife and fondled by the children—who stretched his weary limbs upon their floor at night, and in the morning ‘left his peace’ upon their house and departed—will trouble them no more, for he is now the half-fed tenant of the workhouse; and, like old Edie Ochiltree, strains his eyes to look through the iron grating on the green hills over which he used to wander at liberty, and may pine and die in prison: while the well-paid commissioners, ‘the superfluous and lust dieted men,’ roll in chariots from union to union, and preach the paralysing doctrines of political economy.

Now do I find that I have turned to the dark side of the picture, and have entered upon subjects which stand in melancholy contrast to the sweet scenes I have been so imperfectly sketching—to the fertility of the soil, and the moral elevation of the people of Ireland—to the genius, the fancy, and the fire of her sons, and the purity and beauty of her daughters. In illustration of the sad destitution of the poor, I may mention a circumstance which I witnessed in the romantic little town of Cahir, and which struck me as most tragical. While I was waiting for the post-car which was to convey us to Cashel, a woman entered the office, with a child of three or four years old by her side, and an infant in her arms. She was young, her features were weather-beaten, and of somewhat revolting

coarseness. She had just arrived in the town, and her object was to procure a seat by one of the public cars for Tipperary. She had walked, she said, from Dungarvan, a distance of forty miles, had undergone extreme fatigue, and suffered cold, wet, and hunger. Burthened as she was she was unable to proceed any further upon foot, and she could give no more than a certain sum for the conveyance of her whole family by the car, which it appeared was less than one seat would have come to. Such was the result of her inquiries and application, and up to this she had conducted herself with perfect calmness; but it must have been most constrained, for in an instant she burst into a passionate flood of tears. "And here I stand," she said, "and my child dead in my arms." I looked into the baby's face—it was pale and livid, and its little eyes were wide open and fixed. It was not quite dead, but was evidently within a very little of expiring. The mother had concealed this circumstance, while she had any hopes of procuring a conveyance, though her heart must have been bursting. She thought to have brought her infant home to bury it, and feared she would not be permitted to travel with the other passengers were it known she had a corpse with her. She now gave way to the most vehement and uncontrolled grief; she wept most bitterly. There was some little difficulty in arranging to ensure a passage for her, but the humanity of the young man who acted as clerk in the office overcame all prudential objections, and he undertook to forward her at all risks. She dropped upon her knees, and with the most fervent gratitude prayed God to bless us. As she had an hour to remain in Cahir before the starting of the car, we sent to procure some refreshment. She took her infant into an apothecary's shop, but by this time it must have been lifeless.

CASHEL.—HOLY-CROSS.

The magnificent ruin which crowns the rock of Cashel, is one of the most interesting monuments I ever witnessed of ancient piety and munificence. In its strength, in its extent, in its architectural grandeur, in its roofless but towering pride, and above all, in its noble and characteristic site, it stands finely illustrative of the blended feelings of religious awe and princely pride which held sway in Ireland; and is one of those unwritten pages in which alone, alas! we can read her history, in which alone we can trace the authentic record of her unceasing troubles and matchless fidelity.

The view from this hallowed spot is one which the good prince, who raised the more modern part of the edifice, and used frequently to reside within it, might have loved to contemplate. To the west lies the golden vale of Tipperary, the richest land in Ireland; beyond which rise the heights which overlook the ancient city of Limerick: and northward is a plain, the area perhaps of three hundred square miles, which even in the peculiarly unfavourable harvest of this year, was yellow with ripe

and luxuriant corn fields. I know not how it was, for the morning was cold and cheerless, and the old sexton was my only companion, as I stood beneath the venerable ruin upon this holy rock; but I could not help thinking of Goethe and his friends, upon 'the high broad platform of the minster,' (from which they used to salute the setting sun with flowing rummers) each searching out in the distance the spot which had become dearest to him. "Neither was I," adds the fascinating romancer, "without a little eye-mark of the like, which though it rose not conspicuous in the landscape, drew me to it beyond all else, with a kindly magic." And this most highly favoured district, was lately the scene of all those horrid murders, the not unexaggerated recital of which shocked the humanity of the benevolent in this country, and fed the perverted appetite of the far more numerous class, who care not to hear anything of Ireland, if they be not

"——— moved by some piteous tale,
A tale of horror and of woe,
A tale of blood—an old tale
Mayhap was buried long ago,
In the dark oblivion deep,
Where avenged murders sleep."

I trust, however, that a renewal of such crimes is not likely to disturb the present tranquillity of Tipperary. I mean not to inquire here either into their primary or their immediate causes; but let me at least bear testimony to the redeeming virtues of a peasantry who are generally regarded as sanguinary barbarians; virtues, too, which are not incompatible with those qualities which may be perverted to the perpetration of the most dreadful enormities. A judicious author has remarked, that the same susceptibility which exposes us to be most easily led away by the allurements of vice, renders us at heart most struck by the loveliness of virtue. And peculiarly susceptible, and not less open to kindness, and long suffering under irremediable evils, than prompt to ire and impatient of what they regard as wrong, are this so much dreaded people. They are in physical structure the finest men I ever saw—tall, athletic, erect in mien and fearless in aspect, they look, no doubt, like men "who'd strike—and quickly too," but as little like assassins, as the soldiers of William Tell might have done. I mingled with them, and conversed with them, and found them courteous, intelligent, and gay withal. They seem themselves heartily to rejoice in their greatly improved social condition, and assign as one of the causes of it their recently acquired habits of inviolable temperance.

A visit to the Abbey of Holycross nearly completed my pilgrimage. Neither in situation nor extent is this ruin to be compared to that of Cashel; but in the beauty of its internal structure it is superior to it, as well as to any other building ancient or modern which I have seen in Ireland. The roof—that of the choir which is unimpaired, as well as of two chapels in each of the transepts,—is ornamented, and of course strengthened by diagonal ogives of cut stone, and of the chastest work-

manship. The effect is really beautiful, and when contrasted with the stucco work of modern buildings, is truly Catholic in its not seeming but real durability. Beside the small altar of one of the chapels there is a kind of canopy formed, supported by carved pillars, which covers a space sufficient to contain a coffin. There the old sextoness, who is half bel-dame, half devotee, informed me that the remains of the monks used to rest before interment, while mass was offered for the repose of their souls. The whole of the interior of the building, as well as the grounds adjacent, is occupied by graves; the people of the neighbourhood having, as I understood, a right of burial there. I forget the cause which the old woman assigned for an amazing quantity of loose stones collected upon the graves.

* * * * *

Holycross Abbey is built upon the Suir. My route was by Waterford, which is at the mouth of this river, so that I had but to follow its course to proceed homewards. But I felt disposed to penetrate still further into this wild district, to the no small amazement of my intelligent charioteer, who, from the seeming purposelessness of my journey, was quite puzzled what to make of me. I was apprehensive once or twice that I should be taken for an official spy; for the fact was, that to no reasonable man could I give a very satisfactory account of myself. I have told you that outrage has ceased in Tipperary; but to such a character as I speak of, I will not vouch that the place would 'any more remember him.' So, having paid homage at the holiest and the fairest shrines, I wended my way unwillingly, but rapidly, towards the coast.

At once the character of my wandering changed. To be home was the only object of my journey; so I paid no attention to the beauty of the scenery along the Suir. One spot alone attracted my sorrowful attention; it had once been the residence, and was a portion of the last inheritance of one of the most accomplished and manliest spirits it has been my lot in life to meet. One, who in these qualities, as well as in the rare union of intelligence, vivacity, and deep feeling, resembled much a very near friend you wot of; and, alas! resembles him too in his misfortunes. I was scarcely struck even by the fine towers of Curraghmore, which rose with baronial grandeur over Waterford. But on my arrival in that city I enquired anxiously for the Milford-haven packet, and this (will you believe it?) for Imogen's sweet sake, and to search out the low-porched cave where old Belarius instructed his royal pupils how to adore the heavens, and bow them to morning's holy office, as they sallied from their rocky dwelling to strike the deer upon the mountain. But I found that to take this route might subject me to very inconvenient delays, so I embarked in the *Nora Criena* for Bristol. Lord — and his beautiful Irish wife were amongst the passengers; and a lovely child of theirs, who had learned to laugh at the storm with her papa in the Mediterranean, played carelessly upon the deck while the

gale blew freshly, and attracted the admiration of us all. She was like the daughter of Maddalo.

“ A lovelier toy sweet nature never made :
A serious, subtle, wild, yet gentle being ;
Graceful without design.”

I might pursue the description with literal truth.

It is at the conclusion of a journey that one can best tolerate railways; and I willingly acknowledge the obligation which one weary of travel owes to Mr. Brunel for the speed and construction of the Great Western carriages. Four hours brought me from Bristol to the Paddington station-house, and in twenty minutes more I was ensconced in my easy chair here in my chambers, (the only independent habitation of man after he quits the wild wood,) overlooking old Thames, and surrounded by thick octavos, published during the vacation by Maxwell, Sweet, &c. in the use and abuse of the knowledge afforded by which indeed, or in the hunting of the wild deer, the difference chiefly lies between the life of the savage and that of the lawyer. You whose intellectual occupations are of such a character as to ennoble and expand the mind, will estimate that difference,

“ For true it is that I have looked on truth
Askance and strangely. —————

Oh ! for my sake do thou with fortune chide
The guilty goddess of my harmful deeds,
That did not better for my life provide
Than public means which private quarrel breeds ;
Thence comes it that my name receives a brand,
And almost thence my nature is subdued
To what it works in—like the dyer’s hand,—
Pity me then, —————”

And believe me ever,

My dear —————,

Yours, most affectionately.

THE STRANGERS' NOOK.

"In country church-yards in Scotland, and in several other places also, there is always a corner near the gateway devoted to the reception of strangers, which is distinguished from the rest of the area by its total want of monuments. The graves of the strangers! what tales are told by every undistinguished heap; what eloquence in this utter absence of epitaphs!"—*Chambers's Journal*.

The strangers' nook! the strangers' nook!
 What thoughts does it call forth,
 Of those who sleep in peace beneath
 Those few green mounds of earth.
 Without a name—without a stone
 To mark the spot, they rest alone,
 Far, far from home or hearth.
 No tears to mourn the true and brave
 Have been shed o'er each silent grave.

There are no stones, no marks to tell,
 Their names who sleep beneath,
 No graven monuments of pride
 To grace and honour death.
 Yet have these graves a history,
 Unmourned, unhonoured though they be,
 Unmarked by tree or wreath,
 A tale have they, that mournful band,
 Gathered from every clime and land.

Here rest the weary frame and brow,
 Here found they peace at last;
 They feel no more the cares of earth,
 Nor want's dark chilling blast.
 The cold world's scorn, its hate, its strife,
 The sorrows and the tears of life,
 All, all by them are past;
 The thousand ills, that made them fly
 To this small nook to gasp and die.

Here hath the mother's hope been laid,
 The true and faithful heart,
 For whom perchance in other lands
 The place is kept apart;
 For whom was filled the goblet bright,
 For whom the prayer went up at night,
 All heedless of the dart
 That placed him here, where sigh nor wail
 Shall e'er be heard to tell his tale.

Far from their homes and household love
 Do these poor wanderers sleep,
 No gentle hands have smoothed their beds;
 No eyes bent down to weep.
 They were not laid beneath the tree,
 They loved in joyous infancy;
 Its branches do not sweep
 Above the turf where they repose,
 Senseless alike to joys and woes.

The stream that runs beside them there,
 With sound of mimic strife,
 Is not the stream of other years,
 The loved of early life.
 Placed side by side, in this sad spot,
 Their mouldering ashes mingle not
 With those of mother, wife; [they?
 Their once high hopes, where now are
 Chained down to that small bank of clay.

The other graves are strewed and dressed
 With leaves and flowers fair;
 And mourning friends come, one by one,
 With tears and silent prayer.
 But oh! no sorrowing tears are shed
 Above that green and dreamless bed,
 No weeping friends are there,
 No prayer ascends for that cold clay,
 That has past from the earth away.

And when the Sabbath morn comes round
 No tearful groups pass by,
 Gazing on some beloved grave,
 With sad and glistening eye.
 Not one will pause or linger there,
 To place the summer's chaplet fair,
 To breathe the yearning sigh.
 Not on this spot has grief been poured,
 Nor anguish cried unto the Lord.

Yet do these sad neglected ones
 As sweetly, gently rest,
 Albeit within the stranger's land,
 Upon earth's holy breast;
 As calm they sleep as if their tomb
 Were marked, within some vault's deep
 With proud baronial crest; [gloom,
 Although for them no streaming eyes,
 Were turned in passion to the skies.

And the forgiving tenderness,
 The mercy full and deep,
 Of their redeeming Lord will rest
 Upon their dreamless sleep;
 Oh! what to Him that strangers' hand
 Their graves made in another land?
 His mercy can o'er sweep
 Death and the grave, and on this sod
 Shall rest the pitying glance of God.

THE NATIVE MUSIC OF IRELAND.

MAY.

No. XIV.

WE are again able to produce to the lovers of Celtic strains an air with *three* bars to the phrase, quite perfect in its kind. In the music of *The Citizen* for 1841, we presented other specimens, Nos. VIII. and XXV., also perfect, and No. XXXVII. varying little from the perfect form; and we may now take leave to refer to our comments on those airs, in illustration. But in one respect the present air varies in its measure from all those; for they were all in triple time, and tended to form themselves into parts of $(3 \times 4) = 12$ bars each; whilst this is in common time, and disposes itself into parts of $(3 \times 2) = 6$ bars each. And in this last respect it differs also from the air No. 66, in Thompson's collection of Welch airs, which we before referred to, for though that is in common time, it has $(3 \times 4) = 12$ bars to each part.

Our accompaniment to the bars which begin the second part of the present air is obnoxious to criticism; and, in strictness, may appear indefensible. If you convert the triplets in the treble into chords, you will have between the first and second bars the *consecutive fifths* (!) D and A, and E and B; and again, between the third and fourth bars, D and A, and B and F (!!)

One may ask—Why suffer such horrors to appear? It were easy to have avoided them. Begin the triplets in the second bar with the G sharp below, instead of ending them with the G sharp above, and the consecutive fifths are removed. In the other place, likewise, a slight change of the notes would effect the object; was it not, then, as needless, as it was irregular to adopt the accompaniment as it is written?

Undoubtedly. But Rossini—The Swan of Pesaro—has, in his “Otello,” a whole series of consecutive fifths. Are we to infer from that, that consecutive fifths are agreeable, or good? No, we do not say that; as a general rule, we say, we allow, we admit they are bad—few things worse. But we say that certain approaches to them in certain situations have effects which are not to be despised, merely because they are against rule. Rossini used them, though sparingly, yet very openly. Will you say, through carelessness? We think not so, but because he thought they would assist him, at the moment, in the delineation of the wild passions of which he was treating. But a mere approach to them may be distinguished from the use of them. In that magnificent old canon, *Non nobis Domine*, we do not know any-

thing in which we can say its strange charm more surely consists, than in its *approaches* to consecutive fifths. Again, we always think there is a palliation of the crime, when it is committed in conjunction with a *contrary motion* in some of the other parts, and in the present instance we have that; which, we incline to think, was an ingredient in our adoption of the irregularity. The change to the more regular accompaniment which we have pointed out would give in itself a harmony more agreeable to the practised ear; but the very roughness resulting from the faulty passage had its charm for us, and, with this apology, we must submit our case to the censure of the learned.

This air, the name of which signifies "I have no desire for mirth," (or literally, "*There* not is desire of mirth upon me,") is from our own miscellaneous collection. We have arranged it to the words which follow:

ᐃᑭᑦᑭᑦ ᑎᑭᑦᑭᑦ ᑭᑭᑦᑭᑦ.

I.

A lovely maid
I heard one evening sing,
As through my native woods I strayed
About the close of spring.
Her thoughts were sad,
For thus I heard her say,
"This weary heart can ne'er be glad
"While Willy's far away:

II.

"Across the sea
"These twelve months he is gone;
"I hoped he would return to me,
"Yet still I am alone:
"I cannot smile,
"As oft I smiled before;
"For he who could my griefs beguile—
"I ne'er may see him more."

III.

And then she sighed,
I saw the starting tear;
O'ercome with joy, aloud I cried,
"Behold, my Mary, dear!
"My toils are o'er,
"The stormy seas are past;
"We meet, dear maid, to part no more,
"For thou art mine at last."

No. XV.

We have said nothing this month by way of introduction. We can say little here of the airs which follow. We may, probably, next month, say what we must now leave unsaid. We should give some account of *Gráinne mhaol* herself—some account of the ancient Irish versions of the song which bears her name,—and some account of the extraordinary words which we now publish, and the extraordinary manner in which we became possessed of them. At present we can only assure our readers, that we can *prove* to them that they are not to infer from this song that “the Church is in danger.”

The air is published in a very un-vocal shape in Bunting's Third Collection, No. 46. It is also in Mac Lean's Selection, No. 4, with this peculiarity ; that the last four bars are repeated. The version now edited is founded upon two others which we have in MSS.; the one obtained from the very singular source whence the words were acquired ; the other from “Paddy Coneely, the Piper of Galway,” himself. We have arranged it, as it ought to be sung, with a *cronán* or chorus : this will appear so, clearly, by the ancient words. We shall only stop here to deprecate the wrath of the contrapuntists, for publishing, in the accompaniment, a chord with *the seventh* resolved *upwards*, against all rule. Perhaps some good-natured friend will say, that the *rest*, between the chords at the end of the second and beginning of the third bars, might excuse this. But we seek no such refuge ; we did it *because we liked it* ; and can only guess that the contrary motion of the parts has had some share in determining our predilection.

Gráinne mhaol.

FOR THE EXTINCTION OF TITHES.

I.

I'll sing of the Tithes and the Parsons by law,
Who lay on the people a hard iron claw ;
Those locusts of Ireland, with sting in their tails,
Who eat up the soil of poor *Gráinne mhaol*.
U' r bobairne ! bobairne ! Gráinne mhaol ;
The wounds of Old Ireland sure now must heal ;
Since Parsons and Proctors are caught by the tail,
And sent to the Old Boy from *Gráinne mhaol*.

II.

At harvest, the farmer exults to behold
The fruit of his labour blessed with tenfold ;
How short lives his joy when he soon must bewail,
The loss of those blessings of *Gráinne mhaol*.
U' r bobairne ! bobairne ! Gráinne mhaol ;
The wounds of Old Ireland sure now must heal ;
As Parsons and Proctors are packed off wholesale,
And kept from tormenting of *Gráinne mhaol*.

III.

Appeals made to Justice and Mercy are idle ;
 The law of the Church breaks the law of the Bible ;
 For the Parson, who preaches " Thou shalt not steal,"
 By law robs the sons of poor *Gráinne mhaol*
U' r bobairne ! bobairne ! Gráinne mhaol.
 The wounds of Old Ireland sure now must heal ;
 As Parsons and Proctors are packed off wholesale,
*' r nar cara riad coibce air Gráinne mhaol.**

IV.

The Parsons have wives and young ones *go leor*,
 Who want silks and satins and many things more ;
 Say—bonnets, and ribbons, and tucks to their tails,
 Which must be provided by *Gráinne mhaol*.
U' r bobairne ! &c.

V.

We read in the Bible, and sure 't must be so,
 That the lovers of Mammon must endure future woe—
 If so, then, the Parsons in time should bewail
 The wrongs they've inflicted on *Gráinne mhaol*.
U' r bobairne ! &c.

VI.

Yet cheer up, poor *Gráinne*, thy sufferings are passed,
 The sun-beams of freedom now shine forth at last ;
 O'Connell, (as heaven is just,) has entailed,
 A curse on those robbers of *Gráinne mhaol*.
U' r bobairne ! &c.

No. XVI.

In *The Citizen* for 1841, we gave three undoubted airs of *Toirneallbái* *O'Leapballáin*, which the O'Reilly collection enabled us to rescue from oblivion ; Nos. XXI., XXXI., and XXXIV. We now add a fourth from the same source, *Ua Raḡailláig aca Lanna*, " O'Reilly of Athcarne," a tune, we presume, like two of those before published by us, dedicated by the bard to some of Edward O'Reilly's ancestors or kindred.

Our " scientific" readers will see that we are in a peculiar strain of luck for violating the settled rules of harmony in this number ; for, in the seventh and eighth bars of the second part, they will find as hair-breadth an escape from consecutive fifths in the accompaniment as ever they met in their lives ; if not the very things themselves.

* Such rhymes as " idle" and " Bible ;" " tails" and " entailed," &c. &c. are perfect rhymes in Irish poetry. The line which ends the chorus means literally, " And that not may return they ever upon *Gráinne mhaol*."

major full opm.

"I have no Desire for Birth."

Metron. ♩ = 84

p *Larghetto.* 14.

Voice.

1. A love - ly maid I heard one ev'n - ing sing, As
2. "A - cross the sea these twelve months he is gone; I
3. And then she sigh'd: I saw the start - ing tear; O'er-

Piano-Forte.

Cresc. - - - - -

through my na - tive woods I stray'd, A - bout the close of spring.
hop'd he would re - turn to me, Yet still I am a - lone.
come with joy, a - loud I cried, "Be - hold! my Ma - ry dear,

Cresc. - - - - -

Her thoughts were sad, For thus I heard her say; "This
I can - not smile, As oft I smil'd be - fore; For
My toils are o'er, The stor - my seas are past; We

wea - ry heart can ne'er be glad, While Wil - ly's far a - way.
he who could my griefs be - guile, I ne'er may see him more."
meet, dear maid, to part no more, For thou art mine at last."

Spain's Wail.

Maezel's Metron. $\text{♩} = 63$.

15.

Allegretto.

Voice.



1. I'll sing of the Tithes and the Par-sons by Law, Who
2. At her-est the far-mer ex-pects to be-kind, The
3. The Par-sons have wives, and young ones zoleon, Who

As lo-bar-ro / do-dar-ro / *Graíne Mhór*, The wounds of old Ireland sure now must heal,

As lo-bar-ro / do-dar-ro / *Graíne Mhór*, The wounds of old Ireland sure now must heal,

The musical score is written for voice and piano. It consists of two systems of staves. The first system has two vocal staves (treble and bass clef) and a piano accompaniment (treble and bass clef). The second system also has two vocal staves and a piano accompaniment. The lyrics are written below the vocal staves. The piano part features a steady accompaniment with chords and moving lines in both hands. The key signature is one flat (B-flat), and the time signature is 8/8.

Na Raghallag atá Canna.

16. O' Rally of Aith Éire

Macdon's Metron. $\text{♩} = 112$.

O'Ceapballan.

Allegro.

Piano-Forte. *p* *Cr.* - - - -

THE
DUBLIN
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DUBLIN:
SAMUEL J. MACHEN, 8, D'OLIER-STREET.

MDCCCXLII.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

All communications for the EDITOR of the DUBLIN MONTHLY MAGAZINE must be addressed to the care of Mr. MACHEN, 8, D'OLIER-STREET.

Advertisements and Books for Review to be forwarded to the same.

We cannot undertake to return *short pieces*, either prose or poetry.

Contributions intended for insertion in the succeeding number must be forwarded on or before the *first Saturday* in the month.

This number completes our half-yearly volume. At the close of the year we shall give a complete Index to this and the succeeding volume.

Our correspondents with whom we are in arrear, must excuse us till next month.

It is requested that persons sending to the publishers for MSS. will state in full the title of the paper required, and the name or initials affixed to it; as several mistakes have occurred for want of this precaution.

GERALD KIRBY.

A TALE OF THE YEAR 'XCVIII.

CHAPTER I.

THE storm which was raging round the cottage of the Widow O'Donnel found a corresponding one in the bosom of her daughter Nora, as she listened to the wild roar of the elements on the outside, with which the comforts presented by the interior were so strongly contrasted, as to call forth the notice of even the poor idiot widow herself, and she said (as a look of long absent intelligence beamed from her eyes):

“Nora, dear, 'tis surely a terrible night! God help the poor creatures that are in want of the good fire that's blazing before us, *a vourneen*! But why are you so sad? Who are you watching for, *asthóra*! Is it your father?” But at the last word, relapsing into fatuity, the poor creature continued to repeat, “Father! no father! No—no—no”—till her voice died away in a low whisper.

A sigh, a heart-rending sigh, was the only response of the wretched Nora, as burying her face in her clasped hands, she bent forward, rocking herself under the impulse of intense mental suffering.

Another burst of the tempest, augmented by the roar of the torrent, and the crashing of huge trees and banks of earth, carried in its course to the foot of the precipice on which the cottage stood, seemed threatening to involve all in the general destruction which attended on its rapid descent from the mountains; this seemed to awaken her to a sense of danger, for starting up, she stood with clasped hands in agony; and the exclamation, “Oh, God! where is he? Where is his unsheltered head this dreadful night?” showed her fears were not excited for her own safety, nor even for that of the poor helpless being before her, all being merged in the anxiety she endured for the fate of the absent.

Nora O'Donnel might be said to dwell alone in the world, for her mother had been many years in a state of idiotcy; the poor woman's husband having been murdered under circumstances of peculiar atrocity, she was, from the moment of its occurrence, deprived of reason; since when, her daughter had been the watchful guide of this her second childhood. Beautiful, though mournful, it was to see during the first years of their affliction, the graceful form of the little girl supporting the tottering steps of her mother, as, adopting towards her all the little finesse generally used to coax a wayward child, she tried to lure her from the edge of the dangerous precipice or entangled wood-walk; while in the gentle countenance of the poor crazed being there was none of that disgusting inanity sometimes observable in the idiot; on the contrary, there was a certain degree of melancholy in her otherwise vacant gaze, which seemed to ask the pity of those who looked upon the full blue eyes from whence the

rational soul once looked forth upon the beautiful world in which she now seemed an unconscious dweller.

During the early period of which I now speak, the domestic concerns of the widow and her daughter had been managed by a kind-hearted relative, who, being herself a widow, felt for their desolate situation, and came to reside with them in the cottage, which, with a potato garden, they derived from the generosity of a neighbouring gentleman; and the widow O'Donnel and her child were spared the infliction of absolute poverty in addition to their other calamities.

No event of importance to their peace had marked the increasing years of Nora O'Donnel; her time was divided between attendance on her mother and the task of assisting her aunt in the culture and spinning of flax, by which they obtained subsistence; but, a few months previous to the period in which I introduced my reader to the cottage, its hearth had been deprived of one of its circle, and poor Nora of her only rational companion, by the sudden death of her kind aunt, or, as she said, "her second mother." This was indeed a severe shock to the poor girl, thus left alone at the age of three and twenty, without one being to advise or assist her, unprotected in this solitary spot, and the sole guardian of her maniac mother—for of late years there had been a change in the insanity of the poor woman, rendering it even more afflictive to those concerned in its cause; for any events powerfully exciting to others, had the effect upon her mind of bringing back glimpses of reason sufficient to impress surrounding objects on her notice; and what had been the ruling passion of her soul—love for the husband of her youth—was always connected with her imperfect ideas of the present, feelings which were sometimes succeeded by recollection of his murder, bringing with it a wild paroxysm of actual madness, or a deep melancholy, which generally settled down to her usual state of idiotcy. Such was that into which she relapsed after the violence of the storm had recalled a momentary consciousness, on that night with which we commenced this narrative.

CHAPTER II.

THE listening attitude in which we left Nora O'Donnel was only exchanged for one expressive of even more intense feeling, as kneeling, with eyes and hands raised to heaven, she seemed as if the prayer for protection hovered on her lips; then suddenly springing to her feet, and covering her face with one hand, while the other was strongly pressed upon her bosom, she murmured in the low deep tones of a breaking heart, "Oh, God! I dare not pray for him;" then, as if overwhelmed with the humiliating sense of unworthiness, she sunk on the seat which she had first occupied beside her mother.

The tempest still continued to rage without, and at length Nora, whose feelings were strained to agony as she listened, sought relief from

her fears even by encountering a sight of the horrors they pictured, and, opening the door, she stood vainly trying to penetrate with her eye the inky darkness; but scarcely had she, with the restlessness attendant on excited feelings, again taken her place beside the hearth, when a low tap or knock at the door caused her to spring forward with the rapidity of lightning, and the words "Gerald" and "Nora" were repeated in recognition, as though those names were graven on the hearts of the speakers.

The full blaze of the bog-wood fire was now strongly cast upon a man whose noble figure, as he stood with one arm supporting the sobbing girl upon his bosom, while resting with the other on a gun, the end of which was firmly placed against his foot, would have been a model for the sculptor or painter, from which to express all of manly beauty they could desire. His age might be that of thirty, but if traces of care and suffering were taken as evidences of years, ten more might be added to his appearance. He wore the large coat peculiar to his country, but so loosely that it could be cast off in a moment, and now falling back from his shoulders, it disclosed a jacket of green cloth, which was tightly bound at the waist with a crimson silk handkerchief, and being a little open at the breast, the handles of a richly mounted case of pistols showed he did not depend solely on the gun for a means of attack or defence; and while bending to caress the cheek which was half hidden on his shoulder, his hat had fallen off, and fully displayed a face on which none could trace an expression of the savage ferocity said to mark the steps of the rebel chief, the far-famed and dreaded "Gerald Kirby."

It was even so; it was the hunted outlaw of the mountains, who was now, with all the tenderness of devoted love, soliciting pardon from the object of it for having brought another person to witness their meeting. This was a man who, standing in the obscurity of the apartment, was (though the circumstance was unmarked by them) looking on Kirby and his betrothed with an expression of countenance difficult to be defined—it partook of all the evil passions, but those of mingled malignancy and gratified cupidity were predominant. He was apparently between fifty and sixty years of age, but the bloated form and almost purple redness of his face too truly indicated a life of habitual indulgence in that actual as well as figurative poison of his country, *whiskey*. His clothes wore the marks of that wretchedness of reduced gentility, sometimes observable in persons fallen from the middle to the lower grade of society; but had any one been there to feel interested in discovering who he was, they might have learned from the whispered disclosure of the lover to his mistress, that this was the degraded priest, Father Burns, whom he had induced to come that night to the cottage, to join their hands in marriage.

Nora looked tremblingly at the ill-omened countenance of the priest, as, raising her head from the shoulder of her lover, she disengaged herself from his supporting arm, and with an effort to conceal, as unsuited to her circumstances, the appearance of that bashfulness which the blush burning on her cheek evinced, she offered a chair to the stranger, and

busied herself in replenishing the fire, as if by those little acts of common hospitality she sought to divert his attention from the object of his visit. Gerald Kirby meanwhile had taken his place in a part of the room a little removed from the circle round the fire, and having pushed forward his gun in a slanting manner, his hands were clasped over the muzzle of it, and on them rested his head, regardless that an accidental or premeditated touch on the fatal trigger might terminate that restless earthly existence, for the preservation of which he was now, and had long been, an outcast from the home of his fathers. But the full breast of the wretched outlaw was evidently labouring under a tumult of conflicting feelings, amongst which it would appear wounded pride held a powerful struggle: for on the approach of Nora O'Donnel his head was not raised from its dangerous position; on the contrary, the hands seemed more firmly compressed, and the brow which rested on them, resisted even the hand which was now quietly endeavouring to remove it, while with a sob of agony which could not be repressed, he murmured in the deep hollow tones of intense feeling, "Leave me, Nora, leave me! I know 'twas wrong! 'Twas madness! but leave me now a little to myself, and Gerald Kirby will overcome this weakness!"

Could it be possible, did she really see a tear fall from the cheek which was still bowed beneath the shadow of his hands? Yes, the proud strong man wept the bitter tear of remorse, as he reflected on his own unworthiness to become the husband of the innocent girl before him. How could he dare to take upon him the office of her guide and guardian through life, when unable to afford protection to his own wandering steps? How devote to her a life which was forfeited to the offended laws of his country? All these reflections seemed, like the torrent which was rushing with destructive force outside their dwelling, to be now rending every fibre of the heart, to which a sentiment like regret for his present situation had been long a stranger; and in the agony of those few moments, Gerald Kirby had known more of mental suffering, than in all the many years during which he had been exposed to it. At last the "softer feeling clinging round his heart" obtained for Nora the object of her tears and entreaties, in prevailing on him to raise his eyes once more to look upon her, and (Oh! woman, such is thy power!) the aching brow of the rebel chief found for a moment a resting place on the bosom of his affianced, as, with soothing words of fondness, she assured him of her resolution to become his wife.

"Then why," he inquired, "express such repugnance to being united by him who is even now here to make you mine? was it not that you shuddered at the fate before you? that you feared to join your hand to that of the outlaw? But, Nora, trust me—believe me when I swear, that the hand of Gerald Kirby is as free from blood, as pure from stain as your own; for though hunted like the beast of the forest, the life of a fellow-creature cannot be required at my hand, and their blood be upon their own heads, if, in self defence of a wretched existence, I should ever be

compelled to shed it. Yet, Nora, I feel that I should not ask you to join your fate with that of the houseless wanderer, and I now give you back your plighted faith, the hand and word on which my hopes have long rested. Nora O'Donnel, you are free again."

Thus saying, Kirby started from his chair, and stood the proud, and even dignified man, his fiery eye indicating that he had shaken off every weaker feeling, and wounded pride and firm resolve had taken their place. But in the bosom of her whom he had chosen to share his fate, existed a corresponding spirit of determination, save that to her was given a command over her feelings not possessed by him, and she now regarded the violent workings of his mind, with a calm unchanging cheek, as she said—"Gerald! all this I have not deserved from you; I thought that the heart of Nora O'Donnel was better known to you;—had I been afraid to join my fate with yours, would I have promised to do so? No, Gerald Kirby, I have long been your wife in my heart; for the night when your comrades brought you wounded to this cabin, and left you bleeding and fainting to my care,—as I that night knelt beside you, I felt that 'my fate was come to me,' and that in watching over and concealing you, I was preserving the life of my husband. I never denied that I loved you, Gerald, from the first; though that I did not own, 'till you had told me yours many a time, for I feared it was more of thankfulness for my care of you, than love that you felt for me; but, Gerald, from the moment I once believed you, I never doubted."

The calm steadiness of her manner was in return evinced in some degree by Kirby also, as an expression of admiration, softened down to one of almost melancholy tenderness, took possession of his countenance, while listening to her rebuke, and he again importuned her to suffer the priest then present to join their hands. "Call him not priest," she said, "dear Gerald! he is no longer the priest of God, and oh! would you have any other to join us in holy marriage? Look at that sinful miserable man, and will you blame me? Will you wonder I could not believe myself married by any rite he could perform? Look upon him again! see how his ear is turned every now and then, as if expecting to hear some noise outside! Oh, holy Virgin defend us! what would become of us, Gerald dear, if that villain had 'sold the pass,' and told the 'people' you would be here to-night!

"What!" said her lover, while with a smile of almost playful fondness he regarded her, "where is Nora's boasted courage now? have you forgotten the time, darling, when you baffled them all?"

"Is that the time," she replied, "when I put the black cross upon the door, and (saints forgive me!) gave out that 'the sickness,' bless the hearers! was in the house, to hinder the neighbours from coming in while you were on our floor? Oh, Gerald dear! that was the time when I first knew what it was to fear any thing but God above! and oh, 'twas then I used to feel my heart too big for my bosom, as I turned my back upon the door in the morning, not knowing what might happen to you

while I would be away, and my poor aunt (God rest her soul,) obliged to stay within, to carry on as if she was in the sickness—”

“Well—well,” interrupted Kirby, “here you have me now, Nora darling, your own Kirby! one who loves you with a heart that never was given to woman but yourself, and—”

“Hush!” said Nora, as starting with a look of horror, she continued to look on the priest! “look—look, he is watching for somebody—did you see that—see how he listens—look.”

“Yes, I see, Nora; but I care not for him, he is only listening to the roaring of the water and the wind this dreadful night; but I tell you again, darling, I fear nothing, for the warning has not yet come,—”

“Now tell me, Gerald, is that story true?”

“It is true,” replied Kirby, as with some solemnity of manner he continued, “one of my old comrades sent me a message just before his death, that if it were possible, he would give me warning from the other world, whenever there was danger over me in this. The first time I heard it, I was sleeping in a farm-house, to which I had been induced to come by offers of protection from its owner, who put me to rest in the same room with his two sons; but in the middle of the night I was awakened by a shrill whistle; I enquired from whence it came, none heard it but me; again I tried to rest; but the signal was repeated, and though this time perfectly awake, I disregarded it, till one louder and shriller, as if by my side, made me start from the bed, and in spite of the efforts of the two young men to detain me, I rushed through a back window, at the same moment that the military were entering at the door.”

“Oh, Gerald dear, what a life is yours! little you know the sore heart it gives me, to think that while I can lay my head on a soft bed, the red cloud of danger is hanging over yours. Oh! Gerald *ma-chree*, give up this wild way of living, and come with me to Mr. G——, as I often wanted you, and he will get your pardon. Do, Gerald *ma-chree 'shore*, and 'tis it will put a light heart in my breast.”

“A light heart, Nora! Ah, you little know the load of sorrow I am turning from your heart, darling, when I refuse to do as you bid me! for would Nora O'Donnel ever raise her head, if 'twas through her means Gerald Kirby swung from the gallows tree? You start, darling, even at the mention of the black word; but believe it, so surely as I was once in the hands of the law, not all the power of man would save me, so long as the black heart is burning in the destroyer of my family. Yes, Nora, it was the hatred of one bad man brought me to what I am, and the name of the outlaw Gerald Kirby, which now strikes terror into many a heart, would have passed on to the grave of his fathers unknown, as theirs were, except for honesty and the blessings of the poor; but the perjured villany of the ruffian stamped all I loved in the world under his foot, and now I only live for vengeance!”

The excited manner of her lover terrified even the strong nerves of the poor girl for a moment, but speedily recovering her self-possession,

she said, repeating his words, "live but for vengeance," then where is Nora O'Donnel's place in such a heart? Ah! Gerald dear, you are wronging your own nature, when you speak this way; I know you are, and none but yourself should speak so badly of her own Gerald to his poor Nora."

CHAPTER III.

By her last words, Nora had again soothed the perturbed spirit of her lover; but while listening to him, her attention had been withdrawn from the object of her former suspicions, until Kirby's exclamation—"Saints befriend us! what is the old woman about now?" made her look in that direction, and with a feeling of superstitious awe, she beheld her idiot mother busily employed in laying out (as it is called,) a table, with all the requisites for waking a dead body; shuddering, she impressed upon Kirby the necessity for avoiding any notice of her mother's strange occupation, for were they to disturb her while under the influence of any of her insane moods, it would change into actual madness.

Meanwhile, the poor girl observing that the priest seemed to sleep, tried to conquer the awful presentiment of evil which had blanched her cheek to a death-like paleness, and resumed, "so now, Gerald dear, as we must let my poor mother go on her own way, will you tell me what I often wished to hear from yourself, why it was that Michaul Dharra vented all his bitter rage on you; for I was often told before to-night, that it was his fault to have you leave your own country." This she said, apparently having forgotten in her anxiety to divert his attention from her mother, the burst of uncontrollable feeling which had lately followed his recurrence to the subject of his former life; but she seemed instantly aware of her error, for she said, "Stay, dear, I am sorry now I asked you to tell me, what will be only calling up old times in your heart, and God knows, Gerald dear, I would rather take the thorn out of it, than have a hand in making it sorer;" so seeing him about to speak, she continued, "whisht now, *asthore*, we'll talk of something else."

"No, oh, no, darling," replied Kirby, whose countenance wore an expression of sadness, "'twill lighten my heart to talk of it all, and many's the time I wished to be talking to you about my own people, but something or another comes in the way; and some how, Nora, I was proud to have you love me for myself, and not for pity of all I and mine went through; but all you asked to know, you had heard from others, that though I came from another country, my people were honest, and well born in it, and thank God, to this day one of the name never wrote shame upon his hat; nor had to put his foot upon disgrace to quench it. No, there was'nt a prouder couple going to the chapel on a Sunday, than Maurice Kirby and his wife, when they had myself, and my two sisters, and my two brothers walking after them, and oh, Nora! if you saw the house and home we had to come back to after mass; there was the fine haggart

of corn and hay, which summer or winter never saw empty ; the barn and cow houses, the turf rick that was sign enough to the poor traveller that a warm fire was before him, with a welcome in our kitchen ; and then the fine rich cows coming to the bawn to be milked, as if they knew (and so they did, the creatures,) the girls that were at home to milk them ; but where is the use of talking ? all is now gone, and 'twould be hard to find even the spot on which stood the white house itself ; though 'tis easy to see the green seat that covers father and mother, and our *colleen bairns* themselves."

Here the feelings of the wretched man burst like a torrent in upon his heart, and covering his face with his clasped hands, he remained silent ; as did poor Nora, who now bitterly repented having introduced so painful a subject, yet to her entreaties that he would not proceed, he replied, "oh, Nora, did you know the comfort I feel in thus speaking of the past, you would rather encourage me to proceed ; it does my heart good to talk over all ; but when I think that we have not even the green graves of my own brothers to look upon, while they are worse than dead in a foreign land, in slavery and sorrow,"——

CHAPTER IV.

"OH, Nora, darling!"—Here a shriek, a wild and unearthly shriek caused Nora to rush toward the hearth, where with horror she beheld her mother, now a raging maniac, dragging the priest forward to the table with one hand, while with the other she brandished a large table knife in sundry figures around his head.

"Save me ! mother of mercy, save me !" exclaimed the affrighted wretch, as he sunk powerless as a child in the grasp of the infuriated old woman ; but it required even the muscular force of Kirby's hands to rescue the trembling victim from her fury, as she continued to exclaim—"What are ye doing ? won't ye leave the corpse to me ? don't ye see how he got off the table from me ? and sure 'tis only cutting the devil's cords from about his head I am, and then he'll be quiet again ; *ogh ma vrone !* if Nora O'Donnel was with her poor mother, she would not be this way, and the corpse taken out of my hands after all my trouble. Nora, *masthóra ma chree*, where are you ? where are you ?"

In vain Nora tried to make the poor maniac aware of her presence ; she knew her not, and the utmost she and Kirby could obtain was a cessation of her violence towards the priest. This might be traced to the change wrought in her frenzy, by the recurrence to her daughter which her words implied, rather than to any influence they could possess over one in her circumstances.

Meanwhile the affrighted priest was vainly trying to assume a look of unconcern, and to assure Kirby and his betrothed that he could easily have freed himself from the grasp of her mother, but would not exert the necessary violence from compassion to her age, and respect for her

daughter ; but this glosing speech served but to excite in the bosom of Nora a greater dread of her unwelcome guest ; and not deigning a reply, she devoted all her care to assisting Kirby in his endeavours to tranquilize her still frenzied mother.

The storm raged with unabated fury, and the fire not being replenished, had burned down to a few red embers, over which the priest cowered in gloomy silence : but even though occupied with her mother, Nora had not failed to observe that his head was often raised as though listening, or expecting to hear some signal from without, yet remembering Kirby's assurances when she before hinted the remark, and unwilling to appear to him too easily alarmed, she did not at present mention her fears, but becoming each time more and more convinced, her eyes instinctively turned on the object of her suspicions, till at length her doubts giving place to certainty, she was with almost breathless terror on the point of giving them utterance, when she found herself clasped to the bosom of her lover with one hand, while with the other he snatched up his gun, exclaiming—"Nora, we are betrayed! I have heard the *warning!*"

In a few moments the trampling of horses and clattering of yeoman swords could be heard even above the war of winds, and the demon priest, starting from his place near to the fire, rushed to the door, as if to bar all chance of escape in that quarter, at the same time saying—"Fire now, if you dare, Kirby! 'Twill guide the yeomen better."

At that moment an antagonist, even more fierce than his intended victim, assailed him in the person of the maniac, whose frenzy having returned on the appearance of the excitement she observed, she had darted upon the former object of her wrath, and was now wreaking all her fury on his devoted head, while he had the mortification to see Kirby escape through the window on the other side.

Struggling, however, to free himself from the grasp of the maniac—the priest hoping still to arrest the flight of the fugitive—darted towards the window, intending to follow, but here again his progress was impeded by the betrothed of Kirby, who, placing herself before it, struggled to detain him, when the door was burst open, at the same moment that he, having dragged the hapless girl from the window, was forcing his way through it. A volley from the carbines of the yeomen filled the house with smoke, shrieks, and horror, while the lifeless body of the wretched informer having fallen back, was the first object which met the eyes of the commander of the party, on his entering on the scene of action.

What was now to be done? appeared a question on each man's brow : a man had been shot, and apparently without any justifying cause, while one had escaped, whose apprehension as their prisoner would have been regarded as an extenuation of the murder ; but when it is recollected that this occurrence was in the Irish Reign of Terror, the memorable year '98, it will be readily understood that fear of the consequences as regarded the death of the spy, did not weigh heavily on the minds of the yeomanry

party. Merely taking up the body covered with blood and the blackness of burned cartridges, they (to shew their soldier-like indifference to death) flung it upon the table, which still bore the preparations for waking previously made by the old woman. While some of the redoubtable "*Sleive-garron Cavalry*" were thus employed, others had commenced a search of the house, during which not even the widow's meal-chest escaped an inquiry if Gerald Kirby might not be there, though to be so, he should have been satisfied to sacrifice his legs to procure the safety of the rest of his body, for had he been cut in two, one half could scarcely have found room in it.

At length, fatigued with their search, and annoyed at their want of success, they returned to the kitchen, where they found Nora vainly striving to restrain the wild fury of her mother, in whom the sight of the murdered man had awakened the remembrance of her husband's bloody death. In the corpse now before her she fancied she again beheld that object which had long before deprived her of reason, and proceeded to lavish upon it every endearing epithet, while on his murderers she called down the bitterest maledictions the Irish language could express. Fortunately, while engaged in their search, they were heedless of her rage, but on their return to the apartment, it burst out with redoubled fury, and though some, from their ignorance of the language, were not aware of her denunciations, yet there were others who resented it in proportion as they felt it was merited, and the expressions "Hold your d——'d tongue, you old Papist rebel," and "b—— your old Papist windpipe," were some of the many retorts in the same style which she continued to receive, as the *heroes* had now recourse to their usual manner of finishing a night of "military duty," namely, cutting up and frying what bacon they could find, for supper.

Meanwhile the officer, apparently regardless of his men's occupation, was offering in an under-tone a considerable sum to Nora, if she would inform them where Kirby might be found, saying—"I really cannot judge whether the person who induced us to come here to-night meant to play us false or not: certainly his attempt to escape by the window leads me to think the former, as 'twould seem he tried to avoid our anger; if so, the rascal has been served well, though I find those fellows of mine fired at him supposing it was Kirby—but no matter, it is a mistake on the right side, however—but if you, my good girl, will only just say where you think it likely Kirby can be caught, your fortune will be made, that is, as soon as the fellow is nabbed, and you can then marry the lad of your heart."

Alas! he who thus addressed her little knew for whom that heart was now beating almost audibly: little knew that with her own life would she purchase his safety; but now trying to divest her looks of the scorn with which she heard his proposal, she replied that "Kirby's haunts were altogether unknown to her, that the constant care required by her mother did not leave her time to mix amongst the neighbours, from whom she

might hear of him." Finding he could not succeed by offers of reward, he now tried what threats or intimidation might do, saying, perhaps she was not aware of the danger in which she placed herself and her mother by withholding the information he required, and continued—"Now, my pretty girl, think of yourself a moment before it be too late; for I can tell you those fellows of mine only wait the wink of a word to make a bon-fire of this house of yours, and toss the old woman in to help the blaze, along with your friend upon the table there; so come now, what's your name? Nora, I think that cracked old devil there called you; be a good girl, and tell me all I want to know, and if you wish, your name shall be a secret."

Thus he continued for some time to mingle threats and promises of reward, but, as may be supposed, both in vain; yet Nora O'Donnel was not insensible to the former, for she, in common with all her rank in life, feared to provoke the ire of those legalized ruffians, who under the designation of yeomanry corps, were perpetrating more of wrong and outrage on the peaceable inhabitants of the country, than could have been inflicted even by a foreign enemy; consequently the domiciliary visits of these bands were regarded with terror. It is well known that the poor peasants in that neighbourhood were during "those times" afraid to rest in their houses; that men, women, and children were often, in the depth of winter, sleeping in holes in the ditches and hedges; and these were persons not in any way connected with the insurrection or rebellion, but farmers, who having first got their pigs, sheep, and cows killed and barrellled up, buried them, and even killed their geese and hens, all to prevent them from falling into the hands of the rapacious yeomanry.

This being the case, it cannot be wondered that the words of the officer alarmed Nora for the safety of her poor unhappy mother and herself, and tremblingly she implored him to spare them from the horrors he threatened, saying—"For the honour of the blessed virgin, don't let the soldiers kill the poor crazed widow, nor burn the few sticks that cover her dying head."

Still he regarded her not, but seeing him about to give the fatal order, she flung herself at his feet, imploring him, "For the sake of the mother that bore you, spare us, and don't fly in the face of the God that is above you, by taking vengeance on two helpless women! oh, mother of God, help us," she exclaimed, as seeing him turning from her entreaties, she started from her kneeling posture, and clasped her arms around the poor crazed woman, who had long before sunk from the excess of excitement into a state of stupor.

Will it, can it be believed that such a scene could fail to raise a corresponding sentiment of compassion in the breast of man? But alas! human nature has its dark as well as bright spots, and the former are too often predominant, as in the present instance, for the officer, merely saying, "you know the alternative"—and then waiting a little as if to give time for a reply, proceeded to give some orders to his men in the technical terms

which he meant to be military, and they having previously dispensed their barren supper, gladly prepared to obey what were so consistent with their wishes. It was now evident that the cottage and its inmates had been doomed to destruction by the mandates of this self-deputed judge. "for having," as he expressed it, "sheltered a rebel and an outlaw."

Shriek ~~and~~ shriek, as the wretched Nora, still clasping the almost inanimate body of her mother, was dragged from the house, which being fired in many places was already crackling above their heads, while in the ditch where she and her helpless parent lay (the latter being insensible from terror) Nora looked upon that which during so many years had been her home, now blazing on all sides, sending up a red glare of angry fire toward that heaven which seemed thus outraged by the acts of man.

Yet the poor girl felt cause to be thankful, that in sparing the life of her mother, her heart had been saved that which would have been the most deadly pang of all: Gerald too was, she doubted not, safe; for the time spent by his pursuers in wreaking their vengeance upon the widow's humble dwelling, had afforded him ample time to escape. These reflections even the bitterness of her situation did not chase from the bosom of Nora O'Donnel, who utterly regardless of self, felt only for those she loved; and now 'mid the raging of the storm, whose gusts as they came round carried the blazing fragments of their cottage whirling high into the darkness of the night, while the rain descended in icy coldness upon her unsheltered head—even there as she wrapped her mantle around the shivering form of her mother whom she pressed to her beating heart, she sent a fervent offering of thanks to heaven.

Shall we accompany the troop on their way to head quarters? I think not; for it is sufficient to inform my readers that the report made next morning by the officer, when he attended for the purpose in the room of the general, was (maugre the frequency of such scenes) the subject of congratulation all day; he having, as he asserted, surprised a rebel meeting in the heart of the mountains, and after several rounds of firing, and most determined resistance, succeeded in burning the house over the dead and living—the rascals in their obstinacy refusing to surrender; but as an instance of humanity, for which he was highly extolled, he admitted he had given permission to two women to come forth from the burning hut, and had them carried to a place of safety by his "brave fellows." This authentic report was duly forwarded to the seat of government, and the gallant action in which the *Slieve-garron Yeoman Cavalry* had been engaged with a party of the rebels, appeared in all the newspapers of the next week.

CHAPTER V.

THE morning which succeeded this eventful night found the houseless widow and her daughter still the shivering occupants of "the ditch," the place of safety to which "*the brave fellows*" had consigned them; and

though Nora from her heart blessed the return of light, it brought no alleviation of her sorrows. What should she do? To leave her mother, in order to seek assistance from some of the neighbouring people, seemed the only feasible plan; yet how could she leave the poor helpless being, even for the shortest period, alone on the verge of a precipice? The nature of her malady would be sure to lead her to destruction. From revolving the horrors of the past, and the miseries of the future prospects, the poor girl was almost tempted to regret that the yeomanry bullets had not ended theirs; and sinking in the very bitterness of sorrow, she sat rocking herself, while a low moan issuing from her lips spoke the agony that was rending her heart.

Suddenly she started, listened, and flinging back her long black hair, stood erect, and apparently a new creature; and now might be heard at intervals, borne on the clear morning air, the not unmusical sound of a hunter's horn. It approached more near, as though it issued from the wood on the opposite side of the valley; and being repeated by the many echos of the glens, the spot late so solitary seemed to have acquired, as if by magic, all the charms of social life. Nora's attention was directed to an opposite point; but, darting from a nearer one, Micky Dan suddenly stood before her, the hunting horn by his side showing that his presence was not unexpected, since she had first heard its signal of approach.

Micky Dan! Though but a small child at the time, I retain a perfect recollection of this singular being; he was one of those harmless wandering characters, so frequently known in the wild districts of many countries—the very nature of the scenery amongst which they ramble seeming to inspire a corresponding wildness of manner; and their singularity rendering them privileged persons, a welcome awaits them on all sides: they often, too, become the means of communication between persons who would otherwise find a difficulty in the way. Loved and trusted by all, Micky Dan was a welcome guest in the farm-houses for miles around, and not unfrequently in the kitchens of the neighbouring gentlemen, where he would dance a hornpipe, sing a song, or tell a story better than any other: and many a time the children at *the great house* have run with glee to welcome his approach, and hear him sound his horn: for his favourite amusement being that of following a pack of hounds, wherein he outstripped in speed and agility the fleetest horse, he had obtained the horn as a boon, on which he set the greatest value; and its clear notes became the well-known herald of his presence. Not more than twenty years of age, the figure of Micky Dan possessed all the graceful elasticity of youth; tall above the common height, with a singularly handsome and prepossessing countenance—the latter quality not being associated with the first in many; but in the bright animation of his face there was no expression to excite fear; for when looking on it, even the most sombre should relax into a smile: and many a person possessed of wealth to procure all the goods of life, has turned away with a sigh, exclaiming “Happy creature! that Micky Dan has nothing to fret him,

nothing to wish for." In the address of this wild wanderer of the woods even to his superiors, there was nothing of that low cringing meanness which implies a sense of inferiority, yet it was equally free from impertinent forwardness or disrespect; it might rather be styled a respectful familiarity, which his privilege as an acknowledged favourite had given rise to; along with a certain independence of spirit, which led him, poor and harmless as he was, to choose, even amongst the high in birth and station, those with whom he would be on such terms: and I have heard instances where he has shunned all the advances made by persons whose conduct as landlords or magistrates had been oppressive or unjust. This sketch of *Micky Dan* will not fail to be recognized by many of my readers, and particularly when I say that his dress consisted of a short jacket of dark green cloth, buttoned closely, but not so high as to conceal the contour of a throat and neck Byron might have envied; his waist was lightly bound by a broad-web hunting-belt, and his nether garments of white cord were open at the knees, his legs and feet perfectly bare; a small cloth cap was placed jauntily on one side of his well-formed head, leaving his raven hair to curl over his smooth brow on the other. I before observed that the hunting-horn hung by a leather belt over his shoulder.

Such was Micky Dan, who, as he now stood before Nora O'Donnel, alternately looking from the wretched pair in the ditch to the smoking ruins of their cottage, stamped his bare foot upon the earth, with an expression of that rage which sparkled in his full black eyes, as he enquired "Who has done this? What devil has been here?"

The voice of a human being, and the sympathy she saw expressed in the countenance of her wild friend, was comforting to the desolate heart of the poor girl, who, burying her face in her hands, wept long and bitterly—for till now the very intensity of feeling had dried up the fountains of her tears.

On looking up, Nora perceived that her friend had gone to explore the ruins, from whence he was now returning with indignation strongly pictured in every lineament of his unusually agitated face. "I would not try to stop your tears, Nora dear," he said, "for I always heard they do good to a sore heart; and big bad luck to them that made it so, the villains of the world! May they never know luck or peace, sleeping or waking, eating or drinking, standing or walking—may the curse of the widow and the burning house rest upon their souls, the d——d rascals! Iyeh! Nora darling, 'tis many the black marks of them devils' hoofs I see in my walk; but keep up your heart, asthore; there's one yet alive that will bring you the comfort of a loving heart, and 'twas to tell you so he sent me here this woeful day. Whisht, Nora asthore! don't let on so, to be fretting this way; Micky Dan is the boy that will gather as many as will build up the house, or a better one, before long; and take my word for it, there's one in the mountains too, that will have satisfaction for you of the

yeomen devils—so cheer up your heart, Nora, and I'll carry the *Shanagh Bhan* on my back for you wherever you wish."

"Wherever I wish, is it, Micky? Ogh then, where in this wide world can I face to? we, poor desolate creatures that we are, without kith, kin, or relation that I know of on the face of this earth; for maybe you didn't know, Micky Dan, that we are only strangers in those parts: for when my poor father was killed, my mother, in the madness that fell upon her, took me upon her back, and went wild upon the world, wandering from place to place till she came here; and sure 'twas long and long after that my poor aunt Maura, (God rest her soul,) found us here in the cabin that the neighbours built for us. Iyeh, Micky Dan! 'tis many's the long mile we should walk, afore we'd reach the black North, where our people are, and then I wouldn't know how or where to find them—what'll I do? what will become of us?"—and she wrung her hands in utter hopelessness of spirit.

Meanwhile Micky Dan seemed revolving in his mind some matter of importance, as he rested his hands upon his hips—his usual attitude while meditating—at length starting from his musing he said, "I have it all settled now, Nora—you shall be as happy as the day is long yet; so don't be cast down, I tell you, but look up for the best, and the best will come. But the first thing we must do, is to get something for the *Shanagh Bhan*, to nourish her, the crature! and for yourself too, *asthore*! for I know well your spirit would not let you ask any thing of the *Badoghs* about, now that you are desolate, whatever you might do as long as you had the house over you."

From an instinctive knowledge of the nature of Irish pride, Micky Dan expressed the feelings of the poor girl in this her day of destitution, and she eagerly enquired what plan was the result of his deliberations.

After some hesitation, Micky's proposed plan was to convey them, with as little delay as possible, to the dwelling of a friend of his as he said, "up far in the mountains," where he would ensure her a hearty welcome, and a "heart and a half, and that you know, Nora, means a good heart all the world over; so here goes to give the *Shanagh Bhan* a lift on Micky Dan's long back." He stooped for the purpose, as it would seem, of carrying the old woman upon his back, but again stood up recollecting something, bounded lightly forward, springing like a young fawn over break and ditch, and was out of sight almost in a minute.

CHAPTER VI.

DURING all this time the widow had remained perfectly unconscious of passing events, for the horrors of the past night had acted with overwhelming power on her diseased intellect, and now perfect idiocy was the consequence; but her enfeebled frame, accustomed as she had been to all the comforts of a warm cabin, now bore strong indications of suffering from

the river—diverging in a ditch during many hours of an inclement night—the poor old woman's pallid head, as it rested on the bosom of her weeping child, sadly required a shelter it would not long occupy; for even Nora could not fail to perceive she would soon tenant the mansion of the dead.

At length the cheering notes of the hunting-horn gave notice that Micky Dan was not far distant; and in his usual manner of coming from a quarter where he was not expected, he appeared from the edge of the precipice by their side, and depositing a little basket from one hand, he with the other unwound from his shoulders and body, round which it was coiled, a large new blanket of home-made manufacture.

"Here, Nora, I have brought this to keep the life in the poor Shaney Blon—I borrowed it from Maura Davern below; I told her I wanted it to wear in a frolic, and that I'd give it back again safe and sound in a day or two; so, as 'twas hiding it from the yeomen, she lent it to me and welcome: and though I got plenty of bread and meat, as I said for a sick woman, yet dickens a drop of the whiskey I could make out, and that's what I wanted more than all to put a stir in the poor crathur's heart there—but mother of God! what's all this? Nora, what ails the ould woman?"

This exclamation directed Nora's attention instantly to her mother's face, which from the position it occupied on her bosom had been turned from her, and those only who have seen the finger of death tracing his awful marking over the face of a beloved parent, can comprehend the feeling of horror with which the poor girl saw that her mother was dying!

In this moment of trial Nora O'Donnel did not forget the belief so general amongst the Irish peasantry, that any disturbance given to a departing spirit tends to retard its flight, adding bitterness to the pangs of dissolution. Now summoning all her fortitude, she suppressed every demonstration of the sorrow with which her heart was bursting, and only fondly pressing her lips to the cold convulsed brow of the dying woman, and uttering the words "the priest," she motioned with her hand in the direction which led to the house of the parish priest.

The signal was quickly obeyed, and Micky Dan was out of sight in a moment. Here then was the poor girl left alone with her dying mother, far removed from human habitation, or the offices of sympathy; and as she felt the agonizing throes of expiring nature agitating the suffering frame which she endeavoured to support, she would gladly have hailed even an unfriendly voice in this awful state of perfect loneliness; but as her eyes wandered anxiously towards the path from whence she expected to see her messenger return with the priest, the well known whisper, "Nora" was breathed in her ear, and Gerald Kirby was kneeling at her side.

The revulsion of her feelings in thus being comforted by the presence of the only being she had now to love in the world had scarce subsided, and before she could detail the occurrences since they parted, a new cause for fear was excited in her breast by the approach of the priest, whom she

now saw descending the neighbouring hill, but to her surprise, her appeal to Gerald that he would depart, instantly met from him a firm refusal.

"No," he said, "Nora, I never will turn my back upon the minister of our Holy Church, and often has the outlaw Gerald Kirby trusted his life to the honour of his countrymen, and attended mass where hundreds were assembled. Don't fear, Nora darling; our holy ministers are the men of peace, and who ever heard that they would shorten the sinner's chance of repentance? I was often in this good man's presence without his knowing me, and it is not at such a time as this (pointing to the dying woman,) that I would shun him, or desert you." So soon as Kirby had concluded the last sentence the priest had arrived, accompanied by Micky Dan, who looked with astonishment on the unflinching demeanour of the outlaw, as with head uncovered he offered to assist the priest in alighting from his horse; Micky had provided all things necessary, and here in a damp ditch, beneath a winter sky, were the last rites of her church administered to the dying christian.

The priest having been informed by Micky Dan of all he knew of the transaction of the night—namely, that the yeomen had attacked and burned the house of the widow—remained entirely ignorant of the share which a degraded member of his order had had in producing the catastrophe, and was equally uninformed as to the person whose assiduities on the present occasion proved he was not an uninterested one in the misfortunes of the hapless family before them.

The priest departed, having first left a sum in the hands of Micky Dan to defray the expences of the funeral, and only a few moments more were added to the troubled life of the poor widow—her last breath was received on the pale cheek of her sorrowing child. In providing all things necessary, the pecuniary resources of Kirby enabled him to leave the offering of the benevolent priest untouched; for I need not remind my Irish readers how repugnant to the feelings of our country people, is the idea of employing charitable donations for the purposes of burial. The persons who will come importunately begging relief for the living, would the next day shrink from the task of asking aid to bury the dead—they would make any sacrifice rather than do so, and the most cutting reproach would be, that one of their family had been buried by charity. Aware of this, the generous outlaw, with a delicacy peculiar to the Irish character, spared the feelings of the woman he loved, by taking upon himself, as the affianced husband of the daughter, the offices of the son of the deceased.

Micky Dan having informed some of the neighbouring women of the melancholy fate of the widow O'Donnel, Nora was soon surrounded by many of her own sex, whose generous nature had overcome their dread of the yeomen, and now led them to offer all the consolation in their power. But on the arrival of the first of her friendly visitors, Nora had prevailed on Kirby to leave her, though to each new-comer was the secret told that "Gerald Kirby was along with the corpse a while ago—he was

there on that spot as sure as day." The exclamation of wonder which followed this communication, and the injunctions to secrecy, proved the opinion all entertained of the danger he had incurred, in venturing so publicly in that neighbourhood. Meanwhile all were assiduous in trying to console the poor girl, and every comfort her situation would admit of was freely bestowed; but though curses were invoked on the devoted heads of the brutal destroyers of her dwelling, and a home offered to her by each one there, yet none would receive the lifeless body of her mother beneath their roof, even for the one night which must intervene before it could be committed to the earth.

This Nora O'Donnel knew did not proceed from an unfeeling nature on the part of her countrywomen, but was the result of a superstition which deemed it unlucky to bring a corpse into a house; and the good women endured the discomforts of a winter's night in the open air waking the body, rather than act contrary to this belief.

Another day, and the last green sod had been pressed upon the humble grave of her mother, and Nora O'Donnel still lingering there felt that prostration of spirit, the consequent reaction of the strongly exciting scenes in which she had spent the last few days: homeless, orphaned, and penniless, the world seemed a chaos through which she knew not where to turn: yet she was not alone; there was one even now offering all the love of a devoted heart, and all the protection his wayward life afforded—need I say it was Gerald Kirby; who, kneeling by her mother's grave, implored her to become his wife, and share his wanderings.

CHAPTER VII.

A few nights after the events detailed in the last pages, the small parlour of the parish priest of —— presented a picture of comforts which might have called forth the envy of many a richer man. The large turf fire blazed brightly on the hearth, before which sat the venerable old man enjoying the luxury of his elbow-chair; a large well-fed cat sat purring on his knee, a volume of his favourite author was open on the table before him, while a petted old greyhound, toothless from age, was basking in the warmth of the cheerful fire. The evening had closed in with many indications of an inclement night, and now the rain was driven in gusts against the window of the little room, and the good old man, as he listened, tapped on the lid of his gold snuff-box, with an expression of impatience on his usually placid countenance. He was vexed to find that the spirit of our own selfish nature made him enjoy the comforts he possessed, the more from the power of contrast. A hasty knock on the door, and Father Peter thought he should soon have to brave the wet and darkness of the night, as he supposed it was a summons to attend a dying bed; but the door opened, and two men wrapped in their large *cotamores*, and a woman also concealed by the ample hood of her mantle, entered the room. The priest, though not a little startled, tenderly laying down the cat, stood up and enquired, "In God's name, my good people, what do you want at

this hour? or what brings you out on such a night?"—but while he spoke, one of the party throwing off the large coat and standing cap in hand, the fears of the priest vanished as he exclaimed "so, Mr. Mad-cap, this is one of your pranks; to come and disturb me at this time of night—but whom have we here? Ha! Nora O'Donnel, as I live!" "Well, and what of that, father?" exclaimed Micky Dan, for he was the well-known "Mad-cap," recognized by the priest so soon as he had cast off his muffling. "Am not I here now to get you to tye a knot with the tongue that the teeth can't open? Isn't Nora O'Donnel here, a wife that would lead any man from harm?"

Father Peter turned in astonishment, to enquire from Nora the meaning of all this, and in doing so, his eyes encountered those of the still muffled stranger, to whose side the trembling Nora seemed pressing as if for shelter; but in this person the priest no sooner knew him whom he had seen in attendance on the widow's dying moments, than he became convinced that Micky Dan was not to act the part of a principal in the marriage at which he hinted. Pitying the evident distress of the poor girl, he re-seated himself, saying, "Take a chair, Nora, my good girl, and sit down; I would be surprised indeed to find you had chosen such a wild guide through life as my friend Micky Dan there. You have had some severe trials, my poor girl, but all for your good, all for your good, my dear."—And the countenance of the benevolent old man expressed the pity he felt for the misfortunes he had not forgotten. "But who is this young man, who requires my aid to make him happy?"

The man had thrown off the *cotamore*, and prostrate at the feet of the priest replied, "Gerald Kirby!" The good man started in amazement, but spoke not, when the other continued—"Yes, father, I am that unhappy man! My life is in your hands—there it is safe; but it is daily in the power of any who may wish to sell it for its price. Turn not away, father, from me, now that I am known to you; for I would not dare to come in your presence here had I not often knelt to you in the confessional, though then ignorant that the sinner you absolved was the traduced and proscribed Gerald Kirby." The astonished priest remained as if spell-bound, while Kirby, drawing Nora to his side, continued, "And now, father, I ask you for the sake of the Blessed Virgin Mary, don't refuse the holy sacrament of marriage to this woman and me! We have been long promised by hand and word, and she is willing to share my wanderings. In God's name, give me this woman to wife!"

An appeal thus made with such earnestness, and under such circumstances, seemed evidently to have awakened an interest for the hapless pair in the breast of Father Peter; his tearful eyes rested for a moment on their kneeling figures; then, as though he felt the awful adjuration conveyed in Kirby's words, he stood up, and solemnly joining their hands together, he raised his eyes to heaven and said, "What God has joined together, let no man put asunder." The brief ceremony of the Roman Catholic church followed, and the eyes of the good Father Peter never beheld the outlaw and his bride again.

KANE'S CHEMISTRY.*

WE welcome with peculiar pleasure the appearance of Dr. Kane's work. We welcome it for its intrinsic value, as the best Manual of Chemistry that has yet issued from the press—we welcome it as the work of an Irishman ; but we welcome it, above all, as a convincing proof of the progress that scientific pursuits are making in Ireland.

There was no calumny more common among the detractors of Ireland, than the charge that our countrymen were deficient in genius for science. Some, who did not believe, originated the accusation ; others, who did not examine, believed it, and the habitual calumniators of our country adopted with avidity the hackneyed lie. Philosophers, forsooth, told us, that our ancestors left the Caucasus in a different batch from the Saxons and the Gauls, and that therefore we could not call a Newton or a Lavoisier, countryman. Travelling phrenologists, fellows who tell fortunes at five shillings a head, (children half-price), laid it down that, since we had not this bump or that, we could not make any progress in science. These speculative absurdities we might despise, because no sensible man could attach any importance to them. But others used a more dangerous, because a more specious argument, in the bold assertion that Ireland had not produced men distinguished in the pursuit of Philosophy, and therefore could not do so. If the names of Berkely, of Boyle, of Kirwan were mentioned, we were sneeringly told that these were but exceptions to prove the rule. Late years have given to fame the names of Hamilton, Lloyd, M'Cullagh, and Kane, to refute this argument, but it was so often reiterated, that its effects are not altogether done away with, and many who ought to think otherwise, without well considering the matter, believe that our countrymen have not the same aptitude for science, as the English or the Scotch.

The greatest detractors of Ireland have admitted, that we may be great poets, great soldiers, great dramatists, greatest orators. This they admit ; because this they cannot deny. But they boldly allege, that we are not fitted for philosophers. Was it not Johnson who said, "that a man who can walk to the east, may, if he turn his head in an opposite direction, walk just as far to the west ?" We will not stop here to enquire, whether it is always true, that the same natural endowments which make a great poet, or a great orator, may, if properly applied in a different direction, make a great philosopher. But we ask, what is the distinguishing characteristic

* Elements of Chemistry, including the most recent discoveries and applications of the science to Medicine and Pharmacy, and to the Arts ; illustrated by 236 wood cuts ; by ROBERT KANE, M.D., M.R.I.A., &c. &c. ; Dublin, Hodges and Smith.

Philosophical Transactions of the Royal Society of London for the year 1840. Article XV:—Contributions to the Chemical History of Archil and Litmus. By ROBERT KANE, M.D., M.R.I.A. ; communicated by Francis Baily, Esq., V.P.R.S.

of Irish genius? Is it not its versatility? Do we not find this in every rank of life, and every order of mind, from the lowest to the highest? The English servant can do nothing out of the set routine of his business; the footman cannot harness a horse; the coachman cannot clean a fork. The common lawyer of the Inner Temple cannot draw an infant's answer in chancery; the equity-draftsman in Lincoln's Inn cannot frame a declaration on a bill of exchange. How different is the Irish servant, the Irish barrister, the Irishman! Do we not find a type of the national mind in him, "*qui nullum feré scribendi genus non tetigit, nullum quod tetigit non ornavit*;" and in

"The orator, dramatist, minstrel, who ran
Through each mode of the lyre, and was master of all."

If, then, this versatility be the distinguishing mark, and the constant attendant of Irish genius, we surely do not go too far in saying, that some of those gifted countrymen of ours might have earned as high a character in science, as they have done in literature, if their attention had been steadily directed towards philosophical pursuits. When we consider the great acquirements of Moore, and the variety of subjects which he has handled with success, it is scarcely going a step further than fact, to say that he might have been as great a chemist as he is a poet. It is almost certain that Goldsmith would have distinguished himself in any branch of natural history, to which he devoted his attention. If Burke had employed the powers of his mighty mind on physical science, what limits could be assigned to his greatness? With an ability for acquiring and retaining knowledge beyond all other men, with a power of scientific generalization that never was excelled, with a highly imaginative mind, (a matter of more importance in science than some square-and-compass philosophers would have us believe), with that far-seeing penetration, with those general reasoning powers, before which even the burly Johnson trembled, and with that extraordinary facility of communicating his thoughts in conversation, lecture, and essay—would he not have left all other philosophers, as far as he has left all other orators, behind him. It is a gratifying proof of the truth of our position, that the Earl of Rosse, so distinguished for his astronomical researches, is no mean poet; and of Sir William Hamilton we might say, (as Coleridge did of Davy), "were he not the greatest philosopher, he would have been the first poet of the age."

But even if we throw this consideration overboard, and admit for the present, that the intellectual faculties necessary for the philosopher are altogether different from those which make the poet, the painter, or the dramatist, are we to attribute the comparative backwardness of our country in the pursuit of philosophy to other causes, or are we to say that Irishmen possess no genius for science?

What is science? Knowledge of the laws of nature—knowledge of a few causes producing innumerable effects—a step towards the perfect knowledge of the one great finite cause of all things. It is not mere ex-

perience of isolated facts, but it is founded on that experience. It is a glorious guess begotten by the imagination on the memory. It wins truth from the past, to spend it in prophecy. From the fall of an apple, it tells the existence of invisible worlds. It is the end of investigation, and the beginning of wisdom: it is the dawn of a future state of reward; it is a portion of omniscience; it is the knowledge of God.

The great characteristic mark of science is progress. Of literature at best we can only say, that it is not retrogressive. All true science is founded on former knowledge; all true literature is independent. Great theories are of slow and gradual increase; great poems are born full-grown. A blind beggarman, or blind beggarmen, if you will, sung a lay—the model, but the inimitable model of all other poems. A Warwickshire poacher created a Hamlet, a Lear, a Falstaff. A Scotch ploughman, as he trod in the furrow, hummed, to the old tunes of his country, songs that have more of the poetry of nature in them, than all that had been written since the time of that same deer-stealing scamp. But what would Laplace have been without the study of Newton and Copernicus. It is not impossible that Laplace would not have been Laplace, if Newton had lived a century later—the *Mécanique Céleste* would, in all probability, never have been heard of. If Davy had lived before Volta, we might still believe the earths and alkalies to be simple bodies. Poetry is a wild flower of spontaneous growth; but science is a delicate plant that requires to be sown carefully, and tended, and sheltered, and made much of. If the torrent of barbarism again rushed over the civilized world, sweeping away all our poetry and all our science, certainly not for many centuries, perhaps never, would science attain her present position; but as certainly there would be no long silence before we heard other romances of the Cid, Niebelungen lays,—perhaps Iliads. It is as impossible to calculate the path of a comet without a knowledge of the laws of gravitation, as to write another Odyssey by studying Aristotle, or getting Homer by heart.

The great poet treads a path of his own, unpiloted and unfollowed; the philosopher retraces the footsteps of others, but proceeds farther than they did, himself to be followed by others destined to go far beyond him in the field of nature. The discoverer first proceeds as far as the path trodden by his predecessors leads him, but thenceforth he must divine his own way; he may go wrong, or he may go right; he may be lost in the mazes of false theory, or the glorious vista of truth may open itself before him. Here, then, he becomes like the poet; his invention, his imagination, call it what you will, now points out to him the course which he is to pursue. Hitherto he was the disciple—henceforth he becomes the teacher. Before he used his memory—he studied and he learned; now he employs his imagination—he guesses and he discovers.

On what is all true scientific discovery founded? On induction. What is induction? That process by which we infer, that what is true of certain individuals is true of the class to which they belong. This boasted pro-

cess, which some shallow persons believe Bacon invented, is what we all use every day. A fisherman remarks, that certain new moons and full moons are accompanied by high tides, and thence infers that all new and full moons will be accompanied by high tides. A shepherd has frequently remarked, that a rainbow in the morning has been followed by rain, and that a rainbow in the evening has heralded a fine day. He says, what happened before will happen again, and makes a proverb of his remark. Kant perceived that the eccentricities of the orbits of the planets and comets were represented by certain steps of progression, but some steps of the progression did not represent the eccentricity of any of the planets then known. Thence he told the existence and prophecied the discovery of planets, which the telescopes of Olbers and Herschel afterwards revealed. In these instances of discovery we find that there is one thing essentially necessary; that is, the knowledge of individual facts, from which to deduce the generalization of the theory. If the shepherd had not before seen the rainbow, and the weather following it, he could not have made his proverb. A person living in the interior of the country could never find out how high the tide would be at new or full moon, for he had not the facts to deduce his theory from. If Kant had not known the eccentricity of the orbits of the planets then known, he could never have foretold the discovery of Uranus, Pallas or Vesta. Here, then, are the great requisites for all scientific discovery,—knowledge of individual facts, and knowledge of previously discovered truth; in other words, scientific education. Of these materials are all true theories built up.

In all the physical sciences, the most fruitful source of this knowledge of individual truths, is what we may call the power of manufacturing facts; in other words, of making experiments. These are of two kinds; the experiment which is made without aim, and that which is made to prove the truth of an assertion, by shewing that practice confirms what theory foretold. In the former class may be placed Clarke's experiments with the blowpipe, and some of Davy's with the Galvanic battery. It is probable that Davy first submitted some of the earths or alkalies to its action, without ever dreaming that they were metallic oxides. The first was an aimless experiment, a mere manufacture of a fact. Then he generalized, saying, that all the earths and alkalies had metallic bases—this was the theory. And then he submitted the other earths and alkalies to the battery, and found the same result. This is the experiment to confirm the theory. Now, the first step in this process is of great importance. Any man who ascertains a new fact, does one of two things; he either tests the truth of a theory previously promulgated, or he furnishes materials from which others may derive some general truth. One or a few facts may not be sufficient, or may be sufficient only for the highest genius, but a number of experiments having a similar tendency, may lead persons of very moderate ability to discover the general principle that moves all. Thus, if a man never saw any other liquid than water frozen or boiled, it might perhaps require a great imagination or power of theorizing to deduce

from that solitary instance the general truth that all liquids may become solid by cold, and aeriform by heat. But if a man saw that mercury, and ether, and oil, and milk may be frozen, or converted into steam, as well as water, it would not require a very high order of genius to imagine, that all liquids may become solids by cold, and elastic vapours by heat.

We think, from these considerations, we may fairly lay it down, that the two indispensable requisites for scientific progress, are the knowledge of previously discovered truth, and an acquaintance with individual facts, not yet linked together by any ample generalization. A man of true genius, who has not received a scientific education, may pass unnoticed to his grave, or may spend his time and powers, as the young Pascal did, when kept from the study of mathematics, in rediscovering what was before familiar to the youngest student of geometry. How much of discovery in the physical world is to be attributed to the amount of previously acquired knowledge, may be estimated from the numerous occasions on which the same truth was simultaneously revealed to different persons, without any communication with each other. Different individuals attain the same amount of acquired knowledge, and both take the right course forward into the unknown. From the discovery of the circulation of the blood to that of the electrotpe; from Harvey to Spencer and Jacobi, whenever truth was found, more than one claimed treasure-trove. On the other hand, if a man with both genius and a scientific education can neither learn or make facts, it is as possible that he will advance science, as that one may build a house without materials.

And now let us ask, what opportunities of scientific education did Irishmen possess. For centuries, all education, even the most rudimental, was shut out from the great majority of the people. In a barbarous code which cherished ignorance, and proscribed learning, schoolmaster and criminal were synonymes. It is true that education was not altogether taken away, but the body of the people should take their degrees in apostacy, before they could even commence the study of secular learning. The effects of this system unfortunately have not yet disappeared from amongst us. Some we still see in our University, who cannot approach the shrine of learning in an old garment, and who throw off the religion of their fathers, like an unfashionable habit, at the entrance of the temple. Thank God they are but few, and it is not for us to judge of them, or of their motives. Science was long an impossibility in Ireland. Trinity College, the only institution that ever professed to cultivate it, did little for its advance. Until very lately, any one who had a smattering of the first book of Euclid, might pass every examination in his undergraduate course, as far as science was concerned. The sizarship and scholarship examinations were altogether confined to classics, and the fellowship, to which the former were so often the key, required the study of so many and so various branches of science, that few could obtain a deep, solid, thoughtful knowledge of any. Candidates were *crammed* with *cut questions*, which they generally forgot when the examination was

over. Many of the most important sciences, those in which the world was making the most rapid progress, and to which general attention was most eagerly directed, were and are altogether passed over. Chemistry is a sealed volume, except for medical students, who are obliged to be present at, but not to attend to, a course of lectures. While Cambridge and Oxford can boast of Sedgwick and Buckland, geology was never heard of within those sacred walls. The old Earth never told her secrets there. Philosophy has not been fostered, has not flourished there. Alas, not unjustly was she called "the Silent Sister." Some improvement has appeared there of late; they have even begun to talk of science scholarships. Let us hope for better things to come.

Many of the most important discoveries have been made by men of fortune, who, like Cavendish, employed their talents and wealth in the study of nature. In many branches of natural philosophy, great expense is attendant on experimental researches, an expense which can be borne only by men of fortune or by public institutions. The boasted discovery of Davy, to which we have before alluded, could never have been made by him, without the aid of the galvanic battery with which he operated at the London Institution, a battery far exceeding any which even France at that time possessed. But ~~we~~ we had neither public institutions, nor wealthy individuals to make facts for us, or to test theories as fast as they were promulgated. Any men of fortune, who were not absentees, divided their attention between fox hunting and politics. Boyle and Kirwan were the only instances we had of private gentlemen being distinguished in the paths of science. But let us hope that henceforth a more rational system of education in our University, will give our gentlemen a greater interest in science, and induce at least some of them to follow the example set them by the Earl of Rosse.

There was much too in the political condition of Ireland that prevented the cultivation of philosophy. In politics, men find mental food so highly seasoned, that when used to such, they think all else insipid. The excitement is so great, that all other pursuits are forgotten. Men struggling for their rights—for their very political existence—care little about aught else. It is not in civil commotion that science flourishes; it is no "wind-nursed plant." 1829 was the commencement of a new era in the political history of our country; from the same period, what an advance has science made in Ireland! Alas, there are causes enough in our history to account for our backwardness in the pursuit of science. Some of these causes have disappeared—have their effects gone also?

The poison of centuries cannot have a sufficient antidote in a day. We cannot think that Ireland has yet attained that position in the scientific world which she is entitled to—that position which she will, she must achieve. But she is rapidly advancing towards it. The blessings of a National Education are spreading through the land, and a people who are ardently desirous of instruction are obtaining it. We can now appeal to

stubborn facts, to shew the genius of our countrymen for mathematics, from the peer to the peasant. The engineers who conducted the ordnance survey of Ireland found, in almost every part of the country, boys ready to make all their calculations for them. On the mountain side the surveyors were beset by ragged urchins seeking for employment, and offering to calculate sines and areas at the moderate rate of a *halfpenny a triangle*. But finding that the work could be done for less, they employed troops of boys at eightpence or tenpence a day to do it. In what part of England would the engineers find such facilities? No where. Nor is this mere assertion, but is proved by the fact that a regiment of Irish *gorsoons* have been taken over to England, to assist in the ordnance survey which is proceeding there, and to work their sums for the Saxons. In some parts of the country the schools of the Christian Brothers—that society of true and holy men, among whom Gerald Griffin spent the last days of his life—are spreading abroad a knowledge of mathematics, practical mechanics, and agricultural chemistry. In the towns, Mechanics' Institutes are tending to the same end; and some gentlemen connected with manufactures have earned no small distinction in chemistry. The transactions of the Royal Irish Academy, for the last ten years, may fearlessly bear comparison with those of any other society in the world. The discoveries of our countrymen, Hamilton, Kane, M'Cullagh, Lloyd, and Apjohn, have all been contributed to Irish publications, with the exception of two papers sent—one by Sir William Hamilton, the other by Dr. Kane—to take the triennial gold medals of the Royal Society of London. In medicine, surgery, and the kindred sciences, we have many to boast of, and the names of Crampton, Graves, Carmichael, Harrison, Quain, and many others, only require to be mentioned, to prove that in these studies we are not backward.

Feeling pride and pleasure, as we do, in the progress of our country, and anxious to vindicate her from an accusation that has been so often repeated, we have been insensibly led astray from the matter before us, and have forgotten our more immediate subject in the system of which it is a part and a token. When the love of science is thus arising amongst us, we rejoice that the chemical student can have so excellent a guide as that now before us. The reputation of the author assures the student that he is one on whom he can rely. The pupil of Liebig, who begins to rival his teacher, and who was deemed worthy of the same honour at the hands of the Royal Society, may be trusted in every part of the science to which he has devoted himself; there is no fear that he will get out of his depth. But those who are the most profound scholars are often bad teachers, taking it for granted that their disciples understand many things which they have yet to learn. Such is not the case in the work now before us. Every principle is conveyed in a style simple, nervous, and clear, and is illustrated by its application to the industrial arts. The symbolic nomenclature of Berzelius is added to the name of every substance mentioned throughout; and all the reactions in the chemical meta-

morphoses are accurately described. The different forms of apparatus used in the laboratory and the factory are carefully delineated in numerous excellent woodcuts.

The opinion of an anonymous writer—irresponsible, perhaps ignorant, probably prejudiced, is seldom much regarded. Those who have read reviews most, mind them least. But we do not want the reader to take our judgment alone. The greatest English philosopher of the present day—we mean Faraday—has pronounced his opinion that the work of Kane is the best introduction to chemistry that has yet appeared; and by his advice, we believe, it is about to be introduced into the Royal School at Woolwich.

La Rochefoucault said that "Hypocrisy was the unconscious homage that Vice paid to Virtue;" may we not say too that Plagiarism is the homage that Mediocrity pays to Genius. If this be true, Dr. Kane has obtained the suffrage of the small as well as that of the great. We have seen one number of a shilling publication, called "Lectures on Chemistry," by a Mr. * * * of which very nearly the whole was taken, partly with and partly without acknowledgment, from the work before us. The author tells us too, on the cover, that this particular number cost him "very great labour and pains." It is true that he has undertaken to improve (?) the style of Dr. Kane in some places, and to crib from Graham whatever he did not filch from Kane; this was the amount of his labour. How it could be less cannot be easily conceived, unless he got a chapter printed *ipsissimis verbis*. This reminds us of the story of the two thieves who were selling brooms: one asked the other how he could afford to sell his brooms lower than he himself could, "for," said he, "I steal both the broom and the handles." "Oh," replied his comate, "I steal them ready-made."

We feel that it is impossible to give anything like an adequate review of the "Elements of Chemistry." The great variety of subjects of which an elementary work must necessarily treat, prevent us from giving a satisfactory connected view of the whole. We can only give some account of the general arrangement of the work, and let the reader judge of the execution by that of particular portions.

The work may be divided into three nearly equal portions. The first treats of gravity, light, heat, and electricity, as characterizing chemical substances; of chemical nomenclature, affinity, and the laws of combination. The second portion is devoted to the simple bodies, and inorganic chemistry in general. The chemistry of organized nature is the subject of the third and concluding portion of the work. There is so much that we would wish to have our readers themselves judge of, that we find difficulty in making any selection for them. They will find in the following passage, taken at random, a specimen of the manner in which Dr. Kane treats his subject:—

The chemical action of two bodies does not arise simply from their chemical affinities, but results from the combined influences of heat, electricity, cohesion, and

other physical agencies, which frequently modify the chemical forces to a remarkable extent. By a change of temperature, an affinity originally weak may be made to preponderate over one previously much stronger; by electrical conditions, the strongest and most direct chemical affinities may be overcome; according as the cohesion of the acting bodies may prevail, decompositions, simple or compound, may be produced in opposite ways; and thus a chemical result is not the simple consequence of affinity, directly acting, but is the resultant of a number of forces acting in different directions, and with variable intensities, of which affinity is but one, although that one which, for our object, is the most important.

It is indeed fortunate for the intellectual progress of mankind that it is so; for, on the variability of the intensity with which chemical affinity may be exerted, depends the existence of the infinite variety of organized and inorganic beings, which people and beautify this earth. Had mere affinity been omnipotent; had those bodies which attract each other most powerfully, been in all cases able to combine, and that there had been no means of dissolving their connexion when once formed, immediately on the origin of our globe, those bodies which have the most powerful affinities would have satisfied them by entering into eternal union; those next in power would subsequently have satisfied their tendency to combine, and long since all nature would have been arranged into some few chemical combinations, the breaking up of which could not be accomplished by any existing force. The complex changes of animal and vegetable digestion and respiration could not go on, the working of the metals, the chemical arts of civilized life could not have been invented, and the planet which we inhabit should have revolved in space a barren and uninhabitable ball.

Chemistry is thought by some to be involved in great complexity, but every day it is becoming more simple. Already have all known bodies been proved to consist of simple substances, fifty-five only in number. Such has been the progress of science towards perfection, that only fifty-five bodies have resisted decomposition. Of these, forty-two are metals; so that there remain only thirteen non-metallic bodies which have not been decomposed. Recent observations have induced some to believe that two of these bodies, namely, silicon and carbon, can be identified, thus reducing the number to twelve. This supposition, however, has not been as yet sufficiently established to be received into science. The theory of compound radicals—that is, compound bodies which follow the same laws of combination as simple substances, and are themselves decomposed with considerable difficulty—might lead us to imagine that perhaps all the substances may be reduced to two, which combining in different proportions form compound radicals, which we now believe to be simple bodies. This may be thought visionary; it is of course mere conjecture: but, even if it were so, it would be scarcely more wonderful than the simplicity of organic chemistry, which has proved that all the varied materials and products of the animal and vegetable kingdoms consist of six substances only, combined in varied proportions—namely, oxygen, hydrogen, nitrogen, carbon, sulphur, and phosphorus; and of these the two latter occur but rarely. The great agents in all chemical combinations, heat, light, electricity, cohesion, gravity, and affinity, may also perhaps be reduced to a single principle, and thus might we have one agent, acting by one instrument on perhaps one object, and producing by such simple means such innumerable effects. That we are advancing towards such a termination of science, seems to be the opinion of Dr. Kane:—

The influence which electricity thus exercises upon affinity, and the modifications in its results, producible by its means, although proving a most intimate connexion, do not go, as I believe, so far as to demonstrate a complete identity of cause. It is possible that, hereafter, some sublime generalization may embrace the phenomena of heat, of light, and of electricity, of cohesion, and gravity, as well as of chemical affinity within one law, and indicate how, by varied manifestations of a single agent, their separate peculiarities may arise; but though we may look forward to such a state of science, we dare not rashly seek to anticipate its approach, and I look upon electricity as producing, and being produced by chemical phenomena, precisely as we find heat to influence as well as to be evolved by chemical combination.

Some persons are inclined to believe that chemistry is not a science of such use as others, inasmuch as it is not calculated to inspire such veneration for the wisdom and goodness of God as other studies, for instance, astronomy and natural history, every step of which shows clear evidence of design and power. This, we think, is a mistake, arising from the little attention that has been paid to the subject—in fact, the *Natural Theology of Chemistry* is yet to be written. Let us take one instance from many:—

Water is, of all liquids, that which contains the greatest quantity of latent heat, and hence, that which changes from the liquid to the solid state most slowly; and inversely, ice is the solid which absorbs most heat, and requires most time to liquefy. This property of water is of the highest importance in the economy of nature, for by means of it, the change of seasons is rendered much less sudden than could otherwise occur. If water passed from 32° to 31°, and became solid, by losing only the same quantity of heat as it gives out in cooling from 38° to 32°, the change of seasons should be so rapid and so uncertain, as to interrupt almost entirely the proper cultivation of the soil, and, by the vicissitudes of heat and cold, become injurious to the health. But as these properties of water are now arranged, each particle, in freezing, becomes a source of warmth to all around, and mitigates the severity of the cold; there can be but a comparatively small quantity of water rendered solid; and when, on the return of a warmer season, a sudden liquefaction might prove equally injurious, the ice and snow in melting absorb all excess of heat, and render the change gradual, and suitable to the functions of those plants and animals to which a sudden transition might prove fatal.

As an instance of the high perfection to which scientific instruments have been brought, we would wish to refer the reader to the very interesting account of the thermo-multiplier of Nobili, which “may be made to indicate a variation of temperature of the one three-thousandth part of a degree of Fahrenheit’s scale.”

The constitution of ammonia was long a subject of debate and doubt, and some of its properties induced people to form the most contrary theories on its formation. Thus the ammoniacal salts were considered for a long time to be compounded of an acid and the volatile alkali. But, when the isomorphism of the potash and ammonia salts was observed by Mitscherlich, Berzelius and Ampere maintained that those salts did not contain ammonia, but in place of it a metal, which they called ammonium, containing one atom of hydrogen more than was possessed by ammonia. These conflicting theories have, however, been set at rest by Dr. Kane, who has proposed a new theory of ammonia, which has been unanimously adopted by chemists. Let us give it in his own words:—

The real nature of ammonia has recently been the subject of much inquiry ; its equivalent is satisfactorily determined to be 17.1 and hence its formula is NH_3 , and its equivalent volume 4. It may enter into combination directly with dry oxygen acids, but it does not then form the proper ammoniacal salts, which all contain an atom of water essential to their constitution. It combines with a great number of saline bodies, and then resembles, in its functions, their water of crystallization. Its most remarkable property, however, is, that in acting on metallic compounds, and on certain organic acids, it abandons an atom of hydrogen, and the remaining NH_2 combines with the metal, or with the radical of the acid. Thus with HgCl_2 and NH_3 , there result Hg.NH_2 and H.Cl ; with PtCl_2 and $2.\text{NH}_3$, there are formed $\text{Pt}+2.\text{NH}_2$ and $2.\text{H.Cl}$; from Hg.NO_6 and NH_3 , are produced Hg.NH_2 and H.NO_6 . Of organic bodies, oxalate of ammonia gives, when heated, $\text{C}_2\text{O}_3 + \text{NH}_2$, and benzoate of ammonia produces similarly $\text{C}_{14}\text{H}_3\text{O}_2 + \text{NH}_2$. It is hence evident that the third atom of ammonia is not so intimately combined with the nitrogen as the remaining two ; it may be eliminated by the simplest reactions, but the N and H, remain much more firmly united, and separate only when the constitution of the ammonia is totally broken up. I hence concluded, that the NH_2 should be considered as the radical of ammonia, and proposed to term it *amidogene*, and its symbol Ad. The ammonia is then *amidide of hydrogen*, and its rational formula $\text{NH}_2.\text{H}$ or Ad.H. Ammonia is thus assimilated to water, and to chloride of hydrogen in constitution, the radical amidogene having the closest analogy to oxygen and chlorine.

We would wish to direct attention to the chapter on Chemical Nomenclature, to enable the reader to judge of the lucid manner in which a complicated subject is explained. The nomenclature frightens many from the study of this science ; and yet from this chapter any person with ordinary abilities may understand the whole system by one hour's study ; we shall give one extract :—

In all conditions of science, the nomenclature has been regulated by the prevalent theoretical ideas of the time, and it is probably vain to look for a system of names which shall tell what the bodies really are, and not pretend to tell more ; for that would suppose that we knew what the bodies are, whereas, in the most perfect state of science, we only know what we believe them to be. Thus, at a time when, by a misapplication to chemistry of the analogy of the human body and its soul, all bodies were looked upon as having a volatile and a fixed, an active and an inert element, the names, spirit of wine, spirit of hartshorn, and spirit of salt, were invented ; at a later period, or when the theory of phlogiston prevailed in the minds of chemists, the spirit of salt became dephlogisticated marine acid ; when the important functions of oxygen were pointed out by Lavoisier, the name was in his theory changed to oxymuriatic acid ; and finally, when the present view was introduced by Davy, the name hydrochloric acid became the most correct. The cause of this is, that in a good system of chemical nomenclature, we require two conditions which it is very difficult to successfully combine ; that the name shall not only tell us that the substance is an independent substance, but that it shall give to us an idea of its most important chemical character, its composition ; thus, the name prussic acid is less strictly scientific than that of hydrocyanic acid, which shows us that its elements are hydrogen and cyanogen ; and iron pyrites gives a less perfect picture of the body it describes than the words bisulphuret of iron. The necessity for indicating by the chemical name of a body its chemical composition, is thus what renders chemical nomenclature at once so variable and so complex, but it is also that which alone enables us to connect distinct ideas with our words.

We regret that our limits do not allow us to give more extracts from the "Elements of Chemistry," but we would wish to direct the reader's attention in particular to the 29th chapter, on "the Chemical Phenomena

of Vegetation;" to the 8th chapter, on "the Influence of Electricity on Chemical Affinity;" and to the conclusion of the 1st chapter, on "the Systems of Crystallization." A set of models to illustrate the last mentioned part of the work, was published by a pupil of Dr. Kane's, Mr. Brittan, who lately fell a victim to his zeal in the pursuit of science.

The Royal Society of London, in awarding last year to Dr. Kane the Triennial Royal Medal, gave the highest testimony that could be given to his merits, and paid him an honour which Dalton, Davy, Wollaston, Mitscherlich, Decandolle, Herschel, Faraday, and Sir W. Hamilton were proud of receiving. This distinction was conferred on him for his investigation of the colouring matters contained in archil and litmus, a subject of great importance, and before involved in the greatest obscurity. The following remarks are taken from the report of the council.

"The present memoir by Dr. Kane records the first attempt to sketch a history of the class; and, considering the great and peculiar difficulties attending enquiries into organic colouring matters, the attempt may be esteemed eminently successful. It proved an investigation of considerable intricacy and great extent, involving several hundred organic analyses; and it has been conducted in a manner highly creditable to the author's skill as an analyst. The paper contains an account of a large number of new compounds, not less than twelve derived from archil and litmus, together with the more exact discrimination of several others, already known but imperfectly described. The distinction made of two orceïnes, which have hitherto been confounded as one, is a striking result contained in the paper; while the observations on the action of chlorine, and of nascent hydrogen upon several of the bodies described, open new branches of enquiry. This paper may be viewed as a very important contribution to organic chemistry, and as highly deserving of the Royal Medal; an award which doubtless will be hailed by chemists as a just encouragement to perseverance in skilful analytical research."

For a long period back, there was no test so commonly used by chemists as litmus; but although of great practical importance, and showing phenomena on which many theories concerning acids and alkalies were founded, the nature of the chemical reactions were never properly understood. We cannot, we regret, explain Dr. Kane's theory within our limits, further than by saying that he has proved the red colour produced by acids on litmus paper to be caused by the removal of some loosely combined ammonia, which produced its previous blue tint. We may remark, also, that the Royal Society have presented to Dr. Kane a considerable quantity of the very rare metal palladium, which was given to the council in 1828 by the late Dr. Wollaston, in order that it may be given in rewards, or employed in chemical researches, and none of which was before given to any chemist.

In conclusion we have to say, that the manner in which the work has been brought out reflects the highest credit on the publishers. This work of an Irishman, printed on Irish paper in Dublin, and illustrated by

admirable woodcuts, drawn and graven by an Irish artist, may challenge the competition of any English or Continental work. All that would be wanting to make it altogether Irish is the subject, and this we may have before long. It is said that Dr. Kane is engaged in the composition of a work on the Industrial Resources of Ireland, a subject that has been as much neglected as her intellectual capabilities. May such an undertaking prosper ;—in such hands we are sure it will.

MACKLIN; OR, THE SON'S SACRIFICE.

CHAPTER XV.—STRUGGLES OF REASON AND MADNESS.—THE BURIED TREASURE.—THE HAG'S RESOLVE.

WHEN we last parted from the chief personages of our narrative, it was with the resolve not again to disturb, by a needless intrusion on their privacy, such repose as their melancholy situations permitted them to enjoy, but to leave them in seclusion and quietude, to prepare for that fearful ordeal, where we should all necessarily meet. Even in the eleventh hour, however, circumstances had occurred, which being likely by their operation—if their machinery be properly applied—to act powerfully on the apparently irresistible current of untoward events, perhaps to the extent of a total change in its direction, we are compelled once more to trespass upon their retirement, and at the same time to turn our own attention closely to some of the curious scenes, attendant upon the advent of this remarkable cause.

One of the first we shall visit is the unhappy Mrs. Tracy; and though her condition when we last saw her offered every thing to appal, and nothing to invite notice, yet an alteration—one of that mysterious description which on the near approach of death become suddenly visible, presaging the renewal of hope, when it is but the indication of its extinction—having taken place, a glance at her situation will not only be sufficiently interesting of itself, but also embrace within its ken the conduct of the singular characters who watched over her, in the two-fold capacity of keepers and persecutors.

Almost from the period of Mr. Butler's visit to the house of Tracy, the unhappy maniac began to decline rapidly in health and strength. When she first arose from the bed of fever, she was naturally much worn and wasted by the effects of the disease, and the violence of her occasional paroxysms. But at last she grew so attenuated, that she moved or rather tottered about the house a living skeleton. Symptoms of internal decay, too, soon manifested themselves. A hard racking cough, accompanied by spittings of blood, announced the presence of a rapidly fatal consumption, and the burning blush upon the hollow cheek, and the steady glazed light that had fixed itself even in the wandering eye of

idiotcy, told how impatiently the grave was yawning for its victim. And strange as it may appear, as the tide of life ebbed thus swiftly and painfully away, faint and fitful gleams of returning reason began to flicker over the waste of mental darkness. At first she began to recognize objects that had once been dear or familiar, and on one or two occasions was observed to weep bitterly at the discovery. While able to do so, she began to wander from room to room, and to gaze about her long and earnestly, examining the furniture with scrupulous care, and even feeling with her hands all along the walls, and windows, and doors, as if she sought by such means to satisfy some doubtful half-formed notion, that had sprung up in her benighted brain. She would afterwards sit for hours not in vacancy, but apparently confused and troubled thought, endeavouring to extricate some idea rendered more prominent than the rest, from the tangled depths in which it was embedded. Then, perhaps, she would suddenly turn and fix her eyes with steady, half-inquiring glance upon the faces of her keepers, and, after seemingly reading their lineaments with the closest attention, would bow her head gravely on her breast, as if she strove to work out the problem "who and what they were."

But the fatal disease gained upon her with rapid strides, and soon deprived her of the power of motion. For several days previous to the trial, she was confined to her wretched bed, a weak and helpless sufferer, seemingly scarcely conscious of life and the things passing around her. But all this time, while the only evidence she gave of existence was that dry, hollow, racking cough, and the occasional whisper for drink to cool her parched lips, yet in the silence and solitude which prevailed around her day and night, her reason, a maimed and shattered remnant to be sure, was creeping back faint and slowly to its desolate home. Not that I mean to say, if health permitted, there would be any thing like a restoration of intellect, but that a ray of light somewhat commensurate in extent and duration with that of the vital spark remaining, might be allowed to play upon, and bring into partial developement, those more prominent objects that had lately, by a terrible process, been affixed to the surface of memory. The very day before the trial it was, that she first gave indications of this remarkable change. Mrs. Conolly had entered her chamber, with the fierce step and angry look that indicated at once the impatience at and anticipated disappointment from the situation of the invalid, as she doubtless expected her death in that silent, quiescent condition, would destroy all hopes of discovering the buried gold; and in a loud voice she exclaimed,—

"Is she in the same state yet—no change for good or bad—and are we to have for ever this hideous barking (the wretched patient was coughing fearfully at the time,) ringing through the house, and startling us alike from sleep by night and occupation by day. Cauthleen! if we allow her to die off in this manner, the secret is lost to us for ever. Bethink you, for you were at one time reputed cunning at those things, of any

potion that would give her temporary strength, now that there are some glimmerings of returning reason visible. Are you listening to me, woman?"

"Ugh, that I am," growled the hag, and pointing in the direction of the bed, from which the sufferer, having partially raised herself on her elbow, was gazing at them with a fixed and almost conscious look, "and see, does she not seem as if she was hearkening to you also? She's been staring that way since she heard your step within the door."

Mrs. Conolly turned quickly round, and bold and confident as she was by nature, she gave an involuntary start, and felt herself abashed and awe-stricken before the mingled wildness and fierce meaning of that look.

"Come hither!—whisper!" said the sufferer in a hollow and broken tone, for the first time giving her thoughts an intelligible form of expression. "I want to speak to you."

Both attendants approached her cautiously, and with something like the hesitation of fear in their movements—aye, these time—as well as crime-hardened women, whose course of life had been such as totally to unsex their feelings, felt that inward dread which ever appals guilt, at the spectacle of its victim, and lost altogether the reckless confidence of tone and manner, the harshness of voice, and cruelty of expression which before marked their conduct.

"Why do ye keep me here? It is not like the place I used to be in," asked Mrs. Tracy slowly, and with great difficulty. "I don't think I ever saw ye here before, and I'm sure I don't know you."

"Oh," replied Mrs. Conolly, in what was intended for a winning tone, but which from habitual severity was harsh and jarring, "we are your friends—your very best friends—"

"Friends, friends," muttered the sick woman several times, as if merely speaking aloud, and then raising her head, and looking from one to the other vacantly, continued, "Very true, may be so, may be so."

"And," said Mrs. Conolly, approaching softly near her, "you have it in your power to make us more so—you have the means of enabling us to serve you more than I could tell you now."

"Yes, yes, it is very right, very right," answered the other very gravely, but evidently relapsing into a fit of delirium. "But then what is it all about?"

Mrs. Conolly in her eagerness to take advantage of the momentary interval of reason, so unexpectedly visible in her victim, perceived not the wildness that was again gathering in her brain, but stooping over her with an air of great fondness and solicitude, said,

"If you would only tell us where it is you've hid the old man's gold, we would have every thing nice and comfortable about you, and be able to take you from this cold, dark place, to where there would be light and warmth, sunshine by day, and blazing fire by night; and every thing wholesome and inviting to eat and drink; and you would get well, and strong, and happy again; and we would bring those who love you about you, and—"

Mrs. Conolly was proceeding rapidly to enumerate the various advantages to be derived from a disclosure of the hidden money, when she was suddenly stopped by the maniac, for such she was *now*, shouting out—

“Ho, ho! ho, ho!” after repeating which several times, she burst out into prolonged fits of hollow, and, one would fancy from the intonation, derisive laughter, each of which, from its excess, would sometimes terminate in a kind of convulsion, until at last she fell exhausted and senseless back upon her wretched pillow.

Mrs. Conolly looked upon her all the time, with a steady gaze, expressing at once baffled cunning, cruel disappointment, and the fiercest anger.

“Curse her—ten thousand curses on her,” she muttered between her teeth, “to mock me this way. But I will not be trifled with. This minute in my rage I could almost close my fingers on her helpless throat, and wring the wretched life from her skeleton carcase; but I will wait. Reason has but temporarily abandoned her, and may return to-morrow with additional strength, and then I’ll try my *last expedient* to wrench this secret from her;—if it fail, let her look to herself, mad or sane, guilty or not guilty, by heaven, I’ll not be foiled for nothing. Cauthleen, will you keep watch over her?”

“Ugh, iss,” answered the hag, “this is as good a place as any to think of the past, and tremble at the future. Go your ways, she is safe enough for many an hour to come.”

Mrs. Conolly, once more bestowing upon her victim a glance of mingled hatred and disappointment, quitted the chamber, and for many an hour after was heard with restless steps pacing the apartment appropriated to her, and speaking aloud language of scorn and indignation, in which were mingled terms of execration and blasphemy, that seldom before came wantoning from a female tongue.

Cauthleen (but then she was more of a philosopher,) had her own suspicions strongly aroused, although of a far different kind, and therefore equal cause for ambulation and soliloquy; but she declined the first, on the score of personal convenience, and the latter she evidently conducted on a less violent and sinful scale. Therefore it is, that while we consign the observations of our friend Nell to the oblivion they doubtless deserved, we intend to preserve a few of those of Cauthleen from such an unworthy fate.

“Ugh, ugh,” she proceeded, in a tone rendered wisely so low, that not a word could be caught a yard distant from her. “I’m tired of ’em altogether—their plottings and their schemings—their sweet ways and kind looks to each other when present, and the frowns and false words behind backs,—och, iss an’ I’m tired—sick at heart at the way she treats that crayture yonder, who I once saw as free and as beautiful, iss, iss, and as happy a colleen as ever won the love of a young heart.”

She mused awhile, rocking herself as usual to and fro to a low humming noise, as if some bright vision of the past, and full of pleasant

memories came and stole across her aged brain, filling it with a momentary delight, and then added—

“I’ll have nothing to do with ’em more—I’ve done enough for their ruin already,—Ugh ! iss, for *their* ruin,—for *hers*, at whose own and whose father’s fire-side I had ever the welcome seat, and the ready bit ; and *his*, whose young lip had always a soft smile, and a kind word for me, when only curses were thick around me, and whose young arm has saved me from many a ruffian blow and insult. O God, to what has not this love of money brought me,—what an accursed thing I must be in His sight !”

Again she ceased to speak, but now her sensations were far from pleasurable. No motion—no humming noise. Her head fell, as we once before described it, in the sunken bed of her chest, and shudderings and horrid moanings betokened that remorse had come for a moment of revenge, and had found a lash keen enough to pierce the encrusted surface of her guilty soul. For a considerable period, she suffered dreadfully. She trembled violently from head to foot, as in the strongest paroxysms of an ague, and when at one time with an indistinct exclamation she sought to raise her hands on high, they shook to and fro with a painful vibration, as if agitated by some internal cause. When the strength of the shock passed by, it was miserable to see the exhaustion of the feeble wretch. How dull, and lifeless, and motionless she sat, bent up like some misshapen monster, before the smouldering embers, unconscious for a lengthened period of objects of sight or sound, were they present to attract her.

After about half-an-hour had elapsed, the hag awakening as if it were from sleep, crawled to the bed-side of the sleeping sufferer, and crouching before it, in something like a kneeling position, took the pale thin hand, which lay out-stretched upon the coverlet, between her shrivelled claws, and in a low and faint, but yet firm voice, thus registered a vow over it.

“Ye cannot hear me,—ugh, and if ye did, ye would not heed me ; but it’s all the same : here, with your hand in mine, with your dying face before me, and in the presence of Him I ever neglected, but never denied, I promise to save your son, or die in the attempt. Ugh, iss, and what he would prize more than life this minute, right him in his fair fame and standing in the world. Och, iss, before God I promise this, and this minute I’ll set about it.”

New strength and energy, springing from this penitential resolve, was now given to the frame of Cauthleen. Casting no “lingering look” behind her, but with an unusually quick and firm step, she bent her way from the apartment of Mrs. Tracy, and proceeded along the several passages and turnings of that rambling and ill-fated building, until she reached the kitchen, where over a few miserable embers sat her idiot son, lonely it is true, but Oh ! how happy in that solitude.

“Dhonaleen asthore,” said his mother coming close up to him, and speaking to him in a low but distinct whisper, “I’m going to leave this

for a bit—for a day and a night may be, or more, to earn the money, darling, to buy the cow and the pig, that you'll mind so well for me—”

“That I will, mother.”

“Ugh, I know that, asthore. But you must watch here in my place, Dhonal, an' you must let nothing pass you; but must follow 'em from place to place—iss, aragal, I see you're minding me,—or if they be looking into hiding places, or digging in the airth, keep close to 'em, boy, an.'—”

“Say no more, mother,” said the idiot, striving at a look of grave importance. “I have it, I have it, it's the gould, mother, the gould. Och, maybe I won't watch 'em. Ho-o-o-or”—and here, in his excitement, he was about to spring erect, and give expression to his feelings in a loud whoop of exultation, when the hag, anticipating his motions, laid her crooked claw upon his mouth, and effectually stopping his utterance, forced him back into his seat, and there, with threats, to him of fearful meaning, impressed upon his mind that he was neither to speak, nor shout, nor do aught else which would show the work he was engaged in, but to be silent and watchful; never if possible losing sight of those he was set upon a single moment. All this, as well as their previous conversation, was spoken in their native tongue, and it is impossible in any other to give an idea of the simplicity yet force of expression, by which a clear notion of his actual position was imparted to the half-idiot boy, and the directions for his conduct in an affair of cunning and stratagem, which may appear complicated enough as we write them, unfolded to him in so plain, and as it were lightsome a manner, that he comprehended, at first slowly, but in the end thoroughly, the course he was to adopt. It will be seen hereafter in what manner he discharged the singular duty entrusted to a creature of his description.

When Cauthleen, prepared for her journey, presented herself before Mrs. Conolly, the latter was evidently struck with the air of determination which her words and gestures exhibited.

“Cauthleen, are you leaving me,” she asked, “has anything occurred to disturb or annoy you?”

“I am leaving you, mistress,” replied the hag, “but I have no cause save that I cannot rest here in this dull quiet place, while so many stirring things are passing in yonder town. I've done what I could to keep down the busy wish that was risin' within me, but there was no use in it; go I must. Besides, mistress, I've sworn to myself to see out the fate of this young man, so beautiful, and so early lost, and maybe too to get a sight of the colleen he was to call his own until misfortune made him hers. So I mean to be goin', mistress. Dhonal I leave to take my place; and you know, in his way, he is as wary and as cute as the best of us.”

“Cauthleen,” replied her nominal mistress, “this must not be, if possible. To-night, above all others, I would not willingly be alone in such a place as this, for I am fiercely tempted in many ways. I will do anything you please for you, Cauthleen, only stay with me this one trying night. Dhonal shall sit above, and we ourselves with a blazing fire here, and

something to make our hearts merry and warm, shall try to make the hours pass as cheerfully as we can. Do, Cauthleen ; I ask it kindly of ye, old friend, do stay with me this one lonely night, and I will indeed be thankful to you."

"No, no, mistress," said the hag, firmly, "it cannot be ; I have ever done your bidding, even when sin and shame was in the act ; but though you would tempt me now by kind word and promises, I cannot,—ugh, I cannot stay with you."

"See here, Cauthleen," continued Mrs. Conolly, advancing and laying her hand impressively on the hag's arm, "I will find the means to keep you, stout as you are : you love gold, old woman, and look here—this golden piece, bright and new, shall be yours in the morning if you but tarry with me as I have said ;" and hereupon she did indeed flash a tempting coin before the eyes of Cauthleen, who felt her heart throb, though her purpose was unshaken, at the prospect of the glistening bait.

"Ugh, ugh !" said the hag, pushing her temptress from her somewhat rudely ; "I *do* love this gold, and have loved and sinned deeply for its sake, and the desire of it has outlived every other passion in my nature ; yet as it has often, in strong cases, before failed to change the stronger purpose of my mind—ugh, then, by your leave, mistress, it shall give way also now."

"Then, indeed," said Mrs. Conolly, as she returned to her seat, "nothing indeed will detain you."

"Ugh, then," replied the hag, "you might have known this before ; I seldom turn back from the road, once I have my feet fairly in the middle of it. Then fare ye well, mistress ; I wish ye the rest ye need so much."

The hag hereupon left the apartment with a step of unusual quickness, and was seen hobbling along at no inconsiderable pace, as if she feared any obstacle might arise to prevent the completion of the purpose which now seemed to be almost the sole one of her existence.

She took the road on which Macklin and the soldier travelled on the night of the murder, when the former in a few short hours was changed from a happy and honoured freeman into a suspected murderer. She crossed that rude bridge, and looked into that rocky channel, into which the old man's body had been flung, but now so far from turbid surge or boiling torrent to conceal it, there was nothing but a rippling limpid stream, that scarcely availed to hide the tiny trout-fry from the rustic angler on its verge. The way was long and weary, and would require a muscular frame and sinewy limbs to accomplish it before night-fall, but Cauthleen was an able traveller. Known to every post-boy and driver of public conveyances on the road, she had not journeyed far before she obtained a seat in one of them, and was speedily transmitted free of cost and fatigue into the now important town of ———, where she was not long in establishing herself in comfortable quarters.

CHAPTER XVI.—THE MISERIES OF A CROWDED TOWN.

The little assize-town of —— was densely crowded in every part by persons of all classes and from all parts of the neighbouring counties, while the metropolis itself lent no inconsiderable number to swell the amount of the idly curious or the deeply interested. Among the latter were many of the tried or valued friends of Macklin, who still believing in his innocence—or, at least, without as yet admitting any impression on their minds that could lead to a supposition of his guilt—came down with truly anxious feelings, to witness the unravelling of the tangled coil of mystery in which he was at present bound up. And with them there were not a few even of those denominated “mere every-day or passing acquaintances,” who remembering the unvarying courtesy and gentle bearing which ever marked his intercourse in society, felt in his fate all the interest of friendship, and hurried at the sacrifice of their time and convenience to be present at its decision.

But among the public generally, gentle as well as simple, who knew nothing of the prisoner or his case beyond what rumour lied to them from its thousand tongues, or such newspaper relations of “the latest particulars” as they chanced to meet with, so great a desire prevailed to be present even in *the town* where such an extraordinary trial was to take place, that for many days previous to the arrival of the judges, the place presented an unusually thronged appearance, from the number of those who having leisure, and being “wise in their generation,” had arrived thus early, to secure for themselves comfortable and at the same time somewhat reasonable accommodation. Thus, as the important day drew nigh, everything in the shape of lodgings or hotel-room was occupied to the utmost conceivable extent of their capacity. Cellars, to certain classes who before would scorn to bestow upon them a downward glance, now became invaluable, and were dived into with an eagerness as if their damp and darkness were the very elements of comfort; and *attics*—the especial abomination of country gentlemen, “stairs were such an infernal annoyance when a man *had* to take an extra tumbler or so,” were now, by the selfsame folk, sought for with an avidity, and occupied with a delight, that was truly wonderful.

At last, the night before the trial, so great was the in-pouring of the curious or the interested, that although the most extravagant prices were offered and the most winning solicitations made use of, neither bed, sofa, nor in truth any description of shake-down could be procured on this occasion. Haylofts and harness-rooms, from the competition for them, were paid for like suits of costly chambers; nay, so great was the demand for aught upon which a man could stretch his weary limbs, that he who by early application, successful flattery, or what was more likely, profuse bribery, was enabled to obtain exclusive possession of three or four chairs

as a substitute for a couch, was generally by some envious looker-on pronounced as "a confoundedly fortunate fellow, who showed some clever generalship in the accomplishment of his object," while the speaker added in an under tone, as he turned away—doubtless by way of parenthesis—"it is a slippery, smooth-faced rascal like him, d—n him! that would have the luck, while an honest, hearty, free-spoken fellow would have no more chance of success than a spaniel would have of beating a bull-dog."

Many bold attempts were made, and ingenious devices were plotted, in order to obtain possession of the accommodation engaged for others, but neither forward assumption, well-contrived disguises, nor a thousand other schemes and artifices proved successful. Landladies, as one gentleman phrased it, were suddenly become "as cunning as rat-catchers' dogs"—waiters seemed gifted with the attribute of ubiquity; and house-maids putting up their smiles and affability for thin houses and ordinary occasions, were seen heading the staircases and pacing the lobbies in guard of their respective charges, with a sternness and authority no "blarney" could summon courage to encounter. One persevering gentleman, who *would* make his way when and where he liked, having discovered that a foster-brother of his was waiter in one of the principal inns, and anticipating some good effect from the influence of old associations, with some difficulty got access to him, and taking him aside promised him—

"That if he could stick him into any hole and corner, even for half the night, he would give Father Moriarty a pound for masses for his mother's soul—rest her in glory! and his brother Pat, on the honour of a gentleman, should have the cabin and the half-acre at his own price."

"See, Mr. Richard," replied the heated waiter, "you ought to know me better than to come and tantalize me in this way about masses and acres and things of the kind, when it's nothing but tumblers and hot water that are scalding my poor brain. See again, Sir, you might as well ask the devil himself—the Lord keep him far from us this night—for a seat in glory, as to ask me for anything in the shape of shelter this blessed night. Sure it is only twenty minutes at a time the ould harridan allows each of us in the turf-house, and if we are not up to the minute, she has a bucket of water to rouse us with. Come here a bit, Sir! Do you see the house yonder? Well then, the missus of that not only gave up her own bed and bribed her husband with a bottle of whiskey and a duck for his supper, to sit up the whole night, but she cleared out the nursery where there were three children gasping in the scarlet fever, to make a double-bedded room for parson Nolan and his brother, the two most nervous men in the county. It will be their death-warrant when they hear of their sleeping apartment, and when they do, I wouldn't be in Mrs. Mulcahy's skin for the profits of the assizes. Coming, ma'am! don't delay me, mister Dick! I can do nothin' in life for you; just step into the parlour, and call for your tumbler, and make a night of it as you often did before. Here, here! oh, what a deluded man I am!" and away scampered the half-bewildered waiter.

With all parties thus situated, matters went smoothly and pleasantly enough during the early part of the evening ; for the necessity of bestowing themselves in some place convenient for repose had not yet pressed closely upon them, nor had fatigue and drowsiness lent their assistance to stimulate the irritation, which disappointment and the prospect of hours of discomfort and watchfulness would by-and-by excite. A common perception of temporary annoyance and inconvenience seemed to bind them together in an easy and social familiarity, and as the public rooms were so crowded that those within them were in a great measure brought into personal contact ; indulgence in exclusion or haughty isolation was out of the question, and the most reserved or the most repulsive nature present was compelled in self-defence to be neighbourly and agreeable. Besides, common cause seemed to be unanimously made against those who trespassed against the general desire for harmony and peace. But as time advanced, and the usually sober and regular livers of each party pushed their glasses from them, and refused any longer to share the potations of the circle, then drowsiness began to assert her empire, and the want of those accommodations so prized by those of early and equable habits were severely felt. Some drew their chairs back into any vacant nook or corner which afforded a resting place for their drooping heads ; while others, retaining their position at the table, folded their arms, and leaning forward upon it, endeavoured in that constrained position to woo something in the semblance of repose. A few "hardy and seasoned fellows," as they termed themselves (to whom we shall have again to turn attention) unanimously and cheerfully exclaimed—

"They were no feather-bed soldiers, who could not sit out a night without their pillows and blankets. It was not the first time they welcomed in the morning light with a bumper and a song, and why not now, with the assistance of "materials" and a lively waiter, bid defiance to sleep and Biddy Flannigan."

Accordingly, while those about them, in various stiff and constrained positions, were either moaning in uneasy sleep or *be*-moaning the want of it, these merry and light-hearted companions drawing their chairs together, and flinging all ideas of discomfort to the wind, sat down to while away the hours of the night-watch, in the pleasant interchange of free and unrestrained conversation. When their circle was completed, one of the party, after calling for fresh "materials," begged of the somewhat wondering waiter—

"For the honour and glory of St. Patrick, and the credit of his mistress' establishment, if there was not plenty of whiskey in the house, to get in a puncheon or two before the stores were closed, as they had nothing else wherewith to keep themselves awake ; and also, as he valued the soundness of his bones, to keep the boiler full and the fire under it blazing."

And here we shall leave them for a brief space, with a promise, however, of a speedy return, as we hope to glean some important facts from

the general tenour of their discourse, which was, as may be expected, almost entirely engrossed by the all-absorbing topic of the approaching trial.

CHAPTER XVII.—LOVE'S DOUBTS AND FEARS.—A STRANGE VISITOR.

We will now take our way far from the thoroughfares and crowded places, until we reach a somewhat remote part of the town, and there gain admittance into a very secluded looking house, and from thence to an equally retired and secluded chamber. In it we find two persons, a lady and a gentleman, clothed in deep mourning, and engaged in earnest conversation. We need scarce tell the reader they are Helen Butler and her father. Notwithstanding all she had suffered, and all her mind was preparing itself to suffer, the former was still very beautiful. Some perhaps might deem her more beautiful now than in the days of her golden prime, when almost her footsteps might be said to press nothing harsher than flowers, and her thoughts were so light and airy, that they seldom dreamed of earthly things as a resting place. All the timidity, the retiring bashfulness of girlhood was past, and in their stead there was an air of high resolve and lofty dignity, that exhibited all the grandeur of lovely womanhood ; and yet though there was the decision of thought and determination in the glance of her more than brilliant eye, and though there was the firm compression of a settled purpose about her exquisitely chiselled lips, still, beaming through all, there might be discerned the same bewitching softness, and the same characteristic gentleness, which ever won the admiration and respect of all who looked and loved to look upon her. There was also a shadow of subdued and plaintive sorrow hovering about her features, that was inexpressibly touching. It was plain to the most casual beholder, that affliction, and that of no ordinary severity, had been busy with her, but it was observable also, that instead of effacing, it had only drawn the lines of her beauty deeper and more distinct, and as if touched by the subject upon which it was employed, could not resist giving some grave, but not unlovely embellishments from its sombre chisel. Not one charm of lip, or eye, or brow was gone ; they only wore a deeper and more shaded colouring ; and though a smile seldom illuminated her features, and was, in its coldness and brevity, a pitiful mockery of the sunshine of other days, yet it had a beautiful character of its own—it was like a lovely twilight, holy and calm, and breathing of heaven.

Mr. Butler was little changed, if we except the restless anxiety pictured on his features, and certain evidences of fatigue and over-wrought exertion, which marked his personal appearance.

It was easy to see how deeply both were agitated, yet how nobly each strove to suppress their own feelings, in order to soothe and comfort those of the other. As some proof thereof, we take up the conversation, as it was progressing upon our entrance.

"I am not without hope, believe me, father;" earnestly exclaimed Miss Butler, "nor am I, as you imagine, looking solely at the dark side of the picture, though Heaven knows, it would be difficult to find even a bright spot in the one which fortune is now holding up to us. Think not that I am a votary of despair, or one that would be a voluntary worshipper at its gloomy altar. No, no: with all I have seen and heard, could I trust my poor enslaved heart with a moment of freedom, I feel it would go bounding forth with the most exulting anticipations of success, but then, how can I indulge such views of the future—nay, of that dreaded to-morrow—and yet hear the cold deliberate manner in which the poor sufferer himself portrays an ignominious end, as his sure and certain fate? And this, too, not expressed hastily or passionately, or even at irregular intervals, leaving us to suppose it might be some morbid creation of a troubled fancy; but from day to day deliberately and steadily repeated, without variation of thought or manner, until at last, at our parting yesterday, he bade me look upon and think of him as a being whose every tie with the world was even then unlinked and broken, and whose only business in existence was, to wait with weariness for its close."

"My beloved girl," replied Mr. Butler, "he had his own affectionate object in this mode of reasoning. He wished to prepare you for that worst decree of fortune which he not only anticipates, but, I firmly believe, ardently wishes to be the case."

"Father!" said Miss Butler with surprise, "why do you say this? What grounds have you for such a startling supposition?"

"Many, Helen," replied the old man. "You and I have often spoken of the impenetrable mystery that hangs over this whole transaction, wrapping, I may say, our beloved Charles from the confidence of those nearest and dearest to him. I need not tell you Macklin is not the murderer—few indeed believe so"—

"Heaven bless you, dearest father, and those who think with you," fervently ejaculated Miss Butler.

"His calmness and firmness are not the compulsory subjection of remorse, and the assumed demeanour of half-implied and injured innocence; nor, on the other hand, are his sufferings, acute as they are, the pangs of guilt, concealed in the presence of others only to gnaw the wretched conscience more savagely in solitude. No, dearest; misery may have dealt him a stroke of affliction, whose severity may have rendered life intolerable, but no blow from *his* hand ever extinguished life or hope in the breast of any human being. Helen, he has some dreadful secret in his keeping—I know he has, girl."

"But why, beloved father," added Miss Butler, after a pause, "do you view the matter in this light *now*? How have those suspicions, that now seem so strong and matured, been infixed in your mind?"

"Ever since I visited the mansion of blood itself, and witnessed the madness of his mother, and the mysterious manner in which that madness developed itself."

"But if, father, she was suddenly called upon in the hush of night, with faculties half-steeped in sleep, to look upon so appalling a scene as that of a murdered husband reeking in his blood, and her son for one bewildering moment apparently mixed up with and guilty of the dreadful deed—might not the horror and surprise of such a spectacle be powerful to crush reason in a woman's brain, and dash it with madness for ever?"

"But, Helen," said Mr. Butler, with a smile of peculiar meaning, "Mrs. Tracy was none of your weak and yielding natures, nor was she unaccustomed to scenes of brutality and violence. It will be shown on the trial, that she not only bore Tracy's barbarous conduct for a considerable time with uncomplaining firmness and endurance, but that latterly, when his excesses became more frequent, and his treatment of her during their continuance unusually ferocious, she has turned upon him, and more than once taught him a lesson, by way of retaliation, that made him respect both her spirit and her strength, until time and intoxication blotted from his memory the effects of the chastisement."

"Then, father," said Miss Butler, clasping her hands together, and speaking with great earnestness, "from these facts you would lead us to the supposition, that in some moment of phrenzied irritation, produced by excessive brutality, it may have been the wretched wife who"——

"Helen, Helen," interrupted Mr. Butler, "I lead to no supposition of the kind; all is as yet mystery and doubt, and to whom the enormity of the guilt can be finally traced no human being can conjecture. One thing however is pretty evident, Helen—for we may speak of it amongst ourselves—all the persons connected with this transaction, from first to last, with the exception of poor dear Charles himself, are of the very worst description of character, and of the most depraved and vitiated habits of life, taking them in a glance, from the debauched and profligate soldier to the accursed Hag of the Inn ——"

"Ugh, ugh, she is nearer to you than you think, though she seems far enough from your good word this evening," croaked the voice of Cauthleen, in tones that made them both spring from their seats, and Miss Butler to utter a slight cry of terror, as she sprung to her father's side.

Looking before them, they beheld the crooked form of the wretched creature, supported by a stick on which she leaned both her hands, standing some paces within the door, the hood of her cloak thrown partially back, so as to expose the whole of her wrinkled features, and her beady grey eye, as I before remarked, still so bright and piercing amidst the wreck of all around it.

A servant at the moment entered.

"How comes it, sir," said Mr. Butler, angrily, "that you permit us to be thus intruded upon at this hour of the night?"

"Why, sir," replied the servant, "she pressed me so earnestly to deliver this soiled piece of paper to your honour, and said a valuable life so much depended upon it, that I could not refuse her; and while I went

for a salver on which to bring it, it appears she made her way to your presence herself."

Mr. Butler took the paper with some suspicion, and hesitating to open it, looked to the hag, as it were for some further explanation. She eyed him for a moment steadfastly, then, totally regardless of the presence in which she stood, raised and struck her crutch to the ground with impatience, and, almost at the shrillest pitch of her voice, said,

"Ugh, ugh, open it, read it, will ye; sure it has not teeth to bite, nor claws to tear. Ugh, it is little I'd trouble your carpetted floor, but for the sake of him whom ye, and more than ye, would go far enough to save to-night."

"Ha!" said Mr. Butler, opening the paper, and reading it with attention, and after its perusal adding, "then you know and come to serve Mr. Macklin?"

"Know him," answered the Hag; "Ugh, iss, from the time he was a curled urchin, the darling of the whole parish, till the evening I saw him in the worse than thieves' den, and told him of a gallows tree and a hangman's gripe, that I might warn him, if I could, from his journey that night. Ugh, iss indeed, for I knew that human devils would be busy with their work of hell in its darkness. Ugh, ugh, that he had minded me, and it would never have come to this."

For a moment or so she rocked herself to and fro upon her crutch, with her usual low moaning sound, but suddenly recollecting herself, addressed Mr. Butler.

"But, sir, you must be stirring about him; you must leave this warm room this minute, and facing the howling night-wind and the bitter rain, as I have done, go to the head-inn of this place, and get a seat at the table at the right-hand side of the fire-place, where five gentlemen are sitting; and when there, if you use ears and tongue properly, you will hear much that may affect to-morrow's fortune."

"But how am I to rely upon the accuracy of this—how can a person of your description be aware of the conversation that is passing within a room you could never enter?" demanded Mr. Butler.

"Ugh, ugh, Cauthleen Rhu, accursed as she is, has means of knowing and hearing things ye little know," replied the hag. "But least ye delay longer, listen to this. At that table are two men seated who know every inch of that ground for miles on every side, and one of 'em a while ago said—'No one, drunk or sober, could stray fifty yards towards the house, in the direction the soldier has sworn to, and be a living man for half the distance;' and moreover, are ready to swear, to their belief, he never *could be* present on the night of the murder, if he had not a purpose of his own, and was not guided there by one who knew the way right well."

"This is indeed important," said Mr. Butler, "such evidence might help to shake his direct testimony materially. I will go at once, and endeavour to secure them as witnesses. But, Helen dear, what is to become of you? Will you seek some rest, love?"

Ere his daughter could reply, Cauthleen stepping forward, and attempting something like a courteous inclination of her stiffened frame, said in a softer tone than we have yet heard her utter—

“If the young and the beautiful will not be afraid to stay a little with the aged and the crippled, she may hear much of the early fortunes and friends of him she loves so truly.”

“Will you permit her, father?” asked Miss Butler. “For my own part, from what she has said, I am most anxious for the *tête à tête*, strange as one as it will doubtless prove.”

“As you please, darling, if you have courage for the undertaking,” answered her fond parent, kissing her cheek tenderly; and then, wrapping himself in his cloak, he proceeded to set forth on his mission, exclaiming, “now for the discovery.”

To explain Cauthleen's somewhat singular appearance at the house of Mr. Butler, it is necessary to state, that as she sat, or rather crouched by the kitchen fire of the inn in question, where she was always a welcome guest, one of the waiters, who had heard the observation she mentioned, told it aloud; and at once seeing its value, she determined in spite of the wild tempestuous night, to communicate it to some of his friends. A few inquiries, made with her usual keenness and effect, soon brought her to the mansion of the individual at present best calculated to act upon the information she brought; and the scene which occurred by her unexpected presence in their secluded apartment, arose from her long-nurtured hatred and distrust of the pampered servants of the rich.

THE POET'S HEART.

When the wild poet's flamelike spirit soars,
His lip the inspired song of beauty pours,
His rosy numbers flow without controul
In the harmonious language of the soul,
Enriched with lovely imag'ry, like gems
More bright than Asia's orient diadems;
And each idea sparkling like a shrine
With all the radiance of a fire divine.
For him all nature's exquisite—for he,
By his creative godlike faculty,
Has made subservient to his sole command
The calm, the bright, the beautiful, the grand.
Then view the poet when the muse inspires
His joyous bosom with her 'trancing fires,
His head reclined on fancy's vivid wing,
Half wakened and half languishing,
With all his sweet imagining;
His pensive, clear, illuminated eye,
So raised to that pure empyrean sky
To which his soul is borne away
By the illusions of his lay.
And then we say, oh! surely this
Is the meridian of all bliss.

But pause a moment—look upon
The heart where all this glory shone;
Behold the devastation there—
Of passion—misery—despair;
The wreck, the whirlwind, rage, and storm—
Now chilled with torpor—now with frenzy warm,
As his acute sensations show
The deep, the desperate energy of woe;
The flush of wrath—the weight of sadness—
The pang of grief—the rush of madness;

Each feeling panting in the fangs that rive,
Each tortured fibre sensibly alive;
So keen, so finely organized, that nought
But anguished genius is so deeply wrought.
In every pulse a fatal stroke is given,
And every vein is violently riven;
A thousand wounds effuse their living gore,
And every moment is inflicting more.

And this the heart the world supposes
To be a very bower of roses;
And this is he the world infers
More blest than common characters.
Let them his mind's interior see,
How blest are those—how wretched he.
Thus his sweet verse of extacy
Breathes half the sigh of agony.

Yet there is still one hope to cheer,
He is not long a dweller here.
A poet's life is sad and brief,
Abridged by passion, love, or grief;
For even his serial form appears
Unmeet for longitude of years;
And like his soul, not organized
For earth, 'tis too much subtilized,
And therefore early fades away,
Exotic-like, of premature decay.
And then the world doth eagerly admire
The wild effusions of his broken lyre,
Gives him a tomb descriptive or august—
A laurel chaplet, and a marble bust.

WHO ARE THE AFGHANS? AND WHY SHOULD IRISHMEN
FIGHT WITH THEM?

INTRODUCTION.

LATE events have made these two questions, and the answers to them, interesting and important to us. We must be interested in knowing something of the country and institutions of a people from whom England has suffered a defeat, which may turn out as injurious to her as Bannockburn, Patay, or Fontenoy, but which no one will rate as of less consequence than Benburb or Almanza in her olden wars, or Preston Pans, Walcheren, or New Orleans within the last hundred years. But if we get a hint that these victorious Afghans were freemen, fighting to expel invaders, our pulse beats quicker, visions pass before us, heroic memory whispers (low, low, for our tyrants may hear,) "Morat and Marathon," and our whole soul melts with sympathy for "the old cause,"—and—yes, it must out—we heave a sigh to think that Ireland is calm—calm as the grave. How grand are the words, "if there be on earth anything great, it is the firm resolve of a people which marches, under the eye of God, to the conquest of its rights incessantly; which counts nor its wounds, nor its days without resting, nor nights without sleep, and which says 'what of these things? what of these things?—justice and liberty are worth far weightier labours.'" And again, "when he looks upon the enslaved nations, and sees that each strove to break its own chains, but could not; and at length they began to look on one another with great pity, and love moving in them, they said, 'we have all the same thought; why have we not all one heart? Are we not all the sons of the same God, and brethren of the same Christ? Let us save each other or die together!'" And having said this, they felt in them a divine strength, and I heard their chains snap, and they fought for six days with those who had enchained them, and the sixth day they were conquerors, and the seventh was a day of rest."*

But what of the patriot's hope, or the prophet's vision? Who heeds them? Perchance you, too, reader, can sneer coldly at all this? Well, well, we shall not fret you with much more of it; and yet until the enslaved provinces of the great empires unite, (in sympathies at least), and until those who seek the independence of their own country sternly refuse to assist in suppressing the liberties of any other country, there can be no hope for nations. There is (as was endeavoured to be shown in this journal before) *a foreign policy for provinces*, and that policy is a constant and kindly communion with the small states which have preserved their freedom, and with the provinces which, like

* La Mennais;—Paroles d'un Croyant.

ourselves, are trying by arms or agitation to get free. And if this be true, it is a bloody fratricide for the Polish slave of Russia to strike down the Circassian foe of Russia; and it is a bloody fratricide for the Irish slave of England to smite the Afghan foe of England. But we are loitering on the high ground; let us come to money and taxes. The Afghan war of 1839 cost ten millions sterling, and Sir Robert Peel has increased the taxes of Ireland half a million. The Afghan war of 1842 will (*it is confessed*) cost at least twenty millions, and it is to be expected that next year Peel will add another million to the taxes of Ireland. We call Peel's increase this year half a million, for both he and his opponents agree that he has calculated the produce of his taxes too low; and yet, according to *his* account, the new taxes on Ireland must produce £410,000 a year; and it must be noted too, that this is accompanied with a diminution of the only profit Ireland has from the English connexion. As long as Irish provisions were admitted free into the English market, while all other foreign provisions were excluded from it by a prohibitory tax, it is very plain that all the Irish having agricultural rents or capital, (namely, the Irish gentry and large farmers) shared with England and Scotland in a monopoly of the English provision market, and received monopoly profits and rents. The diminution or destruction of the provision duties *may** therefore serve the Irish peasantry by making land of less value, and therefore more attainable; but every diminution in the duties *must* lessen the landlord's rents and farmer's profits, that is, the fund from which the taxes are paid. Sir R. Peel then in this session, in which he imposes half a million new taxes on Ireland, passes a corn law and tariff, which will lessen the fund from which Ireland can pay these taxes.

England is embarking into a brutal crusade against the Afghans; her past war with them has involved ~~us~~ as well as her in financial difficulties, it has involved us in half a million new taxes; if she goes on she will involve us in three times as much next year. Does not the coldest and most prudential man then become deeply interested in knowing the nature, reasons, and prospects of this war. And yet he cannot know them, unless he is acquainted with the people against whom it is waged.

CHAPTER I.

General Account of Afghanistan, and Investigation of the Social and Political Condition of the Afghan Clans.

THE Afghans usually call themselves by the name of their tribe, Ghilji, Duranni, &c. (as in the Irish tribes of O'Nial, M'Carthy, and

* We say "may," for if the land going out of corn tillage, be thrown into pasture, (as it assuredly will, if the aristocracy be allowed to have their own way,) the peasantry will not gain by the change.

soforth,) and when they take a common name it is Pushtun, and their country they call the land of the Pushtun. We take the words Afghan and Afghani-stan (or Afghan-land) from the Persians, and these names being the most familiar, we shall use them in this article.*

Afghanistan lies between Persia and India, which bound it on the west and east. On the south it is separated from the Indian Ocean by the mountainous country called Beluch-i-stan, (the ancient Gedrosia) which stretches from the mouth of the Persian Gulf east to the mouths of the Indus, and on the north it is separated by the Hindu Kush or Caucasus, from the three Tartar kingdoms of Khiva or Kharism, (anciently Margiana) of Balkh (a province of Sogdiana or Bokhara,) and of Budokshan; Balkh and Budokshan being the ancient Bactria.† This country is, on an average, six hundred miles wide from east to west, and five hundred miles from north to south. Its population is perhaps six or seven millions; the statements vary, but this seems about the real number. Of the six hundred miles from north to south, two hundred on the north are filled up with the giant mountains of Hindu Kush, containing, however, many rich though steep valleys. The valley of the Cabul river is the largest of these. Of the five hundred miles from east to west, two hundred miles on the east, or Indian side, are also immense mountain regions, but their summits are one-third less than those on the north, (one set being about eighteen thousand, the other about twelve thousand feet high, that is, one five times, the other three and a half times the height of M'Gillicuddy's Reeks, our highest hills,) and besides numerous large valleys, these eastern mountains contain many table lands and plains of great extent and fertility. The range of summits on the more easterly part of this district is called the Solyman mountains, that more to the west the Ghilji mountains. As we leave these northern and eastern mountain masses, and move southwest, the country consists of low hills, with little

* Afghan-i-stan is occasionally called Khorassan—Eastern Persia, and yet more frequently Cabul, from the name of the capital city. Our readers will bear in mind that the *a* in these Eastern names is generally pronounced broad, somewhat like the *a* in father; and *i*, when emphatic, like the continental *i* long, or English *ee*. The *u* also is mostly emphatic, and approaches in sound the English *oo* in *coo*, or more nearly the German *u* in *kuh*; when short, as in Zurrah, Kuttuk, Kuzzilbash, &c. (so spelt in our article) it is pronounced something like the German *ue short*, or the English *i* in girt, and is by sundry European dunces variously represented by the vowels, *a*, *e*, *i*, *o*, or *u*!

† Our principal authority in this and the next chapter, is Elphinstone's Cabul, a clear and explanatory work. A new edition, corrected to the present time, has been lately published, in 2 vols. 8vo. Burnes, Havelock, Conolly, the United Service Journal, and many other works, have been carefully examined and compared.

We assume that our reader will follow our description on a map, otherwise the topographical details cannot be understood. There are admirable maps of the country to be had for eight or ten shillings, and a good one, that of the Useful Knowledge Society, for sixpence.

grass, a few clumps of bushes, and an odd tree. If an Irishman from the north will recal the downs of Meath, Cavan, and Monaghan, taking care to wither off most of the grass by a burning sun and a desert wind, he may have some notion of what we mean. We hardly know where to send a southern (a native of a land of plains and mountains) to look for a parallel; perhaps if the country round Castle Island, Liscarrol, or Urlingford were parched up, it might answer.* Keeping still further to the south-west, these hills become few and small, and at last sink into a naked desert, being the eastern flank of the Great Persian Desert. The part of this desert within the Afghan boundary is called Seistan, once a fertile land, and holding an important place in Persian and Afghan history. Rising near the city of Cabul, where the northern and eastern mountains join, the river Helmund flows in a south-westerly course, through the bleak downs we have just been describing, until it enters Lake Zurrah in Seistan, a brackish lake about one hundred and fifty miles round. The Helmund, its tributaries, and Lake Zurrah itself are fringed for a mile or two on the banks by fields of exceeding richness; but beyond these are the hillocks and flats of scanty herbage that we have mentioned. Turn we now to the political organization of the Afghan clans.

It is hard to make a native of these kingdoms understand the state of the oriental tribes. The shallow and declamatory writings of the English and French liberals, during the last century, have so cramped and crooked the minds of the reading classes, that they cannot imagine an arbitrary ruler without the destruction of all individual liberty; and they infer anarchy from the absence of long codes and exact forms. Having got up some metaphysical definitions of liberty, slavery, and so forth, they judge the world by cant definitions.† But people are beginning to look more to facts, and they find that under the Turkish despotism there are municipal corporations in every town managed for and by the Christians that taxes are low and fixed, and trade freer than among the Christians. They find the same municipal system in every Indian village, and that this village system, with all its freedom, its self-government, and immunities, was *habitually* respected by every invader, save the unsparing English. They find two-thirds of the population of Persia belonging to independent hordes, each of which had an internal demo-

* If any one be angry with us for bringing Munster and Cabul together, we humbly beg to shelter ourselves under the example of "the conquering Lord Keane," "Baron Keane of Ghuzni in Afghanistan, and Cappelquin in the county of Waterford." Scipio Africanus, Junot Duke of Abrantes, and Keane Lord of Ghuzni, form a pedigree, or *descent*, of conquerors bearing foreign titles!

† To do the French justice, the reign of guess politics was shorter and more interrupted in France than in England,—Montesquieu's book first, and then the enthusiasm about the middle-age history, protected France. But England never *investigates* history, and her political classics, such as Sydney's and Bentham's books, were legitimate successors to the scholastic folios of the middle ages.

why should Irishmen fight with them ?

cratic constitution, and paid only a light tax and military service to the shah. And, looking nearer home, it turns out that up to the seventeenth century the kings of France were less absolute than the kings of England, (to say nothing of the restraints imposed afterwards by the five courts or parliaments,) and that Spain, instead of being one kingdom under a despot, consisted of a number of kingdoms very little more united than before Ferdinand married Isabella; many of these kingdoms possessing considerable freedom and self-government; and lastly, people are beginning to think "the legion" was very badly employed in shooting the Basques, a nation engaged (albeit under the leadership of a tyrant's brother) in defending one of the oldest free constitutions in Europe.*

Few things tend so much to preserve local government, and with it, energy, genius, and valour, as the difficulty of communication. Hence it is that mountaineers remain in small clans or cantons; and albeit a great conqueror may render them tributary, no power can subdue their spirit, or break down their manners to the level of surrounding people. Desert regions may equally guard against conquest, (as we see in Arabia, Tartary, and Africa,) but not equally against assimilation. The two Americas also illustrate this, and will illustrate it more. Even now, in the deserts and mountains of each, equestrian tribes are learning a degree of skill and hardihood, and a facility of combination, which will yet check the tide of European emigration in North America, driving it back on the Eastern States; and in South America, confining the Spaniards to a few coast-towns.

The Afghans have *some* political combinations which are *permanent*; these are the unions into villages and clans: *others*, which are *uncertain or occasional*; such are the unions into great tribes or into one nation. Each valley, or often each village, has its own chief, and all the other components, military and civil, of a nation. Generally, however, a few of those villages (besides the internal government of each) have a common government, consisting of a council formed of the heads of each village, and presided over by a khan, who is elected for his merits out of the noblest family among them all. This combination is called an *ulus* or house, and is general in Afghanistan. The next stage is a combination which is often more nominal than real, and usually precarious; this is the combination called a *khail* or clan, the chief of which has usually little power except in war. Among the ruder Afghans indeed, the khail or clan is little more than a name; with others, the tie is strong. Thus, the Barukzye khail or clan, the strongest of all, containing some forty thousand families, has held together in peace and war for a long period. Dost Mohammed was the head of this family.

* The energy of the Basques in their homely cause was, we admit, grievously abused to support despotic principles. However, if the Regent, while he firmly quells the selfish and superstitious factions, will cherish the local institutions and provincial immunities of Spain, he may bid defiance to all his enemies, and make his country an example and instrument of general liberty.

The Khybers, Kuttuks, &c. are khails, consisting of many uluses. Next above the khail, or clan, is the tribe. The tribe owes its origin, either to a supposed common descent, aided by neighbourhood and similar institutions, as among the Duranis, or to a formal confederation. This sort of confederation, when voluntary, is called *Gundi*.* Defence against invaders is the usual origin of it. Such were the Berduranis, a *gundi*, or confederation of the Eusofzyes, Khybers, and many other clans.

Above all these is the monarchy. This is a supremacy and imperial power exercised by the chief of the ruling tribe. Thus, in the beginning of the seventeenth century, the Ghilji tribe had fought its way to this supremacy; but since 1747 the Duranis have conquered it from them.

A particular instance may explain these successive degrees of government.

The ulus, or house, of Suddo-zye consists of a few villages. From this house the shah of Afghanistan was chosen, from the coronation of Ahmed in 1747, to that of Shah Eyub in 1818, when Shah Soojah was last expelled; since then the empire has been broken up, as we shall presently explain.

This *ulus* of Suddo-zye is one of many uluses, combined in the *khail* or clan of Popil-zye.†

Again, this *clan* of Popilzye is one of the nine clans of the *tribe* of the Duranis. The members of a clan or tribe have more knowledge of each other, more similarity, and more willingness to unite in war, than the members of another clan or tribe; and therefore it is that in the great historical events of the country, the tribes and clans attract attention. But in the every day life of the Afghans, the clan and tribe seldom figure, and therefore we may almost forget them for our present purpose.

The central or imperial government of the Afghans is chiefly interesting in relation to their history. The powers of the Suddozye emperors may be classed under three heads.

1st. The right to raise and command the standing army and militia; 2d. taxation; 3d. the administration of justice and the appointment of judges.

The army of Cabul consisted of the Shah's body-guards, (Gholami Shah) 13,000 cavalry. One-third of this corps were Persians or Kuzzilbashs,‡ recruited from a number of Persian families settled in

* The same term is applied to small clubs for mutual aid in peace and war, and even to adopted brotherhood, a tie still very common in the East, though it has grown rare in Europe.

† The word *zye* (pronounced *zehee*) is like the Irish *Mac*, and signifies the son or sons of.

‡ Red heads, a name given in Persia to the Khorassan soldiers on account of their red caps. A similar name was that of the Chapelgorris, the famous rifle regiment in Don Carlos' service. Talking of these things, we strongly recommend Mr. Frazer's novel, *The Kuzzilbash*, to our readers, as a brilliant picture of manners among the oriental tribes.

Cabul. These are the Kuzzilbashas who figured in the attacks on Elphinstone's besieged army last December. These guards, and an artillery corps of 800 men, were the only troops always receiving pay. The Durani tribe were bound by the tenure of their lands to furnish 12,000 cavalry. These Duranis were officered by their own khans, and each of them when on duty received pay of about £20 a year.

The Iljani were an infantry militia amounting to about 20,000. On active service they received pay, but it was small, the village from which each man was sent contributing to his support. These were the ordinary troops, but among his warlike tribes an Afghan shah could raise as many soldiers as he could support by pay, or plunder. The Ulusi, or rising of the Ullusis, is a levy *en masse*, when every man capable of bearing arms marched under his khan. This levy, of course, never could succeed except in a great national crisis; then it would be spontaneous. There was an Ulusi in most of the eastern tribes last autumn; according to the latest accounts, it promised to become universal. The amount of the troops under the Barukzye chiefs we shall mention when we come to the invasion of 1839.

The revenue arose, first, from a land tax of about ten per cent on the produce of each holding; 2nd, the royal demesnes; 3d, customs or duties upon imports or exports; 4th, commutation money from the villages which neglected to send their proportion of troops. All these sources of revenue united, were less than the tribute received from the provinces on the Indus, and from Kashmere, when these dependencies were not in revolt, as frequently happened. Three millions is said to have been the usual revenue of the Shah of Cabul.

Besides his Grand Vizier, who was both premier and chancellor of the exchequer, the king's cabinet consisted of the great military and religious dignitaries. The whole empire used to be divided into eighteen parts, each governed by a *sirdar*; nine of these were the conquered provinces, and in each of them the *sirdar* resided, and appointed the *cazis*, or judges, administered the revenue, and ruled the garrisoning army. The other nine were Afghan districts, the *sirdars* of which were non-resident, collected the revenue through the khans of each Ullus, and occasionally named a *cazi*, or judge. In fact, save in the cities and conquered provinces, the king's officers had little power.

The shah, though head of the church, interfered little with it. The appointment of the Mulah Bashi, the President of the Ulema, (synod or convocation), and two or three other great religious officers, and the patronage of appointing *cazis*, or judges, who are always priests, gave him, however, some controul.

The government of the Ullus demands more attention, because it is the most permanent and influential political relation existing among the Afghans. As great varieties exist in it, of course we cannot give a general description applicable to the foot of every particular Ullus, but we shall state the usual form. Every village has a council of elders, and

a headman. The headman is elected by the men of the village, from the principal or head family.* The headmen of all the villages in an Ulu constitute the *jirga* of the Ulu. The khan of an Ulu is usually elected by the *jirga*. Where the royal government was strong, it used to select the khan, but even then, he was always chosen from the chieftain family. This *jirga* is a senate, whose decrees regulate the movements and conduct the confederacies, supplies, and expeditions of the Ulu in peace and war. It is also a court of justice, arbitrating on disputes, and *sometimes* enforcing punishments. This *jirga*, then, is a legislature, a court of justice, and a council of war.

The khan not only has a voice in the *jirga*, but he holds the executive power. In war, he commands; in peace, he represents the Ulu to the sovereign, the ally, and the stranger. He carries into effect the orders of the *jirga*, and of the *cazi*, or king's judge, wherever that officer exists. The revenue of the khan arises from his family possessions. He receives a khan's share of plunder, and of the customs levied on merchants, and in some cases he is allowed a small tax on the land of the Uluses.

Officers and bodies similar to the khan and *jirga* of the Ulu exist in the village,—headman and elders; and where the connection into *khails* or clans is real, the ruling powers are a khan and *jirga*, chosen in a like manner.

This is a sort of model of their constitution; but sometimes the khan is a mere cypher in the *jirga*; often the representation in that body is unequal and partial, and in some rare cases the khan governs without any regular *jirga*. Great emergencies in war, or the splitting off of villages or many families from the Ulu, leads at times to the appointment of a dictator, as in that greatest of the Uluses of Latium, the Romans.

The attachment of the people is to their village, or Ulu, more than to the khan; and this, as well as the power and constitution of the *jirga*, serve to distinguish the Afghan polity from that of the Scotch clans in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, to which it has been compared. Indeed, Ireland, under her supreme monarch, her pentarchy of lesser kings, and her greater and lesser clans, would afford more likeness.† The

* Denizens (*humsayehs*) have no votes; they must rest on what Edmund Burke calls "virtual representation," namely, by those whose clients they are. In a few tribes, where the denizens are numerous, they have votes like the hereditary tribesmen.

† We have heard the supremacy of the Duranis compared with that of the O'Nials; but the former has existed a short time, and has been very decided—the latter lasted long, and was seldom more than nominal. The similarity of the Afghan to the Irish character is great. It is visible in their clannish patriotism; in their religious habits, and when ceasing to be orthodox, in their adopting the enlarged philanthropy of the Suffis, or Rationalists, rather than the dogmas of another sect; in their romantic attachment to women; in their excitable and warlike temperament; in their passion for independence, their respect for age, and their restless and adventurous spirit. "But these," some Englishman will say, "are the qualities of barbarians." If so, may we continue barbarous!

gundis, or confederacies, and councils of the Afghans will suggest to the reader Switzerland, and numbers of other European confederacies, as well as the Amphictyons of Greece, and the Panathenaion of the Athenians. The succession of parish, county, and kingdom in England, and of the township, county, state, and federal government in America, offer a fainter resemblance, yet one worth noticing. *

We have said that the khan appointed cazis or judges, who had little authority save in the towns. These cazis (as among all Mohammedan nations) are Mulahs, (priests). The Koran and the commentaries form together the Shirra, or Moslem law. One of the best ideas a native of Christendom can get of Moslem justice, is to suppose the clergy thoroughly national and well educated; and that from this body are appointed judges, who would decide according to the Bible and the canons of the church, the civil authorities being bound to execute the orders and decrees of these ecclesiastical courts.

But besides the Koran and the cazis, the Afghans have another code, and different tribunals. The jirgas are the tribunals. The code is the customary or common law of the country, called Pushtunwulli, the law of the Pushtun. The first principle of it, (as of the Jewish and Saxon laws), is retaliation: an eye for an eye, and an ox for an ox, are their rules in criminal and civil cases. But this principle is modified in most tribes, by the interference of the jirga, assisted by mulahs. The arbitrations of the jirga are instantly submitted to, save by powerful chiefs; † such is the force of opinion. Crimes of violence are of course common. A murderer generally flies; but, if not, instead of disputing the guilt, he goes to the house of the injured family, begging compassion. The jirgas have therefore rather to apportion compensation, than to ascertain guilt. A recusant to their authority is, in some tribes, excommunicated by the mulahs, expelled from the tribe, and his property is confiscated; in others he is judged in his absence, and judgment given and enforced. "On the whole," says Elphinstone, "these judicial jirgas are useful institutions. In most cases they conduct themselves with tolerable impartiality, although they cannot be exempt from the influence of friendship and enmity, and may, perhaps, in some instances, be accessible to solicitation, and even to corruption. One naturally imagines their

* There is another community of Asiatic mountaineers to whom the Afghans bear a closer resemblance in most things, than does any one nation on earth to another—the Circassians. In land, faith, and organization, the resemblance was always remarkable; if the Afghans *continue* to dispose of a couple of *English* armies annually, as the Circassians manage to do with the Russians, the likeness will be completer. Some of those days we shall have much to say of these Circassians, the Asiatic Swiss, and the best battlers for freedom since the pikes of Switzerland bore down the Burgundian chivalry.

† In an article on Norway, in our April number, we pointed out a return to the principle of local arbitration in that country. We beg those who have witnessed the denial of justice, and the affluence of petty and cruel litigation in Ireland, to turn over in their minds the difference between cheap law and systematic arbitration.

debates to be tumultuous and disorderly, but I understand that this is not often the case ; and in some tribes, the jirgas are remarkable for order and gravity, and for a rude kind of eloquence much admired by their countrymen."

The religious institutions of Cabul are much the same as in other Mohammedan countries. The Mulahs must graduate in one of the colleges. The leading Mulahs constitute the Ulema, or convocation of the religious orders. It expounds disputed laws, and determines clerical and legal ceremonies. The Mulahs are supported, some by the fees and salaries of their legal offices, others are the imams, or secular priests of villages, and are supported by a tithe. Schools, tuitions, farming, and lastly alms, obtained by piety or intimidation, maintain the rest. In the west of Afghanistan, the Mulahs are poor, moral, and tolerant ; in the jirgas their counsel is welcome, and their influence often prevents violence and brings punishment on crime. In the east of Afghanistan, it is not unusual to find them sensual and insolent. One good thing about them all is, they are to a man national ; and the green banner of the prophet, in the hands of a priest, has often raised the Afghan tribes to the defence of their common country, rallied them when defeated, and led them to victory. Not rarely have they (and of what venerable body may not the same be said ?) abused popular credulity for purposes of intolerance, extortion, and sedition ; yet they are said to be the most tolerant of the Mohammedan priesthoods in practice. Elphinstone conceives, apparently with justice, that their moral preaching, their superior knowledge, and their exertions to preserve quiet, make them, with all their faults, a blessing to Cabul.

Education is universal, there being a schoolmaster in every village. He is usually allowed a house and farm, and receives a trifling stipend from each family. Every child begins to learn his letters when four years four months and four days old, according to Mohammed's rule ; but the after education in the lower classes is confined to the Koran, and translations of some moral poems of Sadi. The wealthier people learn some Arab and Persian literature. Those intended for the church and law are obliged to graduate at a college, where dogmatic theology, law, metaphysics, logic, medicine, and general literature are taught. This course lasts for many years. At Peshawur is the most famous of these colleges ; it is frequented by many Indian and Tartar students.

The language of the people is Pushtu. Pushtu has an original root, though it contains some Persian, Punjabi, and Arabic, and many Sanscrit, Zend, and Pehlvi words. The Pushtu dialects of east and west Afghanistan differ about as much as English and Lowland Scotch. The written character is derived from the Persian. The oldest books in Pushtu date back about three hundred years. Elphinstone (vol. i. pp. 254, &c.) gives some fine specimens of the poems of Koshal, khan of the Kuttuks, who, when his countrymen bent or broke before the attacks of Arungzebé, maintained his independence with lance and pen. A

Scotchman (Elphinstone) has placed him beside Wallace in his merits and his fortunes. So be it,—'tis good to people Olympus.

We print a few lines of a noble poem, which he wrote during his retirement among the Ensofzyes, after his army had suffered a terrific overthrow. He opens with sweet fresh images:—

“ Whence has this spring appeared again,
Which has made the country all around one rose-garden ?
The anemone is there, the sweet herbs, the iris, and the basil,
The jasmine, the daffodil, the narcissus, and pomegranate flower.
The flowers of the spring are of all colours,
But the cheek of the red tulip glows most among them all.
The maidens have handfuls of roses in their bosoms,—
The young men have bunches of flowers in their turbans ;
The musician applies his bow to the cheganah,
And searches out the melodies of every string.”

He then changes the note, and cries,—

“ Come, O cup bearer, bring me full, full cups,
Let me be satiated with wine and revelry.
The Afghan youth have reddened their hands,
As the falcon dyes its talons in the blood of its quarry.
They have made their white swords red with blood,
As a bed of tulips glowing in summer.
Amil Khan and Dera Khan were the heroes,
Each emulous of the other.
They stained the valley of Khyber with blood,
And poured the tumult of war on to Currupa—
Up to Currupa, and up to Bajur. The mountains and the plains
Trembled as with an earthquake, again and again.
It is now five years that in those quarters
Every day has been heard the clashing of bright swords.
Since I left that country, my heart is broke,—
Am I dead, or are those around me dead ?
I call aloud for troops, 'till I am weary,
But those around me are deaf to complaints and reproaches.”

He then recounts some of the successful wars, and reproaches the Ensofzyes for their apathy, and then warns them that—

“ No dependance can be placed on the king,
For he has ill designs, and is false and treacherous.
No other issue leads from this,
The Moguls must be destroyed, or the Afghans undone.
If this be the course of the spheres which we see,
If it be God's will that we perish, let this be the time.
The seasons do not always roll in the same way ;
Sometimes they suit the rose, sometimes the thorn.
The time of danger is the time for honour :
Without honour, what would become of the Afghans ?
If they harbour any other thought, it is ruin.
There is no deliverance but in the sword.
The Afghans are better than the Moguls at the sword.
If the spirit of the Afghans were awakened,
If the uluses would stand by each other,
Kings would soon be prostrate before them.”

When the reader recollects that this poem is taken by chance from a volume, and that he sees it in a rude and foreign dress, he will probably think that the Afghans must possess a national heroic poetry, fit to rank with the Norse Saga, the Niebelungen Lied, or the ancient Irish Ballads. Ahmed Shah, the founder of the Durani monarchy, wrote many

poems in the national Pushtu language. Every one of his successors, including Zeman and Sujah, were authors, but they wrote in Arabic or Persian. Indeed the prevalence of Persian, in the royal courts of the East, has had the same mischievous influence on the literature and spirit of India, Cabul, and Bokhara, as French had in Germany, Holland, and Russia. Where (as in these instances,) a foreign language has been taken up as a fashion, it can be laid down by the same power. But where the foreign sword has imposed a foreign tongue, nothing but native arms can restore the native language.

The majority of the Afghan tribes are nomades, frequenting with their flocks the highlands in summer, and clustering in the sheltered vales, or round the castles of the khans in winter. These tribes live in tents of black cloth, lined with felt. The nomades always cultivate some land, and the tribes considered agricultural, rarely spend a summer without driving their little flocks among the mountains, so that it occasionally is hard to say this tribe is pastoral, and that tribe is agricultural.

There are three principal tenures of land. 1st—the Duranis hold by military service in fee; 2d—the Ghiljis and most of the Eastern tribes hold in absolute proprietorship. The law of gavelkind prevails in both cases, and never leads to excessive subdivision, for when the portion of one becomes too small for his support, he gives it up to his brother or sells it. Amongst most of the Berduranis, the land of the ulus is divided every year among the villages, and the inhabitants of each village cultivate in common.

In the neighbourhood of the towns and in some few tribes a good deal of land is let either to middlemen, who farm it out again in metayer, (in con-acre, or as quarter ground) or on leases for two or five years, at proportional rents of about a third of the produce. Property in the settled country is or was worth ten years purchase. Labourers are few; they receive food, clothing, and thirty rupees (about £3 10s.) for the season. In towns they get from 4d. to 7d. a day, and this in a country where from five to seven pounds of wheat cost one penny.

Agricultural slavery exists among the Berduranis, and in a few other savage tribes. The slaves are usually pagans, taken in war. These serfs are, it is said, treated like tenants, having houses and lands of their own, labouring only during part of the seed time and harvest for their masters.

The Afghans have generally a spring and autumn harvest. Their tillage includes the cultivation of the principal hard grains of wheat, oats, barley, maise, &c. Green crops of clover and turnips are common. Fallows are unknown. Irrigation is carried on not only by streams and canals, but by a sort of subterranean aqueduct called Carizi, frequently many miles in length; in some instances thirty miles long. These great works are usually executed by rich individuals, who derive no profit from them. They are the result of the maxims of the Koran, which have made Asiatic kings and nobles empty their treasuries to form

roads, tanks, and caravanserais throughout their native land, with a splendid liberality seldom seen in Europe.

The Afghans, like the Persians, plough with oxen. The Seistanis plough with camels, and the Imaks with horses. The agricultural implements are of the rudest kind, wooden ploughs, and Robinson Crusoe harrows. Water mills, in which the wheels are horizontal, are in general use; but wind mills, the sails of which are shut up in a tower, with a square opening in the side, are sometimes seen. The manufactures of Cabul are chiefly woollens, felts, and leather for their clothes and tents. They also are skilful workers in iron, making their own match-locks and spears, but their choice sabres and daggers are imported from Persia. The Afghans rarely engage in handicraft, and the mechanical arts are carried on chiefly by denizens of Indian or Tajik blood.

The trade of Cabul is large, as the communications of India with Persia and Tartary go through it. The cities of Cabul, Herat, and Kandahar are therefore great emporiums. This trade is chiefly in the hands of the Lohanis, a tribe whose native seats are between the Solyman mountains and the Indus. Trading is of course conducted in caravans. These Lohanis bear a high character for probity and intelligence. Their mercantile connexions spread over Western and Central Asia. The Lohanis of Bombay received exact accounts of the late occurrences in Cabul, many days before the English government.

The national dress of the men consists of dark cotton or woollen trousers, laced buskins, a shirt of chintz reaching a little below the knee; a low and showy cap of velvet, with a gold or crimson band; a cloak of sheepskin or soft felt, and a rich shawl round the waist. The women's dress varies in *colours* chiefly from the men's.

The arms most in esteem now are sabres and guns. Of guns, they use either an enormous matchlock, carrying balls of six to the pound, and fired from a rest, which, when not in use, is carried like a ramrod; or else a firelock of a somewhat smaller bore. The sabre is carried by every one; it is excellent in shape and temper. Cavalry and infantry alike use these weapons. The cavalry also carry a lance, which, in charging, they put in rest like the knights of the middle ages. Elphinstone and others tell extraordinary stories of the dexterity of the Afghan cavalry. They can hit a six-inch shield with a matchlock ball, when riding at full speed, and pick a coin off the ground without checking their horse. This last was one of the feats performed by Runjit Singh at his interview with Lord Auckland. Pistols and daggers are also much worn, and the Khybers carry a knife of about three feet long. Shields and plate armour, though still to be met with, are going out of use. The most formidable action of the Afghans is by skirmishing with their long guns from the cliffs of their defiles. Such a tactic was it that drove Wylde and his seapoys in confusion from the Kyber pass. The charge of the Afghan infantry with the sabre is magnificent. The men are so muscular, active, and fiery, and the weapon so admirable, that when led well and evenly

to the charge, and enabled to close, they are an overmatch for any troops armed with musket and bayonet.

In their family relations the Afghans are superior to most orientals. Age is revered, and youth treated with care and respect. Polygamy is of course allowed, but in practice is confined to the upper classes. The wife brings no dowry, but on the contrary is purchased from her father. This custom of making the hand of the daughter a matter of traffic with her parents, seems not to have spoiled the hearts of the Afghans. They are kind and tolerably faithful husbands, and considering that marriages are late, except in the towns, the general morality is most remarkable. "I am not sure," says Elphinstone, (vol. 1, p. 243.) "that there is any people in the East, except the Afghans, where I have seen any trace of the sentiment of love according to our ideas of the passion. Here it is very prevalent. Besides the numerous elopements, the dangers of which are encountered for love, it is common for a man to plight his faith to a particular girl, and then set off to a remote town, or even to India, to acquire the wealth that is necessary to obtain her from her father." When an engagement is made with the family consent, a Welch wooing generally takes place.

Hospitality is carried by them to excess, if that be possible. Theirs certainly exceeds that of any settled nation. To take away his guest is the greatest insult you can offer an Afghan. In every village there is a house for strangers, and yet the people generally forestal it of the guest. Even in periods of famine, they try to shew the same generosity. That must be an audacious demand indeed, which an Afghan will refuse the man who enters his house, and sits in mourning and fasting till his request be granted.

Nor is the custom of plundering which exists among so many of them at variance with this, for, except among the Kybers, the presence of an unarmed attendant secures the stranger to whom the safe passage has been promised; and a man's deadliest foe is safe under his roof. "We met," says Burnes, "some individual passengers escorted by mere children, whose tribe was a sufficient protection," and this was among the Momunds, a fierce and rapacious clan. Pride of blood and pride of country are equally strong among them. Not one but knows the names and deeds of his fathers, and his clan; not one but points out a thousand perfections in his native valley, and is ready to draw his sabre for the honour and beauty of Afghanistan. Mr. Elphinstone sums up their character in words which Burnes and later travellers show to have been hardly favourable enough:—"I know no people who have fewer vices, or are less voluptuous or debauched. Their vices are revenge, envy, avarice, rapacity, and obstinacy; on the other hand, they are fond of liberty, faithful to their friends, kind to their dependants, hospitable, brave, hardy, frugal, laborious, and prudent; and they are less disposed than the nations in their neighbourhood to falsehood, intrigue, and deceit."

ON THE USE AND STUDY OF HISTORY.*

A GREAT thinker of the present day has said that among the certainties of modern times, is the advent and progress of democracy; and confident in their present position as the believers in perennial aristocratic rule may be, his saying is true. From the discovery of printing to the present day, power has gradually been more and more divided into successively smaller and smaller fragments, and distributed among greater numbers of mankind. Class after class has successively been called on to bear sway, or to exercise influence. Downwards to the base of society has been, and is the tendency of power, impelled by some law as unseen, as unaccountable, yet as irresistible as gravity. Onward has the resistless tide of democracy swept, and fabric after fabric of those, who in vain reliance on the dykes with which they sought to stay its progress,

“ On lands usurped from the giant sea
Had built their halls of dignity,”

has been sapped or swept away by its waters.

Yet its progress has been by no means continuous or uniform. At times it has appeared to recede, or even actually receded; and men fancied, as they do now, that its force was spent, and have exulted in the thought. At other times it has, after a season of repose, advanced with the rapidity and fury of a torrent; and men have shrieked with dread, least the rising waters should overwhelm them. Yet in both were they mistaken. Neither has democracy with impetuous force swept over the earth, nor has it been destined permanently to recede. Through all the various changes, which the world has witnessed since the discovery of printing, the true parent of modern democracy, the working of the general law of its progress is perceptible. Through the Reformation, the Puritan and Aristocratic revolutions of England, the establishment of American Independence, Catholic Emancipation, the Parliamentary and Municipal Reform Acts in these countries; through the “Monarchy tempered by epigrams,” the Military Republic, the Empire of Napoleon, and the second expulsion of the Bourbons in France, democracy has travelled with ever increasing sway. Each of those great series of events, now that we look back upon them, serves as a landmark to note its progress. At the commencement of each of the periods which witnessed their enactment, some exclusive privilege of some man or set of men, to bear rule over the rest, was resisted or assailed; and at the conclusion of each of them, the obnoxious privilege was either abolished or shared with the assailants. How the conquerors obtained their triumph, how far their success was complete

* On the Use and Study of History, by W. TORRENS M'CULLAGH, LL.B. M.R.I.A. &c. DUBLIN: MACHEN.

or partial, and how they used or abused that success, it is the business of those who wrote their histories to relate; and in many different ways is that history told. That the general result of each has been the diminution of the power of the few, and the advancement of the power of the many, however they may differ in other respects, most of those who have thought upon the subject will admit.

Whether this be for good or for evil, is a question upon which men have differed and will continue to differ; but the fact cannot be disputed. For our own parts we cannot believe that the working of that which appears to be a law of the progress of man, emanating as it must have done from his divine Creator, and part of His mysterious government of this world, can be evil. Looking on the advance of democracy as an indication of the future destiny of man upon this planet, chequered though it must be with ill, (being terrestrial,) we cannot believe that it does not bring with it much of good. But it is vain to argue with the irresistible; it is idle to consider whether the advance of democracy be for good or ill. It is the duty of those who bear sway in the present generation, to endeavour to increase the good and to diminish the evil; to remember that they and the generation among whom they govern, are but trustees of power for a future generation, who will in time administer the trust themselves; that they must render a strict account of their stewardship to an imperious posterity, and a far stricter and more terrible account before a far more awful Tribunal. Since the numbers who are to direct the destiny of themselves and others, either directly, as in America and England, by their votes, or indirectly, as in other countries, by their opinions, are gradually becoming greater, it is the duty of every governor and ruling class, to prepare the new depositaries of power for its proper exercise. As is the seed, so will be the harvest; as is the source, so will be the stream. If the classes from whom power is to emanate, or by whom it is to be controlled, be not sound-thinking, virtuous, enlightened, just, it is in vain to expect that those qualities will be displayed by the men who are indebted to them for the enjoyment or continuance of sway. The diffusion therefore of the means of acquiring sound ideas among the people, becomes a solemn and important duty for all interested in the prosperity of their country, and the happiness of their countrymen.

But amongst the subjects upon which it is desirable they should be possessed of accurate information, and the materials for sound thought, there is scarcely one to compare with history. There is no department of human knowledge in which more frauds are daily committed, in which ignorance is more abused by presumptuous or deceitful half-knowledge. The perversion of history is almost the business of party politicians on this side and on that, seeking to bend the truth, to make it suit the purposes of the party under whose banners they have chosen to fight.

Historical analogies are, a great portion of them, the stock in trade

of those who engage in party warfare, and of all the deceitful forms of speech or writing ever invented, we believe that same "analogy" is the most effectual in the propagation of error. It is so easy to construct upon paper such seemingly close parallels between some two distant epochs, and persuade the reader that the one is but a copy or repetition of the other; forgetting all the while, or not choosing to remember, the numerous appreciable and still more numerous inappreciable circumstances of difference; forgetting how minute a thing is a true story of any series of events; in how many slight, to us, and perhaps to those who lived and acted then, unseen and unknown causes, lay the germ or the guiding influence of what was outwardly visible, and attracted the attention of the world. Yet with the outward and visible alone can the analogists deal; the inward source, the cause why the events developed themselves in one fashion, and not in another, is hidden from them; and too often from all the world. Hence it happens that these so called analogies are so deceptive; and from this also, that no periods, no two events or series of events, be they ever so like-seeming, are in reality like, for "Time is a great innovator, and never repeats himself."

But it is not the chief use of history to put men upon their guard against the sophisms of politicians, to furnish them with an antidote to the poison daily served up to them for food; though were that all, its study would be attended with no small benefit. It has a higher destiny, and was intended for nobler purposes; it is to the human race what memory is to the individual, the record of its experience, the glass wherein is mirrored all the path which it has hitherto travelled through time. To the individual and the race, the benefits of both are incalculable, inappreciable. Just fancy a man deprived of memory. Who is there that, whether his course through the world has been gloomy or bright, would part with its remembrance. There is but one other loss greater than it—the loss of hope; for memory and hope are properly man's only possessions in this world, the only things that with truth he can call his own. As it is with individuals, even so is it with nations of men. They have their memory of the past, their hope for the future; deprive them of either, and you rob them of half their worth. This is the chief use of history, that it makes men wiser, better, more tolerant of each other's errors, more disposed to forgive the past, and to hope for the future.

In the present age the study of history has been pursued with singular success; vast additions have been made to the stock of historical knowledge since the beginning of this century. The philologists and antiquarians have opened many a new path through what formerly was a waste; they have dug up many a long buried treasure. The true outline and proportion of many a period, which was concealed by the dust and rubbish that had accumulated over it, have been developed and displayed. Greater progress has been made in this direction during the last quarter

of a century, than during any period of four times the length since the revival of learning. The advance too has been made in a right direction ; the object of historical research latterly has been to recover as much as possible of the actual daily life of past ages, to place before the eyes of the present generation as accurate a likeness of their predecessors as could be drawn. The self-contented generalities of the historians of the last century, have been found insufficient to satisfy the passion for historical investigation in the present ; so much that seemed to their successors important to be known has escaped through the wide meshes of their nets. The spirit too in which the investigation into the life of past generations is carried on now, is characteristically different from that of the preceding century. The latter was the age of materialism in philosophy and scepticism in religion, and its tendencies were perceptible in every department of literature. It was believed that every thing could be explained, could be accounted for, could be brought within the limits of some theory founded upon actual experience, and rejecting as incredible what was irreconcilable with itself. The exercise of the reasoning faculty was then comparatively new to man, and the exultation in its unfettered enjoyment produced a natural exaggeration of its importance.

All this was the natural result of the first success of the experimental philosophy ; so many old errors had been corrected by it, so many old prejudices exploded, so much of what men had believed in a preceding century had been shown to be without foundation in fact, that it was no wonder the generation that witnessed those triumphs of human reason should believe that it was invincible. Hence, therefore, everything in history which seemed improbable, or irreconcilable with actual experience, was rejected as fabulous, or explained down to the level of belief. Old traditions, the germ of history, and sometimes its guides, were contemptuously disregarded, unless they happened to be in unison with the prevailing opinions of the day. No attempt was made to trace their origin, to develop their real significance, to distinguish the truth that they originally contained, from the subsequent additions of fable. All that was not demonstrable by actual records was believed to be unauthorised invention, and unworthy of the credence of an enlightened generation. A far different spirit has since prevailed in the high places of science and literature ; the farther progress of scientific discovery has corrected the errors, which its early triumphs had originated or fostered. The more the bounds of human knowledge are enlarged, the more clearly does it appear that there is much within its limits, that is inexplicable, mysterious, to be wondered at, by no means to be explained. The farther science has gone with its experiments, the more has it proved to man, that there is much in nature which he is not destined to comprehend in this life. There has been a consequent re-action, therefore, against the belief in the all-sufficiency of experience, the invincibility of reason ; and the effects of that re-action are perceptible in history also. Men are content now to scrutinise the traditions of the past nar-

rowly, not to reject them as impostures ; to consider them as the shadows of real events, indicating perhaps vaguely and in exaggerated proportion, the shape and bearing of the reality ; but not as the phantoms of imagination, or the creatures of fraud. There has been more of reverence for the past, and more of belief in its reality has been infused into historical investigation. The spirit of the past is solemnly evoked from the tomb, and reverently interrogated as an oracle whose responses are pregnant with truth, not rudely cross-examined as a hostile and prevaricating witness.

In this general advance of other nations, we unfortunately have had but little share ; in no country, unfortunately, has the study of history been so neglected as in Ireland. Various causes have contributed to this, the chief of which has been our national degradation. Hitherto the study of our own history has been discouraged and neglected. The records of the past are with us but the register of misfortune ; the path upon which we have travelled is stained with the blood and moistened with the tears of our country. The wretched divisions of our countrymen have been such, that hitherto it was not safe, if it were even practicable, to treat of the history of this country as it ought to be treated of. It was the subject of contention between rival sects and parties, not the common possession of the nation ; it was the "debateable land," to be fought for by the contending sections of the people, not the national domain, to be cultivated by all for the common good. This however is not destined to be so for ever ; the wounds of civil discord, if not healed, are closed ; we can bear to consider the origin and discuss the remedies for our existing evils. But as long as the history of our own country was a sealed book, "barred and banned, forbidden fare," it was in vain to expect that the history of other nations should attract much of our attention. Their stories could possess little interest for us, when we had none of our own to recount. But now that the impediments that prevented the cultivation of the one are disappearing, the desire for the other will rapidly spring up.

The work which heads this article is a most gratifying proof of what has been already done towards allaying the "fever at the core," of the nation's heart, and holds out the most cheering anticipations for the future. That the substance of it should have been delivered in the shape of lectures to crowded audiences, at the Mechanics' Institute in this city ; that those lectures should have been received with applause, and that the pleasure with which they were listened to should have given rise to a wish for their publication, is more than could have been anticipated by the most sanguine, five years ago. Of the other eminent services of its gifted author in the cause of national regeneration, this is not the place to speak at large. By the present work he has raised himself at once to a position in literature, which is seldom attained without long effort and repeated attempts. In it he developes, in eloquent and forcible language, the thoughts upon the subject which have been produced

by his own reading and reflection. But the chief merit of the work, in our opinion, is not its literary excellence, great as that undoubtedly is, but the spirit in which it is written. It is evidently not the offspring of a sickly love of notoriety, the production of one seeking merely to attract public attention to his words, but the utterance of thoughts the result of much labour and reflection in the mind of an earnest man, who, believing firmly in their truth, seeks to impress a similar conviction upon the minds of his countrymen. For it is in the moral world as in the physical; vigorous, healthy life seeks to diffuse and perpetuate its own being; strong conviction has a natural, inevitable tendency to produce conviction: opinion has had, as its unfailing attendant since the birth of time, an irresistible impulse to propagate opinion. In obedience, perhaps unconscious, to this mighty law of the moral creation, the present work has apparently been written and published. Its object appears to be to act at once as an impulse and a guide to the study of history, and to diffuse among the students the ideas of the author. Those ideas may not coincide with the views of all his readers; but none can doubt the eloquence, not only of language, but of thought, the vividness of illustration, and above all, the earnestness of conviction with which they are expressed. It is no light matter, and argues no ordinary moral courage in this sneering, doubting age, an age "destitute of faith, yet afraid of scepticism," for a man who entertains opinions differing from those set in high places, and whose images pass current in consequence, to put them forth deliberately and authentically as his. There are many to carp and find fault with real or imaginary defects of style, or errors of expression; many to condemn, still more to disregard; few to praise, still fewer to appreciate the merits of the work or the views of its author. But it is time to present our readers with some specimens of the work itself.

In his first lecture, the author presents to view the two leading and opposite doctrines, which, in history, as in every other department of human knowledge, have struggled for ascendancy with varying success. The passage is of so much importance to the right appreciation of his views generally, that we must present it entire to our readers:—

"There have always been among learned and reflecting men, two different theories of history; perhaps 'twere more correct to say, two opposing doctrines of history; with both of these,—at least so far as to be able to distinguish clearly between their contrary drift and tendency,—it is right that you should be acquainted. They both are founded on the conviction, that society has made and is making undeniable progress in a great variety of ways; that invention has, since Bacon's time, been like one, who, having been born blind, now seeth clearly; that discovery, instead of crawling on the ground, or skimming diffidently some inland sea, has taken to itself wings, mounts like the newly-fledged eagle mid the powers of the air, and ploughs with its irresistible talons, the bosom of the unfathomed deep. Physical impossibility, like a scared phantom, has begun to fade from the minds of men; 'many run to and fro, and knowledge is increased.'

"Giddied with the whirl and tumult of all this novelty, some are satisfied to base their philosophy of history thereon, and thereamid; and these, elate with the impatient and not ignoble hope of a still higher speed of improvement, and believing that a more

uninterruptible progress is yet in store for us, lay down for the future the horoscope of human perfectibility; and by way of rendering their theory cavil proof, endeavour to demonstrate from the chronicles of the past, that the world has, from an infinitely dull and brutish beginning, been steadily and regularly progressing. This (without meaning the phrase invidiously,) I may call the *materialism* of history.

“ The opposite doctrine acknowledges the truth of the facts, whereon the other builds so confidently; but it refuses to set on them so high a value, or to adopt them as the corner-stones of its philosophy. It denies that history can be read consecutively, by any winking taper of chronologic criticism, nor even by a whole encyclopedia of flambeaux, all of first rate size and brilliancy. It frankly owns that it can make the *annals of the past fit no rectangular theory of progress*. Something here and something there,—in this quarter much and in that quarter little,—it believes, indeed, that it *does* rightly understand: but a great deal more it honestly avows it cannot comprehend. Paris can give it no solution of many—of innumerable doubts. Could it *first* get the crack theory into its head,—why then, perhaps, the difficulties might vanish away. But having an invincible distrust of show-boxes, it wont shut one eye and look in with the other,—though the price of the grand exhibition was never so cheap before. It holds to the persuasion, that *both* its eyes were given to it for some good purpose; and that the duty of keeping in view all that we *cannot* understand, is quite as imperative, as the directing of faculties to the objects which it is permitted us to appreciate. It feels like the wise man, who said after all his discoveries, that he had picked up only a few pebbles on the strand of time, while the mighty ocean of things lay outstretched before him,—immeasurable, untamable, incomprehensible. It has no curt answer to the questionings of the past; it has no closely fitting counterpart to suit the future. It believes that until the fundamental mystery of good and evil shall be solved,—its historic forms of national prosperity and suffering,—freedom and slavery,—peace and war,—purity and corruption, must continue to be seen “as through a glass darkly.” But it can afford to be content without the knowledge which is too wonderful for its grasp, satisfied that the mighty conflict of human passions, acts, and motives, is part of the mystic development of an allwise government of the world,—all wise, though the finite cannot span the infinite,—all just, though it doth not tabularly square with our preconceptions. It knows that it is A God who judgeth the earth; and feeling that history is, so to speak, but a partial avowal of the designs of the Mighty One,—it believes that no interpretation, however confident or erudite, can be safely credited as a certain and unerring guide. This may be called the *spiritualism* of history.

“ Need I hesitate to say to you, my friends, that for myself, I am thoroughly devoted to the latter doctrine. It seems to me one in no way incompatible with earnest enquiry, deep research, and the most anxious desire to turn to account every advance in human knowledge. It is manifestly our duty to set before our eyes daily, a very high, or, if you will, the highest imaginable standard of improvement; to labour sedulously to apply all the lessons of experience to good purpose, using them always as moral *points d'appui*—means to new discovery, and still further advancement. And if optimism implies no more than a practical assertion of our capacity for infinite amelioration, and our unquenchable desire for it,—I too am an optimist. This unshackled and unbounded sense of good attainable, is the vital spark of intellectual life,—the very soul of progress. And considering that after we have done our utmost, we shall not attain to any very dangerous pinnacle of wisdom, it is well that the theoretic standard should be very high, lest the practical level of improvement be very low. The seaman keeps his eye upon the stars, not dreaming that he will ever reach them; but he knows that while his course is set by their immutable light, it cannot be far astray. This is the optimism of common sense; which while it looks to lofty aims, bids us remember that we are but dust.”

The author then proceeds to consider what history ought to be, in what is its essence, and where the particular excellence of true historians lies. His

by his own reading and reflection. But the chief merit of the work, in our opinion, is not its literary excellence, great as that undoubtedly is, but the spirit in which it is written. It is evidently not the offspring of a sickly love of notoriety, the production of one seeking merely to attract public attention to his words, but the utterance of thoughts the result of much labour and reflection in the mind of an earnest man, who, believing firmly in their truth, seeks to impress a similar conviction upon the minds of his countrymen. For it is in the moral world as in the physical; vigorous, healthy life seeks to diffuse and perpetuate its own being; strong conviction has a natural, inevitable tendency to produce conviction: opinion has had, as its unfailing attendant since the birth of time, an irresistible impulse to propagate opinion. In obedience, perhaps unconscious, to this mighty law of the moral creation, the present work has apparently been written and published. Its object appears to be to act at once as an impulse and a guide to the study of history, and to diffuse among the students the ideas of the author. Those ideas may not coincide with the views of all his readers; but none can doubt the eloquence, not only of language, but of thought, the vividness of illustration, and above all, the earnestness of conviction with which they are expressed. It is no light matter, and argues no ordinary moral courage in this sneering, doubting age, an age "destitute of faith, yet afraid of scepticism," for a man who entertains opinions differing from those set in high places, and whose images pass current in consequence, to put them forth deliberately and authentically as his. There are many to carp and find fault with real or imaginary defects of style, or errors of expression; many to condemn, still more to disregard; few to praise, still fewer to appreciate the merits of the work or the views of its author. But it is time to present our readers with some specimens of the work itself.

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doctrine upon that subject is shortly this, that history is to nations what biography is to individuals, and that as it is the province of the latter to make us acquainted not only with the actions, but also with the motives, thoughts, purposes, character, and even with the daily household life and familiar converse of the man, so as to present to our mental view a complete picture of what he was ; so it is the business of history to place before us the opinions, ideas, customs, and institutions of nations ; to tell us in what way they lived, moved, and had their being ; to set them as it were under a glass-hive, that we may see and understand their internal life and action.

“ History may be called the story of a life. It may be the life of a nomade tribe, a peculiar sect, or a free nation. Whatever has within itself a human life, a characteristic, vivid, active unity of purpose or condition,—is capable of history ; but as such life is indispensable and essential, in the object of history, so history itself must be life-like and living. 'Tis for this reason that I call history, the story of a life.....The story of a life must be told, before you can be said really to know a man.....So it is with nations. You must learn the story of their life, before you can be sure you understand them, or are competent to judge of their character, temper, worth, or disposition.”

“ Life is twofold. There is the physical existence, and the spiritual being. Climate, soil, agriculture, trade, manufactures, these are the elements of a nation's physical life, and these may be abundant where the true and healthy spirit is wholly wanting. Again, these may be comparatively speaking despicable, and that spirit may be great enough to change sterility to fruitfulness, a desert into a garden.

“ Look at Sicily and at Holland,—the most complete antithesis perhaps in Europe. The former placed in the very gangway of ancient civilization, endowed with a soil whose fertility has passed into proverb, girt around by the most navigable of seas, with coasts indented everywhere by natural harbours, exempt from any peculiar ill of climate, gladdened by the light of an unclouded sun, and occupied for ages by a numerous and intelligent people,—in every physical requisite too great to be a tributary, yet morally never able to assert its right to nationhood. Here is a riddle.

“ Turn your eyes for a moment, now, to Holland—a country that, until four centuries ago, was an undrained marsh. Great cities it had none ; arable fields it had few ; a fleet of herring boats, one or two indifferent towns, no timber, and a scanty population,—these were its materials wherewith to go nationally to work—these constituted its capital whereon to set up in business for itself. It had neither opulence nor arms,—military discipline nor diplomatical experience ; but it had a heart, and that bid it hurl defiance at the greatest empire of the world ;—that heart made Holland a nation. Here is another riddle.

“ Now history's business is to solve these riddles. Statistics cannot do it : statistics could only prove that Holland was scarce the size of Sicily ; history whispers—true, but Holland had a mind of her own, and Sicily had not. History can, moreover, tell you of that mind, of what quality it was, how it grew from imperceptibility to form, how it acquired buoyancy, self-confidence, hope, ambition,—how its dreams became attempts,—its desires vigorous resolves,—its will a power invincible and free. It saw, that ‘ the preservation and prosperity of a country depends on its having such a government, as is consonant with itself ;’ and what it dared to see, it did not fear to do. And history can show you how, for the want of such an indwelling and self-counseling spirit, Sicily has been trodden under foot of strangers, from Theocles' time till now.”

“ Lists of events are historic skeletons ; you cannot recognise them, though you stared at them for ever : and they have no voice to give an account of themselves. Of

what good are these to you? You want a friend who can speak to you, as ye walk together by the shores of the unfathomed past. You want to hear his sighs for irreparable ill, to watch his quivering lip as he recounts with pride, the fortitude and self-denial he would immortalize. You want to listen to his joyous laugh, and trace the furrow of his tears;—you want to be upon such terms with him as to know the cause of both,—wherefore his exultation and his sorrow. Such a friend is history; but that dumb, pulseless, motionless, irrecognizable collection of dry facts and dates, which sometimes are denominated such,—is not history.

“Something to sympathise with,—something to love,—something whose spirit is in common with our better nature,—something that can make us less of dross and more of metal, less absorbed in the trivialities of time, and more awake to the recollections of eternity,—this is the want which it is the object of true history to supply, and whatsoever fails to accomplish this, is not history.

“For history is a living, thinking, creative thing,—a being even as man of whom it speaks; like him assuming a thousand accidental forms of outward pressure, but within, a spirit dwelling mystically there, communing with us when we seek it, speaking to us when we will hear it, gifted with a voice full of comfort and truth, but full also of the monitory cadences that rung in Darius’ banquetting-halls, telling of unhallowed empire that shall pass away.”

This eloquent language is true; true in even a wider and deeper sense than the author has applied it in. Life can sympathise only with life; man cannot permanently take pleasure in, or derive benefit from any species of composition, which does not speak to him of man. Human life, human thought, human action is the proper subject for the pen of the author, the pencil of the painter, or the chisel of the statuary. With dry abstractions they have no business to deal, if they seek permanently to enchain the admiration, or enlist the sympathies of their kind. Those sympathies were not given to be wasted in dreams, but to be employed in active waking life; they are the wine of life, and must not be poured upon the barren sands. Hence it is that all compositions which are not conversant with such subjects, are destined to early and unbroken oblivion, they contain not in themselves “the permanent, the enduring mighty.” Look at the works, whether of fiction or of history, which mankind have consented to honour. Who are the writers whose names and whose creations are as familiar as household words? what are they? what are the subjects upon which they have employed their genius? Man—his life—its story—the story of its weal and woe—his joy and suffering have alone employed their imagination: in a word, they are essentially dramatic. Of the poetry of Greece, what portion is now preserved, valued, read, remembered? Homer and the Plays. These are the relics of the past, the fragments of the wrecked civilization of that period, which have been most carefully preserved; and which have most powerfully acted upon the minds of far distant generations. Whose is the noblest and most familiar name in English literature? Beyond compare, Shakespeare’s. Not alone because he was the greatest poet, but because he was the most accurate, the most vivid, the most life-like delineator of man. That Milton’s great work is read now, is owing to what there is of the dramatic in it; that it is read so little, is to be ascribed to the circumstance, that it deals with subjects in which it is impossible for the author

to excite the sympathies of his readers. Far down therefore in the nature of man lies the origin of the law, which requires that a history should be the story of a life, of the life of the people about whom it is conversant. In this respect, however, does the life of an individual differ from that of a state or a nation,—that for the latter, there is no hereafter. The existence of a nation begins and ends in this world: the individuals who compose it are reserved for future being; but the aggregate which they compose perishes utterly, when once it has ceased to exist here. For a people there is no immortality; though each individual man shall be clothed with immortality, upon the tomb of the nation no “RESURGAM” can be written. Hence history carries with it a more mournful interest, than any accounts of the life of an individual man can possibly excite in us. The existence which it delineates has ceased for ever; the being of which it speaks to us has passed away like a shadow, has vanished “like an exhalation in the evening, and no man shall see it more.”

THE NATIVE MUSIC OF IRELAND.

JUNE.

SOME ACCOUNT OF *Gráíne maoí* HERSELF.

THE second volume of the Magazine, called *Anthologia Hibernica*, opens, for July, 1793, with "an account of Grana Uile's Castle; with an engraving" of "Carrigahooly Castle." It is signed with the letter "D." and runs as follows:—

"This castle stands in Carrick a Owly, at the end of a nook, or inlet, in the bay of Newport, in the County of Mayo. The proper name is *Carrick a Uile*, or the rock in the elbow; alluding to the impending mountain, or the strength of the castle, and the recess in which it is situated. The castle is a strong square tower, of about fifty feet in height, divided into four stories. At the north and south angles are two small projecting turrets; and the roof was raised considerably above the parapet wall that surrounds it, as may be perceived by the gable ends, in one of which was a window. This served as a banqueting-room, as it has a chimney, the only remains of one to be seen. On the south-west angle is a low round tower, which served for a guard-room. This has two stones and loop-holes for the discharge of musquetry.

"In this castle lived Grace O'Maly, known among the Irish by the name of Grana Uile; she was daughter of Owen O'Maly, and widow of O'Flaherty, two Irish chiefs in those parts. After the death of the last, she married Sir Rickard Bourke, styled Mac William Eighter, who died in 1585, after having by her three sons and one daughter. Lord Deputy Sidney writ to the council in England, in 1576, that O'Maly was powerful in gallies and seamen. Grana, who was a high spirited lady, became fond, at an early age, of the watry element, and accompanied her father and his sept, in many naval expeditions. The coast was plundered of cattle and other property, and many people were murdered in these excursions. Grana was ever foremost in danger: courage and conduct secured her success: and the affrighted natives trembled at her name, along the north-west shore of this isle. Her fame attracted many desperate and hardy mariners from distant parts. Her larger vessels were moored in Clare island, where she had a strong castle; and her smaller craft she kept at Carrick a Owly. A hole in the castle-wall is now shown, through which a cable was run from a vessel, and fastened to her bed, that she might be the easier alarmed and prevent surprise.

"Tradition says, that her piracies became so notorious, and her power so dangerous, that she was proclaimed, and five hundred pounds offered as a reward for apprehending her. This she disregarded for some time; but the English power growing strong in Connaught, she resolved to make her peace with Queen Elizabeth, and went to her court. The queen, surrounded by her ladies, received her in great state. Grana was introduced in the dress of her country; a long mantle covered her head and body; her hair was gathered on her crown, and fastened with a bodkin; her breast was bare, and she had a yellow boddice and petticoat. The court stared with surprise at so strange a figure, when one of the ladies perceived that Grana wanted a pocket hand-

kerchief, which was instantly handed to her. After she had used it she threw it into the fire. Another was given her, and she was told by an interpreter, that it was to be put in her pocket. Grana felt indignant at this intimation, and applying it to her nose, threw it also into the fire, declaring, that in her country they were much cleaner than to pocket what came from their nostrils.

"After having made her peace, she returned to Ireland, and landed in a little creek near Hoath. She walked up to the castle, and found the gates shut, for the family was at dinner. After some inquiries, she discovered that Lord Hoath had a child nursing not far off; it was a boy and heir to the title; him she carried on board ship, and immediately set sail, and arrived safe at Carrick a Owly; nor did she return him until paid a large ransom, as a punishment for his inhospitality. For many years after, whenever the family of Hoath went to dinner, the gates and doors were thrown open.

"The celebrity of Grana Uile had been a prime topic of bardic song for many years. In the year 1753, during the political contests of the Duke of Dorset's administration in Ireland, a very popular song was formed, partly English and partly Irish, to the old air, and the burden—Grana Uile. This we have endeavoured to procure, but hitherto without success. We shall thankfully receive it from any of our numerous readers who may possess it, and gladly give it a place in the Anthologia."

The derivation for the name of the castle as given in this extract is miserable. If it meant the rock of the nook or elbow, it would be *Ḷḁḁḁḁḁḁ ḁḁ ḁḁḁḁḁḁ*. But the people in the place will, to this day, tell you that it means the rock of the fleet; and that is, *Ḷḁḁḁḁḁḁ ḁ ḁḁḁḁḁḁ*, which much better represents the history, as well as the corrupted name. In the *Archæol. Hib.* vol. iv. p. 30, a song with the usual burden is given, referring to "Dorset," which is probably what the writer alluded to above. It is one of the thousands of similar effusions which have had their run from time to time. In the same series, vol. iii. p. 340, there is a letter from a subscriber referring to the above extract; it is rather ill-written, but we may as well transcribe it for the benefit of our readers:

"On seeing in your collection for July last, a biographical sketch of the celebrated Grace O'Malley, of the county Mayo, and knowing the late Doctor Leland in his history, and others, to have made honourable mention of her, and in compliance with your wish relative to her song, and which I am promised, but have not yet obtained, induced me to go to her native country and endeavour to satisfy public curiosity relative to so extraordinary a character, and could learn her family were time immemorial considerable on the north-west coast of this kingdom; their principality extending from the lake called Lough Corib, in the county Galway, to Crogh Patrick, in the county Mayo, and from thence to the borders of the city of Sligo; a considerable part of which is still called the Uisles of O'Mally—a fine fertile tract, mostly skirted by the sea, the bays and harbours excellent, and beautifully interspersed with valuable islands, many of them inhabited. Those lords of the soil became early conspicuous, from aptness of situation, for maritime affairs, and naval exploits, which the motto of the name and family at this day, "*Terra marique potens*," seems to indicate. The prince of that name, at the accession of Queen Elizabeth, seemed to be of consequence in that county, from Sir Richard Bingham, her commander in chief there, as proved: martial of the province of Connaught, at his assizes held for Mayo, calling him first, &c. who, at his death, left his son a minor, and his daughter Grace, grown up, who was therefore through necessity obliged to take the management of the family concerns, and of which she acquitted herself with firmness, by keeping her fleet for the protection of her castles and property, so necessary in unsettled times, respectable.

from which some would have her (though in general popular) considered a pirate. She seemed early to favour the English government. The Burkes, then known by the Irish title Clanagh Leeme, numerous and powerful in that county, opposed Sir Richard, the provost-marshal, and a pitched battle ensued, at a place called Kuellideere, in that county; and when Sir Richard, too secure by numbers to be overpowered, Grace ordered her forces to fall on in behalf of the queen, which turned the fate of the day, the Burkes being completely routed, and many of them taken prisoners; among whom were six chiefs, tried next day for high treason, at a sessions specially held for that purpose, at Cloghan Lucas, in that county, and hung the same day on the spot; a means of establishing, immediately, the English government, for which the queen was so thankful as to write a letter of invitation to her (still extant among the papers of the late lord viscount Mayo, her descendant) to come to the court of London, which she accepted of, though far gone in pregnancy from her husband, Sir Richard Burke, and in consequence was brought to bed on ship board. The queen received her graciously, and offered to create her a countess, to which she answered, both were princesses and equals, and no honours could therefore be conferred on either by the other; but not to decline her intended favours, she told the queen she might confer any she pleased on her little boy she had on shipboard, called from thence, Tubodnugh Lung, or Toby of the Ship: he was accordingly brought into the queen's presence and knighted; and afterwards by patent created lord viscount Mayo. The queen offered her a favourite lap-dog, which the heroine rejected as useless; however, at her return she very much assisted the servants of the crown in the settlement of the country.

"To the anecdote you related of the transaction at Howth, she added, that of having her doors open at meal hours, as a mark of distinction and hospitality, and her practice becoming an honourable and ancient family. From hatred to adultery she seemed rather to countenance the early marriages becoming about that æra common in Ireland. Her family had many castles exclusive of Carrick Ooley you mention, and in particular one in the valuable island of Clare, in which is a fine harbour and quay, and so esteemed by Oliver Cromwell that he erected a fort and barrack in it, in which he kept a garrison during the protectorship. Grace endowed a monastery on it, in which she lies interred, with her arms and motto, still to be seen on her tomb-stone, quartered with those of her husband. It seems this island is still an estate in that name, and continued until lately the family burial place."

The reference to "the late Doctor Leland, in his history and others," has been of little avail to us, as we searched the five chapters of his reign of Elizabeth, for any mention of our heroine, in vain. In another quarter we were more successful, for in Hardiman's excellent History of Galway, the author, speaking (p. 86,) of "Owen O'Mayle, Chief of Borrishoole," thus adds in a note—

"Father of the celebrated Grace O'Maley, better known by the name of *Grana-weal*. This celebrated heroine, who was wife to *Mac William Oughter*, was so determined and persevering in her hostility to the English, and committed so many acts of depredation, that it was found necessary, in 1579, to send a body of troops from Galway, under the command of Captain William Martin, to besiege her romantic and impregnable castle of *Carrick-a-Uile*, near Newport, in the county of Mayo. This expedition sailed from Galway on the 8th of March, but so spirited was the defence made by this extraordinary woman, that they were obliged to retreat on the 26th of the same month, and very narrowly escaped being made prisoners—a circumstance which would have been attended with the instant death of the entire. The names of the men sent on this occasion are entered on an old MS. book, which formerly belonged to Sir Edward Fitton, and which is now in the possession of the author."

This is scarcely the place to remind our readers, of the barbarisms upon Irish names, though yet unnoticed, which the above and other extracts, from books written in careless English, betray. But we may say that those names, *Eightor* and *Oughtor*, are simply *īac̃d̃ar*, lower, and *uac̃d̃ar*, upper, by which the descendants of William de Burgo, who died in 1324, distinguished themselves after they renounced the English laws, dress, and language. The words *maoīle*, and *maol*, signify baldness and bald; and some suppose that our heroine was the more readily taken to personify Ireland in her misery, because this epithet helped to represent the plundered and desolate state to which she was reduced by the rapacity and oppressions of her barbarous and brutal English invaders; "for, the name of *Gr̃aīñe M̃aol* has been frequently used by our bards to designate Ireland; and hence our countrymen have been often called the sons of old *Gr̃aīñe M̃aol*."—*Hardiman's Irish Minstrelsy*, vol. ii. p. 140.

The name is written, as we have seen, in many corrupt ways, as "Grana Weal," "Graine Uile," "Grania Wail," &c. &c. Hardiman (giving her the *quasi* English name) says she was "Grace O'Maley, mother of Theobald, the first Viscount Mayo," and he cites Lodge's *Irish Peerage*, vol. iv. p. 125, stating that "Grana-na-Male, daughter of Owen O'Maley of the Oules, an ancient Irish Chief," was "widow of O'Flaherty," and married "Mac William," whom Sir Henry Sidney, (as he on the 28th April, 1576, informed Queen Elizabeth,) "found verie sensible, though wanting the Englishe tongue, yet understanding Lattin." Lodge calls her "A lady much renowned among the natives of Connaught, who relate many adventures and remarkable actions of her courage and undaunted spirit, which she frequently performed on the sea."

SOME ACCOUNT OF THE ANCIENT IRISH SONG OF

Gr̃aīñe m̃aol.

Hardiman gives a poem, a Jacobite relic, written by John Mac Donnell, (born 1691,) and translated for the *Irish Minstrelsy* by John D'Alton, as "verses to the air of Grana Uile." But those verses in the Irish, especially in the fourth line of the stanza, have rather too many syllables for the tune. In the translation the metre necessary for singing is still more widely departed from. We shall not, therefore, present either the one or the other of them here to our readers; but we willingly avail ourselves of the original words of this far-famed Irish song, which Mr. Hardiman has the credit of having recovered; the more especially as he has printed them without a translation, which we shall here attempt. We may well say "attempt," for the task is really not an easy one. Amid the horrors of British bondage our peasantry found themselves compelled to express their political feelings in language, which, even if its words were heard and understood, could not easily be laid hold on as grounding a criminal accusation. Hence the

expressions of the songs were commonly obscure, highly metaphorical, and such as, if detailed in translation, would admit of an innocent interpretation.

We shall feel it our duty, on giving translations from the Irish, to take a very different course from that adopted by the editor of the "Minstrelsy;" we shall not give poetical, and still less free translations; we shall endeavour to adhere to our text with even verbal exactness; we shall not only strive to adopt the idiom, but shall retain the very order of the words of the original, marking the intended English order merely by numerals, and supplying the consequent obscurity of the text, as far as we are able, by notes.

Gráinne mhaol.

I.

Is buaibeartha, a' r nī ruaimneac, bī Gráinne mhaol,
 Flan do cualaib rī ruacara a páirde féin;
 'S' é cualaib me a3 zruazac na h-aíne a réir
 Gur ruacab a ruan-corp a3 Gráinne mhaol.

U' r bobarro! dodarro! Gráinne mhaol!
 Bobarro! dodarro! a Gráinne cléib!
 Bobarro! dodarro! Gráinne mhaol!
 U' r muna b-faz me le bozab i, ca me réib.

II.

Luir me a rzibol i, Gráinne mhaol;
 Saoil me nar rzumaraac, zrad mo cléib;
 Uir forzailt an donaír, le fáine an lae,
 Bī cullaac ra mullaac aín Gráinne mhaol!
 U' r bobarro! &c.

TRULY LITERAL TRANSLATION.

I.

*It is troubled, and not easy, was Grainne Mhaol,
 As a-heard² she¹ the cries her³ of¹-children⁴ own,³
 It is it heard². I¹ with the champion of beauty on last-night,
 That was⁴-crushed⁶ her¹ in²-sleep⁴-body³ on Grainne Mhaol.
 And bobarro! dodarro! Grainne Mhaol!
 Bobarro! dodarro! O Grainne of-my-bosom!
 Bobarro! dodarro! Grainne Mhaol!
 And unless find² I¹ about⁴ to⁵-rock⁶ her,³ am⁸ I⁷ undone!*

II.

*Put² I¹ in⁴ my³ barn⁶ her,³ Grainne Mhaol,
 Thought² I¹ that-she-was-not sordid, the love my³ of¹-bosom;³
 Upon the opening the² of¹-door,³ with the ring (dawn) the² of¹-day,³
 There was a boar on-the top upon Grainne Mhaol!
 And bobarro! &c.*

The Champion of Beauty may be supposed to be some insurgent chieftain, who detailed the wrongs of the country. The barn was the place of security, it may be, the entrenchment in the bogs and morasses, where the remnant of the nation was resting for defence. The boar is evidently Britain, which by foul stratagem, and nocturnal aggression, still contrived to get the upperhand of our lovely, dear, but prostrate country.

SOME ACCOUNT OF OUR WORDS FOR

Gráinne maol.

The old mystic Irish song preserved by Hardiman, or our literal translation of it, did not satisfy us; neither would the Jacobite effusion of *Seájan Aclapac*, nor John D'Alton's poetic translation of that, answer for the air as we wished to see it arranged. Yet we should not have felt at a loss, because, for hundreds of years, our countrymen have been used to give expression to their sorrows and their joys in songs written to this strain, upon every fresh political grief and oppression heaped upon the land, and upon every new gleam of hope that Ireland might be free. It was only then to look about, and select from the popular minstrelsy; and the difficulty might seem to lie chiefly in making the choice. Here we certainly might have been puzzled; but the point was unexpectedly settled for us, and the wonderful ballad which we published in our last number, was placed in our hands under circumstances as to which we leave it to our readers to say, whether or no they ought not to be considered miraculous. It was delivered to us by the person whom we forwarded to the West last year, for the express purpose of making discoveries in matters connected with Irish music, and we give his account of this affair precisely as we received it from him, with the simple assurance, that, as we take him for a person of the strictest veracity, honour, and integrity, we are perfectly satisfied that his narrative must be true in every particular.

There is a magician in that part of the country, (so our informant tells us) named Bianconi. The Saxons call him By-Ancöny; but his name is Bi-an-co-ni. His art is chiefly exhibited in preparing a vast number of machines upon wheels, which he rolls along the high-ways in every part of the South and West of Ireland, the districts which lie within the sphere of his necromantic influence. He makes as much use of them as ever the fairies did of their broomsticks; for he causes them to traverse bogs, moors, and mountains, and has them flying in all directions daily on a thousand roads. If you want to go from one place to another in those parts, all you have to do is to walk out upon the road you are disposed to take, and when the proper time comes, to call for Bianconi; and immediately up comes a car going in the direction you desire, and before you know where you are, you find yourself seated upon it, and carried off in a tangent to your destination.

Our friend wanted to go from Galway into Connemara, and, having learned the secret, got upon the road to *Uacbdar-apd*. He then proceeded, as pre-

scribed, to invoke the magician, and forthwith found himself booked and seated upon a conveyance, stiled "the Clifden car," and, as his driver said, "rowing away like a mug without a handle." He was not long there when a noise arose, before, behind, and all about him, such as was never heard before or since—such shouts, such laughter, such joking, such fun—a school broke loose for the holidays would be nothing in comparison. Yet nothing was to be seen on the car, save two grave and reverend looking gentlemen, dressed in suits of black, and to all appearance in the costume of clergymen of the Catholic church. They could not be the cause—could not they? Man, woman, or child could not pass or be passed by the car, without hearing themselves, their persons, and their pedigrees pelted and pourtrayed in Irish, and held up to public praise in the most ludicrous forms. From joking, jibing, and jeering, they passed to singing, and among other excellent things, came out "Gnāiñe maoi, for the extinction of tithes." He that sang it said, "that he was once in company in the county of Clare, at a dinner with several Protestant Parsons and others, and that being asked by the parsons for a song, he excused himself, because, he said, he had but one, and that was considered by many so scandalous to the Established Church, that he could not think of uttering it in such company. But the parsons would take no excuse, and he sang the whole of it for them to their great delight; for they not only highly applauded it as the best song they had ever heard, but laughed to scorn some of the by-sitters, who hung their heads in shame at the notion of having such home-truths told to the parsons to their face."

Our friend was so taken with this song, that he determined at once to ask his fellow traveller for a copy of it at the first opportunity. And after a little while, (not being properly aware of all the turns of the spells which pervade that enchanted country) turning round in the car,—

"Your reverence," says he—

With that, a flash, like a blaze of lightning, blew up in thunder, in the middle of the car—the two priests, driver, car, horses and all vanished into the elements—and there he found himself on his two legs, with his carpet bag between them, a copy of the ballad in his hand, and he standing all alone at the corner of the road turning down towards the bridge of mām, at that head of loc Gnibren, where stands caiplean na cipe, the place of all others he was most anxious to see.

No. XVII.

In introducing the air, *b-fuyl 9laipe ceanra mapb?* No. XXV. in the music of the *Citizen* for 1841, we noticed such specimens of Irish music in phrases of *five* bars each, as it was then in our power to refer to. Another sample in that curious metre, and a very perfect one—consisting of four such parts—is now before us. It lay amid the treasures, all but lost, of our own Miscellaneous Collection. It has the dreamy character which seems peculiar to the pure airs of this class. Its name gives proof of the faithfulness with which national feeling ever combines its poetry and its music in one sentiment;—*D'aillín gear go bí me mo loinnrígheas*, “I dreamed I was sailing,” or—to express it literally in our way—“A-dreamed I that was² I' in my sailing *state*.” We regret that the original words (as far as we know) have perished, save this name alone; upon which, of course, we founded what follows,—the subject having been suggested by a seal, representing a boat at sea, with a man at the helm, looking at a solitary star, and with the words “*Si je te perds, je suis perdu.*”

D'aillín gear go bí me mo loinnrígheas.

I dreamed I was sailing afar o'er the deep rolling sea,
And I saw that fair star I have gazed on so fondly with thee;
Though silence, like death, was around me, I felt not alone,
While its mild orb to cheer and to guide me so cloudlessly shone.

But oh! when the wings of the tempest had darkened its ray,
My bark o'er the waters was cast with no guide for its way;
And thus o'er this world's dreary ocean of life when I'm tost,
I shall turn for my guidance to thee—“If I lose thee, I'm lost.”

No. XVIII.

The second volume of Hardiman's Irish Minstrelsy contains a collection of the relics of Jacobite Irish poetry so copious, that we scarcely thought we could have been the means of adding to it. However, a fair correspondent in Munster convinces us that this is a mine by no means yet exhausted, and has transmitted to us the noble air which we now publish, (it sometimes goes by the name of “Rodney's Glory,”) the original name of which is *Seamur Rí, or King James*. It was accompanied by two stanzas of the Irish words, but unfortunately written in English characters, with the vain attempt to imitate the sound of the Celtic. To unravel this tangled skein would indeed be a labour; we must, at least, defer it, and proceed to press the more willingly without it, because we indulge in the hope that we may yet obtain a copy, not subject to the same difficulties; and we trust that the spread of the study of Irish literature will hasten the result. It may be

gleaned, that the song represents, in the first stanza, a vision of a being of surpassing beauty, approaching from a hill. The dreamer in the second stanza asks "who art thou that movest so gracefully?—art thou Pallas, or Venus, or fair Catherine, my queen?" She seems to answer, "You may tell your friends, and not your foes, that King James will sit on his throne and reign, and the Saxon will be dazzled with the gleaming of swords, if only I can gain you."

These songs all evince the greatest enthusiasm in the Irish for James; for his cause was then the cause of Ireland. Let us imagine for a moment the delight of the nation, when a prince, clothed with right, came to head the people against the yoke of British thralldom!

KING JAMES.

Thy star is dim, green Innisfail :
Oh ! where are thy children, land of the Gael ?
The sword of the stranger is red with gore,
Art thou fall'n, alas ! to rise no more ?
That beauty beaming e'er thy brow,
Thy joy and strength ! where are they now ?
Thy heart—hath it burst ? for it never would quail,—
And thy harp is now only heard to wail
O'er thy sons in the cold grave sleeping,
Or darkly in bondage weeping.

O'Donnell, rise ! come forth, O'Niall,
The wrongs of our country call for your steel.
'Tis freedom that crieth "arise ! awake !
"To die, or Erin's iron chain to break."
O'Connor, like thine eagle, come !
M'Carthy, strike thy warlike drum.
O'Brian ! O'Toole ! and O'Sullivan Mor,
Rushing down from your hills, like the waves on the shore,
Be combined in the hour of danger,
And death to the TYRANT stranger !

These gloomy days are nearly past,
The king of our hearts is coming at last ;
And wild shouts of joy to the heavens we'll raise,
While fires on every hill and mountain blaze.
"Avenger, lead us against the foe,
"True hearts will speak in every blow.
"Ten thousand huzzas shall ascend on high,
"We'll restore our prince, or for Erin die ;
"With our God and our swords to aid her
"We'll vanquish the proud invader.

No. XIX.

This tune—"John Reynolds"—was kindly contributed to our store by Mr. John Barton. As to the name or authorship, we cannot say there is any direct evidence; but we may say that if the air be not by Carolan, at least the style is very like his; and the title is so much in his fashion, that we think the probability may be said to be, that it was both named and composed by him.

No. XX.

This is a dance, under the odd name of "Wooden Ware," sent to us from Castlemartyr, in the county of Cork. It seems to be not very ancient. The close in the fourth bar induces us the more readily to say so. In the modern music, all over Europe, from the more recent Scotch airs in the north, (see the close in the fourth bar of "Ye banks and braes," &c.) to the school of Rossini in the south, (see the close in the fourth bar of the second part of "Di tanti palpiti, &c.) this is a most favourite point. It consists in closing upon the second of the key with chord of the dominant. We do not absolutely say that the thing does not occur in the ancient music of Ireland at all; but it is rare—whilst the close on the emphatic sixth is common; just as in our every-day modish songs, the close which we are now speaking of is common—even hackneyed—whilst the use of the emphatic sixth is little resorted to.

O'airlingear go di me mo loingear. "I dreamed I was sailing."

Maizel's Metron. $\text{♩} = 72$.

17.

p Andante.

Voices.

1. dream'd I was sail - ing a - far o'er The deep-roll - ing
2. But ah! when the wings of the tem-pest Had dark-en'd its

Piano-Forte.

Sempre Piano e Dolce.

Mozart's Metron. $\text{♩} = 72$. *p* Macaluso.

First Tenor.

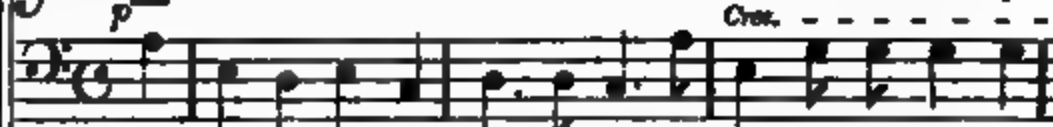


1. Thy star is dim, green In - nis-fall! Oh where are thy chil-dren,
 2. O' - Don-nell rise! come forth, O'Niell! The wrongs of our coun-try
 3. These gloom-y days are near - ly past, The king of our hearts is

Second Tenor.



First Bass.



1. Thy star is dim, green In - nis-fall! Oh where are thy chil-dren,
 2. O' - Don-nell rise! come forth, O'Niell! The wrongs of our coun-try
 3. These gloom-y days are near - ly past, The king of our hearts is

Second Bass.



beam - ty beam - ing o'er thy brow, Thy joy and strength! where are they now! Thy
 Chm - nor, like thine ea - gle come, M' - Cur - thy strike thy war - like drum; O' -
 ven - ger, lead us a - gainst our foe, True hearts will speak in ev' - ry blow; Ten

pp

f

Maelzel's Metron. $\text{♩} = 104.$

John Reynolds.
Allagro Moderato. 19.

Piano-Forte.



Maelzel's Metron. $\text{♩} = 104.$

Gooden Garr.
on

Piano-Forte.

